

# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

*From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his need.*

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## BEAUTY.

BY M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

THERE is a formula of beauty, which at first thought would seem to fully define its qualities. The small head, low forehead, large, dark, not too prominent eye, straight nose, full lips, and little ears, the complexion clear and tinted like a flower, the neck long and slender,—such was the recipe which the Greeks gave long ago for the making of a beautiful woman. But it is not necessary to demand all these, or Raphael's grace, or Rubens' coloring, or Sir Joshua's charm, or Lely's flowing locks, for we sometimes find in a face which is deficient in some, if not all, of these charms, the "allure," the attraction of beauty.

Beauty has done much to disturb the eighteen Christian centuries. Not dynamite has done more to disintegrate, to tear up, to destroy, than this immense power.

The veriest tyro could begin with Homer and not end with John Richard Green in recounting the mischief which beauty has done. The beauties have enjoyed their little time of triumph. Every woman enjoys being a beauty, it is her birthright; but the great beauties have seldom been fortunate women. Therefore, we look at a lovely face, either in portraiture or in fact, with a certain melancholy, a sort of feeling that "whom the gods love die young."

But is it fact, or is it fancy that styles of beauty come and go like styles of dress? It is quite certain that every age has its face; ever country its type. We all know the most patent of them, and say, "that is a last century face"; or, "that is an Irish beauty." From Cleopatra, down, we have a realizing sense of what she and other belles ought to look like, whether she did, or not.



*From the painting by herself.*

MADAME LE BRUN.

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It is to the painter that we owe the grand genealogy and history of beauty. It was his precious privilege to catch the charm ere it fled, the rose ere it faded. Perhaps the greatest characteristic of beauty is that it will not linger long with any possessor. Something passes away with the seventeenth year. The French call it "*la beauté de diable*;" we might better call it, the beauty of the angels.

In Athens, where the exquisite intelligence of the people brought beauty to the front of the Temple, and made it the theme of national worship, when every condition was insisted upon that could foster this delicious thing,—such as fresh air, loose, artistic clothing, games, joy, luxury, the young female animal of the human race reached her highest perfection. We have never got higher than to be able to say "as beautiful as a young Greek." The beauty of the woman meant the health and the strength of the man; the principle of natural selection went on so wisely for a thousand years, that it was hard to find a deformed, an ugly, or an ignoble Greek. The climate helped, and the influence of climate cannot be overestimated when one is inquiring into what makes beauty.

To begin with Egypt: Queen Hatasu has enjoyed a great reputation for beauty for three thousand years. She has lasted better than most, probably because she was so delightfully extravagant, using up all the resources of Lake Moeris in her shoe-strings. What a pretty foot she must have had. Then she relapsed into usefulness. Those Egyptian belles began to reign at eleven years of age, and giving her twenty years of superb triumph as a beauty, we can even then find her a gay and charming woman during the splendid years of her splendid supremacy.

The South ("a beaker full of the warm South") has always given us beautiful women. There is Salammbo, black but comely, the sister of Hannibal, probably not thick-lipped, or flat-nosed, but with the delicate, sharp-cut features of the Moor, his refined brown skin, and great lambent eyes, the Arab open sesame of charm.

There was the Queen of Sheba, conscious, no doubt, of her beauty, when she started for King Solomon. The pretty Oriental, on her camel, must have been a vision to that wise man as he came out to help her

to alight. What good did his wisdom do him in that supreme moment?

Had she also that perilous power of magnetism, talent, and tact? Did she know "what to say first?" Perhaps silence was golden. It is curious how we fold these traditional beauties to our hearts, and worship them. Their story is always an interesting one. It is a perfume; we sniff it, as we do the old-fashioned sweetness of *potpourri*.

The Roman empresses, with their long story of baths of asses' milk, their painting and anointing, the great luxury of the bath taking half-a-day, the tremendous power wielded by such women as Theodora, show beauty at its great political apogee, making and unmaking Rome. These wicked groups of historical beauties, pointing their little, slender thumbs downward, show where the dynamite came in. But there are charming busts in the Vatican, noble faces, teaching us that there were then, as there always have been, women unspoiled by this perilous power. Immaculate purity and sweetness is carved in marble, and painted on the wall in that storehouse of beauty, Italy. It was not all "dynamite." The beauties behaved well, and were patient during the days of chivalry, while their lords were off in Palestine, or somewhere "on the road."

The gentle dames bent soft eyes over a bit of tapestry, and cultivated the unusual and becoming virtue of learning how to read and write; they learned to play on stringed instruments, and we owe to beauty the charming interlude of the troubadours. There is a delicious line in Keats, which brings back the haunting music of this day of beauty and song. Even seven centuries cannot make it seem dull. The very name of Provence brings back those days, when the *châtelaine*, having picked the first violet in her airy garden, sees the *trouvère*, with harp, or lute, strung across his shoulder, toiling up the steep ascent to the rock fortress, where the robber baron lived, ready to sally forth to pounce down on some unlucky traveller, he who protected and pillaged the neighborhood by turns, as it suited his fancy.

In Provence, in Spain, in the south of France, the soft climate refined the women into extraordinary beauty, and the air was full of Celtic, Frankish, and Arabian



*From the painting by Nattier.*

MARIE ADÉLAÏDE DE FRANCE.

legends. The stories of Arthur and his knights, of Charlemagne and his peers, first obtained currency through the troubadours; and if he—the traveller, footsore and weary—was glad to see the beauty, wasn't she glad to see him? her newspaper, her one ray of light, from the far-off world.

The minnesingers acknowledged their gratitude to beauty, and to the Provençal poets; thus was born the langue d'oc. William ix., Count de Poitiers, was the most well-born troubadour; from his polished verse we get our first idea of the Holy Grail, and the wars against the Saracens, the most complete expression of the religious and political life of the early Middle Ages.

It was in the langue d'oc that Paolo and Francesca read of Lancelot. Petrarch's Laura read in that soft music the old romances. Ariosto and Cervantes experienced and transmitted the fascinations of these Provençal poets, whose theme was beauty. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Sir Wal-

ter Scott, and Tennyson have handed it down to our Victorian poets, who have quaffed deeply at this golden cup. This worship of beauty became civilization and the gentle, all-powerful châtelaine entered more into the life of man. The aristocracies of rank and power became allied to that of genius, it was beauty that joined their hands.

Old Castiglione gives to beauty this praise: "And to omit all others, what a loss should we have had if Francis Petrarch, whose love songs in our language are so divinely fine, had wholly confined himself to Latin, as he certainly would if the love of Laura had not been in the way."

The beauty which flourished in the Italian renaissance most familiar to us in a thousand pictures, has this fine tribute from Mrs. Humphrey Ward, in her novel of "Marcella":

"The face has a strong Italian look, but not the Italian of to-day. Do you remember the Ghirlandaio frescos in Santa Maria Novella, or the side groups in Andrea's

frescos at the Annunziata? Among them, among the beautiful, tall women of them, there are, I am sure, noble, freely-poised, suggestive heads like hers—hair, black wavy hair, folded like hers, in large, simple lines, and faces with long, simple curves.

"It is a face of the renaissance, extraordinarily beautiful as it seemed to me in color and expression, imperfect in line, as the beauty which marks the meeting point between antique perfection and modern character must always be. It has morbidezza,—unquiet melancholy charm, then passionate gaiety,—everything that is most modern grafted on things Greek and old. It is a most artistic beauty, having both the harmonies and the dissonance that a full grown art loves."

Here we get that hint as to why certain faces, imperfect in drawing, are so delightfully charming. It is to Bronzino and Palma Vecchio, to Ghirlandaio, and Botticelli that we



From the painting by Sir Peter Leys.  
MRS. APHRA BEHN.





*From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

THE MARCHIONESS OF ELY.

go for these tall creatures. How grand they are, in linked sweetness long drawn out!

Tall women are not common in Italy of to-day, in fact, they seem to have come up in superb renaissance, only in America and England, as if in obedience to Tennyson's behest:

"A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall  
And most divinely fair."

In searching through Venice, for Tintoretto, I remember distinctly being impressed with the height of his women, in the church of Santa Maria dell'Orto, where four of his masterpieces are to be seen (and

also the treasures of Gian Bellini and Palma,) in San Giorgio, in the Scuola di San Rocco, in the Ducal Palace, "the marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne," the most perfect of all artistic efforts to realize an antique myth. What a tall Ariadne! In the decorative pomp of the Sala del Senato we have these tall beauties. Oh! what audacious fancy; what a poet, in his flights; what imaginative boldness, and sincerity; what a lover of tall beauties this "painter of impossibilities" was; and how strangely the white maiden contrasts with the Hebrew women in their dusky gorgeousness.

Titian's women are almost always con-

ventionally beautiful. He was the court painter of beauty, and one feels that the hair-dresser and the modiste had been there before him.

Some modern writer says that the general consensus of society does modify the kind of beauty prevalent in that society, and that we only exaggerate the degree in which the alteration occurs. That exaggeration is natural, first, because we always find, more or less, what we look for, and, secondly, because we judge much from pictures, and artists cannot help giving the type influence (which they so clearly perceive) something more than its due weight. For all that, there is a type specially acceptable to each generation, and it is difficult not to speculate, as we look at faces of to-day, what the next type will be. In watching Irving's fine reproduction of the Holbeins, in the play of King Henry VIII., we were struck with the prevailing type of face of the Tudor period, and concluded that it must be owing to dress; but, no, that master of stage-setting had sought for faces to fit the dress, not particularly fortunate in the Anne Boleyn—but whom would one accept as Anne Boleyn, except his own image of her?

How different are those faces of Holbein's pictures, all character and no soul, from the highly cultivated, graciously thoughtful type of to-day, with its careful modelling, and tendency to a Greek outline, the ivory and fine flesh-tints marking a certain asceticism and culture in the face of to-day, the prevalence of a predominant type, the English rose transplanted to another atmosphere, the nineteenth century correcting the somewhat loose manners of that eighteenth century, when the "quality" took punch at Vauxhall and Ranelagh, when ladies of title gave convivial suppers, and were exposed to the same kind of attentions from their inebriated guests, as Marlowe pays to Miss Hardcastle.

In France, the four distinguished names of Diane de Poitiers, Pompadour, Ninon de L'Enclos, and Madame Récamier, show that immortality belongs to beauty as to genius, even in the land which immortalizes Robespierre. The middle-aged can take comfort from reading their histories, for time stood still, abashed at such beauty.

Diane must have been a woman far in advance of her age, as she understood those laws of health which underlie beauty. In an age when the virtues of cold water were ignored, she rose early took a cold bath, and a horseback ride, then went back to bed again. She was of the orderly sort of beauty, and old Brantôme says of her, that her hair, and habit, and complexion, were all in good order after a trot of twenty miles, while poor Mary of Scotland would be wholly disorganized, as to tress and ribbons. We have something of that quiet, neat superiority to fatigue in the Princess of Wales, who could go through a whole day of opening public halls, and long drives in the mud, without ruffling a feather.

The belles of a later generation, in France, did not follow Diane's cleanly habits. For two centuries, beauty in France was disguised by powder and rouge. They were exceedingly artificial, smothered in appliances. Their dresses were unnaturally constrained; with tight corset, large hoop, and high heels, the beauty could take little exercise in the open air. Their headgear was exceedingly cumbersome, so arranged that they could wear neither hat nor bonnet; those close-cut "arcades and charmillés," in France, were invented to accommodate these high heads.

This question of dress, and its power of making or unmaking beauty, leads us back to the Greeks again. Indeed, every road leads to Greece. We must not suppose that the Greeks, even three thousand years ago, all dressed like Diana of the Ephesians. Not at all; look at the group of Tanagra figurines in the Boston museum, very convenient and near at hand. These lovely women have been buried three thousand years, and they are so modern that we might say that Worth had dressed them.

They are wonderfully instructive, as showing that the belle of three thousand years ago, with her crêpe hair, her blonde fluff over her forehead, her bang, her opera cloak, her high collar, her big sleeves, was exactly like a belle of to-day.

The low forehead seems to have remained the fashion of womanhood until the days of the Preraphaelite painters, when that dreadful half uncovered head of the dames of Cimabue, the illuminations



*From the painting by Nattier.*

HENRIETTE DE BOURBON DE CONTI.

in the early missals, where the women's hair seems to have started about in the middle of the top of the head, came in. It would be difficult to see Helen's beauty in such guise as this. Now the beauties of Tanagra, who were doubtless devotees of fashion, wore "bangs," or "fringes," or *crêpe* hair, preserving in part the Greek outline of the earlier classic period. I cannot admire the picture of Palma Vecchio, of his beautiful daughter, Violante, in which the hair retreats too much. Nor do I care for those beauties of Bronzino, in which the forehead occupies so much of the face.

The taste of Titian defended him against this monstrous display of forehead, and the hair in the portraits of Titian is almost always dressed low on the forehead.

Of all the countries of the world, Spain is the one where hair has remained the great glory of woman. It is a different vegetable in Spain from what it is in any other country, soft, fine, long, gloriously beautiful, and from the days of Velasquez to Goya, down to the present moment, the Spanish woman has brought it low on her face, has put a flower in it with consummate grace. The types of Spanish beauty remain unchanged. From the lofty duchess, who smiled on Sancho Panza, the Carmen, and the Rosina of Seville, that type so beloved by the writer of operas, down to the cigarette girl, and the favorite of the bull-fighter, all Spanish women are beautiful once in their lives. Many of them of the patrician class remain very beautiful, and the hair is always superb. What men they have had to paint them! Perhaps if a high forehead is permissible anywhere it is in one of Murillo's Madonnas.

There are beauties in that gallery at Madrid, which make the heart ache with beauty. Not alone Raphael's Perla, or the saints of Murillo, or the duchesses of Velasquez, but many a lesser lady, whose beauty was her excuse for being.

It is exceedingly difficult to imagine a beauty in the Plantagenet period of strife when dress became monstrous. Profusion and poverty, luxury and discomfort went side by side. "Motley is your only wear," long peaked shoes, and wimples, gorgets, and cauls, the horned head-dress, and long steeple hat, called Hennin, came in about 1428, and then farewell beauty for a time.

Every beauty has reason to thank the

fine flashing Tudor times, imperious, passionate, and despotic; into this medley floats Mary of Scotland with her exquisite sense of what is becoming. Dress and face reflected the temper of the times, magnificent and cruel at the same time, full of huge errors of taste, and wonderfully uncomfortable; but we marvel at its picturesqueness more than we laugh at its follies. In the Stuart period we come to the indolent ease, the *negligée* which has developed into our modern tea-gown. The whole structure of padding, whalebone, starch, and buckram collapsed, everything became simple, natural, lovely,—Vandyck and Sir Peter Lely had their delightful sway.

In 1632, in the reigns of the Charleses, we find Dorothy Sidney, the great niece of Sir Philip, a beauty of the rarest. Her portrait by Vandyck, with regular features, fine eyes, the face shaded by a broad brimmed hat turned up with blue, is still to be seen in the beauties-room at Petworth. Long after her death, the record of her beauty, and the poems of Waller, kept her memory bright, and her later portraits show the fine complexion, brilliant eyes, and golden hair which caused such commotion in poor Waller's breast, and which drew from him these consummate lines:

"Give me but what that ribbon bound,  
Take all the rest the world goes round."

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu survived her beauty too long, and was too witty, and learned, and famous as the discoverer of inoculation, to remain only remembered for those charms, which subdued Hervey, and Pope, and a whole generation of wits, poets, and lords. It was a pity that she, also, degenerated into a slovenly old woman, for neatness and beauty should be as inseparable as a violet and its perfume.

The English women who were painted by Sir Peter Lely were very fortunate. He came to England in 1641, painted Cromwell's portrait, and then remained as court painter, to succeed Vandyck. He has left us "nymphs who trail fringes and embroidery through meadows and purling streams," and the finest collections of white shoulders, rounded busts, red lips, and gorgeous garments; in all portraiture. Old Pepys, who had a very



*From the painting by W. Wontner.*

LORNA DOONE.

realizing sense of the "charms of a mighty fine woman," thus speaks of the famous painter: "He is a civil man, and lame, but lives very handsomely." Hampton Court preserves the beauties of that day, by Lely, and we are fortunate in giving, with this paper, a very fine example of his work, from Mr. Hall McCormick's rich collection, the famous Mrs. Aphra Behn, a beauty, as well as a woman writer of some repute. Observe the magnificent neck.

Allegory, unfortunately, was the fashion, so that we have our beauties as shepherdesses, Junos, Venuses, Iphigenias, even as Contemplation, and Calumny; "ruffled Endymions, humble Junos, withered Hebes, surly Allegros, and smirking Pensiorosas," as spiteful old Walpolesays, confuse us somewhat. But it is a heavenly region, after all. It is the apotheosis of English beauty. Even the innocence of Nell Gwynn, typified by a lamb and a crook, while she is in the silken disar-

ray suitable to a court shepherdess, cannot hide from us the charms of that naughty beauty.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, born the year that Kneller died, was to hand down to us those beauties of the eighteenth century. Luck sent him Sarah Siddons, the most beautiful creature possible, and his portrait of her, as the Tragic Muse, is, perhaps, the most famous of English portraits; but one of her with her muff is far sweeter. He seized, as no other man has done, the unrivalled pink and white of the English complexion, that mantling cheek, changing with every emotion, which our great-grandmothers brought over to New England, and which New England has kept better than Old England. His babies and children looked like "roses dipped in milk."

Gainsborough also had his chance at Mrs. Siddons. Then, at their heels, came Romney, who, in 1785, was so famous that his professional income was three thousand six hundred and thirty-five pounds a year. Doubtless, the beautiful Irish dancing-girl is from Lady Hamilton, in her extreme youth, when she was the passion of Romney's life. Irish beauty has always been most fascinating. All the poets, all the romance writers, have given us those large, soft eyes; those rich, red lips, like a raspberry bleeding, which only Lancret's juicy brush could suitably render; that fine, flowing, black hair, a part of the Celtic inheritance—a bit of the peninsula, the Spanish hair; the complexion, so rich, and yet so delicate; those pearly and perfect teeth, like a slice of fresh cocoanut; the exquisite hands, which no toil can quite deform, so perfect they are. A well-born Irish lady is, to-day, mistress of all these charms, and, with her brilliant wit, her voice like Erinna's harp, she goes well on to be irresistible.

The eighteenth century, in England, contributed its quota to the beauties of the ages, and, although it was an age of coarse enjoyments of beef and pudding, of port, and punch, and beer (Thackeray has remarked "how fat they were in the eighteenth century"), there are still some very lovely and refined faces. To this end, the Bartolozzi pictures may well be

studied. The eighteenth century was not an age of great thoughts, but it was one of great deeds, and we can picture the lovely Clarissa sitting at home, waiting for news of the soldier or sailor lover, or husband, far away, wearing on her head those pretty gauze turbans, and queer little caps, which are, as old Pepys would say, "mighty becoming."

With Johnson at the Mitre tavern, and Cowper at the Olney tea-table; with Fox shooting partridges at Holkham, and Pitt and Bentham playing chess at Bowood, when dinner was at four o'clock, permitting a long evening of chess and cards, we go back to the country life of these beauties, in their mob-caps and delightfully transparent stomachers, with something of envy. They had quiet and repose. There was the "still-room" (comforting name!), where they made the cowslip-wine. The very names suggest a fresh and daffodil life. It has been since voted an unspiritual, unideal, and materialistic age; but it forms a contrast, without a parallel, to this *fin de siècle* of ours. There is an air of repose, which breathes over it, very favorable to female beauty. And, in spite of an occasional riot, and a few rebellions, the eighteenth century took things very easily.

It was an age in which "nobody cared very much," and the beauties ripened behind those stone walls, like strawberries. Englishmen had had enough of action and motion. There had been burning, and fighting, and exile, and confiscation, off and on, for two centuries. They had grown weary of fighting, especially for an idea. John Bull basked in the sunshine of domestic peace and prosperity, and his wife and daughter, serene and rosy, got ready to be painted by Northcote, and Opie, and Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Look at the Marchioness of Ely, by Lawrence, and you will see a characteristic eighteenth century English face; how composed and sweet, how feminine and how ladylike! She would never "clamor for the suffrage," or insist on woman's rights. She could have all her rights, simply by being herself; for every man would kiss the hem of her robe.

The combination of all beauty of all the ages is now seen in the American woman,

The portraits on pages 259, 262, 263 and 270 are reproduced here through the courtesy of Mr. Hall McCormick, of Chicago.



*From the painting by Nattier.*

ELIZABETH DE BOURBON.



who is, curiously enough, a composite photograph of all these various types.

Lord Houghton used to say that Englishmen were very angry at Hawthorne for saying that English women were fat; but, said he:

"Have *we* not always said that American women are scrawny?"

The American women have now lived down that reproach.

We have preserved the Puritan model, the beautiful and lovable woman in the cold, remorseless Plymouth Rock landscape of Boughton and Hawthorne. We find neither foolish sports, pagan imagery, radiant pleasure, nor brilliant cavaliers in those immortal works; but a girl walks by the sad sea-waves, who is all these, and more. She fills the calm New England meadow with her youth and delicious beauty. The silence, the cold, the renunciation, the self-discipline, the joylessness, the unconquerable will of the Puritan is there, but he cannot banish the beauty. Priscilla extends her white hand, saying:

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" and Arcadia comes again.

There is a dear little flower which comes up under the snow in New England. They call it a Spring Beauty. Could it be transformed into a woman, it would be painted with light floating hair, blue or gray eyes, all alive with love, a mouth full of pearls and smiles; a woman full of trust in herself, in her star, coming undaunted by the cold embrace of a Northern spring, smiling and robust in her delicacy. Her certainty of charm, her undimmed belief in herself finally conquers that royal

and capricious lover, the Sun. Our spring beauty grows more and more pink under the fervid kiss of this lover. She became the magnificent matron, the early Continental woman, whom Stuart, and Copley, and Trumbull, and Rembrandt Peale painted. We have her in the Republican court.

Sully, in Philadelphia, picked up the pencil which Stuart dropped, and the old families who have a grandfather, are proud to have a grandmother painted by Sully. Inman joined this noble group, and the early American school of portraiture, in spite of many graceless followers, came finally to rejoice in Huntington and Eastman Johnson, in Sargent, and Porter.

Some of the later pictures of this last named artist recall the grace of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Those pictures of his in Boston and New York will carry down images of female loveliness which the world will not willingly let die. Especially beautiful are those of Mrs. Henry Clews, and of Mrs. Van Rensselaer

Cruger, and full of grace is Rosina Emmet Sherwood's portrait of Mrs. Ladenburg.

The American beauty has the delicate aristocratic charm which we admire in the miniatures of Cosnay. It is a thousand pities that the photograph has driven the miniature painter from his ivory. In taste, sweetness, elegance, what can compare with a miniature by Malbone, Miss Hall, and their worthy follower, Richard Staigg?

It is now, fortunately, the fashion to allow girls to live in the open air, to play games which were formerly called hoidenish, to train



*From the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller,  
THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.*

themselves through gymnastics, with scientific attention and regularity. They may take as much exercise as they like, and they can ride 'cross-country. They stand straight on their feet like soldiers, without their stiffness, and they have fallen instinctively into a style of dress which recognizes the place of the waist in the human figure. The beauty of to-day does not tie her waist-belt five inches too tight; she needs all her muscles for lawn-tennis, and she does not overtax her spine. The doctors have cut off the heels of her slippers, and her pretty foot has its chance.

Costume has also seized upon the most becoming garments of the past. Beauty is not slow to take anything she wants from those armories of the ages. She can even get in a mob-cap, as a sort of evening head covering as she comes from "opera, rout, or ball," and she walks gloriously about the streets in the not so becoming big sleeves and shoulder knots of the tasteless period of 1832. She continues, however, to make herself "very stylish," a peculiarity of the American woman, who has rarely been known to be dowdy.

We cannot imagine what shall come next, unless it shall be the Oriental dress. All this promises a future of beauty. Beauty is far more admired and flattered in woman, than any quality of mind or character, chiefly perhaps, because it is at once conspicuous, attracts the attention more easily, is envied, and sometimes attacked.

It is, however, the free gift of nature, and appeals to everybody. It is infinitely more wonderful than anything which the intellect can accomplish. It is like the

plumage of the peacock, the lithe paces of the horse, the note of the blackbird,—intrinsically pleasing. We Americans are accused of appropriating to ourselves, with pride, the superior size of our lakes and rivers, and even to blow the trumpet for our sunsets. "The whole of England could be stirred into the Mississippi without making it a bit muddier," says one of these patriots. We need take no credit



*From the painting by G. Sheridan Knowles.*

ENID.

to ourselves for the beauty of our women, we need not plume ourselves on this gratifying fact. We can only legitimately be grateful for this accident of race, or the mixture of races, climate, we do not know what. The fact remains, and we can only hope, that good living and high thinking may continue to result in the beauty of woman, the agility and strength of man.

"The wonder and bloom of the world is God's free gift."

## TRAINING A BUTTERFLY.

BY MRS P. M. GOULEE.



Drawn by  
Hamilton  
Gibson.

IN the Greek mythology of my schooldays there was one idea of the ancients which made a lasting impression,—their use of the butterfly as an image of the soul. They did not use this symbol in their myth lore only, for we find it carved and en-

graved on the places where their dead were entombed. A Greek sarcophagus

was thus beautifully embellished in bas-relief. On it are the inverted torches, which imply that the light of life is extinguished; the wreath of roses and myrtle, telling that love, pleasure, and am-

bition are turned to dust whilst from the center of the wreath rises the butterfly, emblematic of the soul released from its bondage.

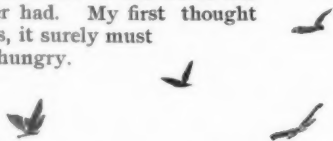
Still, I think the nineteenth century must

be the first in which butterflies were trained. Since I was so fortunate as to realize this pleasure, I have failed to find any one who has ever seen or heard of such pets. Their short lives make them fleeting joys.

Five weeks is extreme old age, and it is only by great care and tenderness the little life will last even so long. Surprising in them is the similitude to human nature. I hope it will interest those who see the beautiful and wonderful in insect life, if I outline the life of the treasure of my flock.

On a cool October day, while walking in the park, I saw a large black and orange butterfly. It was so perfect and beautiful, although the frosty air had apparently taken its life, that I carefully put it in an envelope, and took it home. Reaching there, the butterfly was laid upon the table. Returning to my room several hours after, I was attracted by a strange scratching on paper. Going

to the table I found, to my surprise, that the sound came from the envelope. With much care and gentleness I unfolded it, and out came my treasure. It was not dead, but had been chilled, and the genial warmth of the room, reviving the latent spark, gave to me such a pet as I believe no one else in the world has ever had. My first thought was, it surely must be hungry.



But how feed it? How handle it? From nature's bounteous storehouse it lived upon the honey of the flowers, with little sips of water taken from the pools by the roadside. Remembering this, I prepared the feast for my welcome guest,—a honey, or syrup, of white sugar in a tiny little saucer, and, in another, some water. All was now ready. But how was I going to get him to eat? After much thought I decided the only way to handle him was to fold back his wings and take him by the shoulders. Next, I took a number seven sewing-needle, and placing the head of it very gently through the curled proboscis, slowly unrolled it, and as I did so the end of it fell in the syrup. Oh, what an untold feast for a starved butterfly! After he had had his fill, I loosened my hold, and he at once commenced to remove the adhered sweets from his proboscis and fore feet, then his antennæ were polished, and, lastly, having plumed his body (if you look through a magnifying-glass you will see the butterfly's body is covered with minute feathers), he moved off like a man pleased with the world. I, too, was happy, for if the little fellow would eat in this way, surely he would live his natural span. Yes, he revelled in a green old age.

For three days I continued to feed him in this manner, how many times a day I cannot say, but it was often and often. I had no other duties to call me away, so three whole days were devoted to my pet. To my surprise, on the fourth day, when I went to feed him, as I put out my hand to take him, he flew upon it, and commenced to unroll his proboscis and to eat without my aid. Ever after that, I was his flower-garden, his purveyor, or whatever

the butterflies may call their storehouse.

Now we were fast friends, and every day impressed upon me how like a human being in all his ways this insect was. I kept plants in the room, and these were his resting-place; but when the bright sun shone in the window, he would fly around as in the days of his out-door existence. When I came into the room, he would fly to me, lighting upon my hands, my arms, or on my chest. This also would he do if I were sitting in the room reading, writing, or sewing. These attentions were always reciprocated by my offering some refreshments. Generally they were accepted. If I placed him on a table, or any flat surface, and then drew my finger along, he would follow it like a kitten, in every direction, not flying, but keeping up a continuous walk; and then, when I started to leave the table, he would turn his head as knowingly as a child or animal.

So thoroughly versed was my butterfly in the ways of my home that I could take him from room to room, and even show him off in the drawing-room, when I had callers. After the greetings were over, I would place him on the lace curtains for safety, lest in pleasant converse he might be forgotten, which might have meant death to him and never-ending regret for me. I am quite sure you will think him a dissipated butterfly when I tell you of his strange ways at night. More than once have I had to feed him after ten o'clock. When turning the gas up he would waken, fly toward me, and unroll



his proboscis. I had not the heart to refuse his call for a drink or for something to eat, so would sit down by him until all his wants were satisfied. In the meantime, I was weary for sleep, and wondered if ever before a tired, sleepy woman, had been known to sit up with a hungry butterfly.

In three weeks came the first signs of approaching age. It was in the dullness of the bright coloring and gloss; a few days more, wrinkles appeared on the body and wings, and, after eating, he was not so particular to plume himself. Next, the appetite was wanting, and each day his strength failed. The last week or ten days of his life I had to feed him like an infant, unrolling the proboscis for each meal, and after I thought he had fed long enough, take a camel's hair brush, dip it in tepid water, and wash his proboscis, antennæ, and feet. No longer did he constantly move about, but was satisfied if near me, to crawl over my hand. The three days before he died he was in my hand nearly all the time, whether for warmth or love I cannot say, and in my hand he died. To assure myself I had done all that possibly could be done to keep him alive, I went to the library, and there read what was to be learned about the butterflies, and happy was I to know, from the care I had taken of mine, he had lived far beyond his allotted time.

I subsequently learned from an entomologist that in its life, and its death, my butterfly was totally unlike any of its kind he had ever seen, read, or heard of. A recital of the facts would, he thought, greatly interest his entomological friends.



*Drawn by  
Hamilton Gibson.*

My experience has caused me to feel a very strong attachment for this little insect, and when the spark of life had fled, he was carefully pinned in a box that would, as I thought, preserve him in beauty for all time, and wherein those to whom I should relate the story of a trained butterfly, could look upon the identical one that had received its education at my hands. Shortly afterwards, on leaving home for an extended trip, the butterfly was packed away for many months. Two years later, when the box was opened, great was my surprise to find naught but the impalpable dust of the butterfly, albeit as perfect in coloring and form as when it winged its way over its loved fields of bright, sweet perfumed blossoms.



## AN UNCONQUERED PEOPLE.

BY ELIZABETH T. SPRING.



WHERE the Basses-Pyrénées hasten to end, having carried their soft Mediterranean dream unbroken across the continent, only to fall asleep again in quiet loveliness on the shores of the wild Bay of Biscay, the tiny Basque country hides, and there, some on the northern, some on the southern slopes, lives this unique and unexplained race.

To feel the contrast of this little corner to the rest of the country, the traveller must come up from the south. He must leave the Andalusian olive-groves, pass over the desolate desert of La Mancha, the wide, melancholy stretches of the Salamanca and Segovia plains, the windy, barren table-lands of Castile. The last morning, at sunrise, there will be Vittoria and the mountain outlines. If it is May, the hills will be faintly covered with fresh green. Great patches of yellow mustard

will brighten the slopes. The fortress-like churches, the wide, low-roofed houses nestled in the wild, beautiful landscape, bespeak another race in a new setting.

The first impression of this people, as one settles among them, is of extraordinary force, nobility, and intelligence. Dignity is stamped on their faces, and an air of high-minded, simple sincerity, inspires absolute confidence. As the acquaintance ripens, this impression grows deeper. This people are pure in spite of their French neighbors on the north, industrious and practical, though they touch Spaniards on the south. As loyal as they are independent, they are to the last degree, hospitable and generous. With all this, they are intellectually keen and discriminating. An acute observer says of them: "They have the natural, active politeness of the Irish, without servility; the sagacity of the Scotch, without cuteness; the steady self-respect of the upper classes of England, without Saxon stupidity. I have seen them execute vengeance without an angry word, resembling North American Indians in the self-possession of their dispassionate conduct."

The Bidassoa was not the Styx, yet here,



this side of paradise, is the ideal realized. Here is strength and tenderness, splendid courage, perfect vigor, inflexible truth, and proud self-respect, with devoted affection and profound piety. Ignobleness in conduct would perplex them, and as for agnosticism, ennui, or a sickly *fin de siècle* strain, too many ages have passed since they were what they now are—their own proof of the best things. One instinctively recognizes them, not only as men of the highest order, but as absolute gentlemen, even in the rudest mountaineer's dress. Their manner toward each other, as toward strangers, is singularly courteous and direct, and marked by genuine kindness and amiability. There is no roughness whatever in their forcefulness.

In personal appearance, there exist two distinct types in the Basque race: one tall and dark, with regular clear-cut features,

the other light, with a decided resemblance to the Irish characteristics. In general, the face is round, resting on a square chin; the mouth delicate; the nose straight and rather large; the eyes well set under straight eyebrows. All the features have a pronounced horizontal tendency. Their physique is muscular, and they are swift-footed, with firm, fearless movements.

The women are very beautiful; their physiognomy extremely mobile, with frequent play of eyebrows and quivering of lips. Their gait is elastic, their hands and feet are small and exquisitely formed. Their glances sometimes seem ironical, half

mocking, but always clear and full of fire.

But these people of Spain, and yet not Spaniards, who are they? Models of ancient manners, untainted by time, so marked, so separate,—as distinct in racial characteristics from their nearest neighbors as from the most remote,—so rooted to this soil, how shall we account for them? Velasco, their own historian, gravely traces their descent directly from Tubal-Cain. Humboldt calls them Celt-Iberians. Theory on theory, each one disproving the last with equal learning, has been advanced to account for this phenomenon. Nothing now seems more probable than that they are a remnant of the troglodytes of the age of stone, the same with the men whose bones are found in the caverns of the Alps and the Pyrenees, beside those of the huge animals they hunted. In this case, their unwritten history dates from twenty centuries before the Christian era.

There are confused Basque traditions of the coming of the Phœnicians to their mountains, and the earliest Roman writers have painted in glowing colors the noble bearing, patriarchal customs, and wise old laws the Phœnicians found there.



FRENCH BASQUE.



BASQUE FISHERWOMEN.



They discovered the gold and silver mines and vanished away in their great star-guided ships. Wars and dissensions followed; then silence again till Cæsar came. His lieutenant Crassus reduced Spain to a Roman province; but Cæsar says, "a few petty people higher up in the mountains did not make their submission and sent no hostages." Roman poets expand the picture and describe the Iberians, as they named the Basques, as objects of terror to all the world, whom neither hunger, heat, nor cold could conquer, who only gloried in labors and perils.

breaks, till at last, the Cæsars were wise enough to abandon the effort and secure them as allies.

As allies, the Basques proved, from the first, as faithful as they had before been stubborn. More than once their unconquerable courage turned the fortune of battles. They went to Sicily with Hannibal, leaving traces of themselves in Italy, in names of towns such as Urbino and Orvieto. Later, they joined steadily for two centuries in the strife against the Visigoths. At Roncesvalles, in 778, the Franks touched them, and the flash that



VIEW IN THE HARBOR, SAN SEBASTIAN.

Pushed by the Romans, they retreated to their fortified towns; pressed by siege, they withdrew to the highest rocks, watched the conflagration of the towns, and threw themselves, shouting, from the crags, to be dashed in pieces, rather than surrender. Mothers drowned their sons, rather than have them become slaves. The story of their steady resistance is nearly incredible. Taken prisoners, they preferred crucifixion to subjection, and died singing a psalm of joy. Again and again, after thinking them conquered, the Roman prefects encountered fresh out-

followed still lights the pass and the cliffs, though ten centuries have passed since false Ganelon betrayed Roland and the furious Basques fell on Charlemagne's rear-guard and crushed them with rocks in the defile of bones between Ilgatson and Altabiscar.

There stands the iron cross of Charlemagne and a deserted hermitage commanding a lonely table-land view, hills following one another like ocean waves to the barren eastern peaks of Altabiscar. There, in the sacristy of the Augustinian convent, are kept the boots, the gauntlets,

and the armor of the great knight paladin, who fell at last, far from his native Brittany marshes, and around whom so vast a legendary cycle has gathered. All about are traces of his ruined forts. Wild and remote in these unfrequented solitudes, the memorials seem like that figure of him rudely hinted in stone which, with Oliver on the opposite side, stands guarding the gateway of the Verona cathedral.

On returning to Paris from the Pyrenees, the first play we happened to see in the Théâtre Français was *La Fille de Roland*; the audience thrilling with scorn, delight, and grief, as Ganelon, Charlemagne, and Roland successively passed before them. But from all the song and story, suffused with the glory of the hero, not a note has ever crept into the Basque

is to them the honor is due of taking the chains from the Caliph's tent which hang now in the church of Pamplona, and are carved since that time on the shield of Castile. All Spaniards who took part in that struggle were ennobled. The Basques having never been subject either to the Saracens, or to any other race, were pronounced all noble; so that ever since, to secure a patent of nobility, it is only necessary to produce proof of Basque birth. Hence the continuance of the primitive absence of caste, or social distinctions, an ideal state unknown to such a degree elsewhere, in which the test of worth lies wholly in essential personality.

In *Don Quixote*, Doña Rodriguez says of her husband: "He is as well-born as a king, because he comes from the moun-



GENERAL VIEW OF SAN SEBASTIAN.

country to soften the original cry of "death to Roland!"

"He is dead, who sought to enter our mountains with armed men,  
And to eternity his bones shall bleach."

It is from the eighth century when they destroyed the Frank army, and when, in the fight against the Saracens, they stood out in the full light beside the Spaniards, that the definite history of the Basques dates. It was de Haro, Lord of Biscay, and his men, who really won the day in the decisive battle of Las Navas de Toloso. It

tains;" and when Sancho Panza, as governor of Barretaria, seeks a secretary, one of his attendants exclaims: "I, sir, am the man, for I can read and write, and, moreover, I am a Basque."

"With that addition," says Sancho, "you are fit to be secretary to an emperor."

In another place *Don Quixote* tells the Biscayan whom he encountered that he is no gentleman. "What! what!" he replies. "Me, no gentleman! Me will show thee me be gentleman by land, gen-



A WASHING HOUSE.

tleman by sea, gentleman in spite of the devil, and thou lie if thou say contrary." The same sense of personal dignity inspired the Basque who, working in his field when King Ferdinand passed by, approached him with the free, lofty carriage of a brother monarch and in respectful but direct phrase asked: "Are ye the King of Castile?"

Their famous form of treaty with a king runs in this way: "We, who are as good as you, and, together, far stronger than you, make a treaty with you, on condition that you respect our *fueros*, and if not, not."

In the constitution of Guipuzcoa is this article: "If any one tries to force any man or woman whomsoever, belonging to Guipuzcoa, in virtue of any command of our Lord, the King of Castile, which has not been approved by the general assembly, or which would be derogatory to our rights, privileges, fors, and liberties, he shall be disobeyed, and, if he persists, he shall be put to death."

On the accession of the late Isabella, the Basques sent her an address, opening in this way: "Señora, in a little corner

of your kingdom is a people few, living in a poor and rugged region; we will be loyal to you, if you will, as we beg you to do, respect our *fueros*, and the freedom which has never been impaired."

In the Spanish wars of succession, from 1839 to 1876, they warmly espoused the cause of Don Carlos, and distinguished themselves in the brave, romantic, if mistaken, struggle by the highest devotion and courage.

The appearance of the recruits in the Carlist war is described as extraordinary. They appeared on parade in shoes, slippers, leggings, or sandals; on their heads many-shaped boinas. Their features varied so much, they might have come from the antipodes,—the strong Irish type, side by side with the aquiline, dark, mustachioed faces,—but no soldiers did so effective service. When their powder gave out, they made more by the rudest machinery, and at the greatest disadvantage, matching difficulties with increased energy. Before marching, they besought the Virgin to become their generalissimo, then went their way with merry shouts, and the air of men going out on a pleasure party.



IN THE FIELDS.

As one means of identifying the provinces with Spain, the greatest efforts have been made to unify the language. Though the Basque is the most difficult of all languages to acquire, the smallest child, conscious of his own thought, can express himself perfectly in it. Each word depends on the thought alone of the person who speaks. One word translates will, desire, fancy, thought. There is no expression for abstract ideas, and few ex-

pressions which imply collectivity, or generalization. There is no single word for God. He is "the Master on high." There is no word for law, king, animal. They cannot say "a sister," but only "the sister of a man—a woman."

Humboldt, who has written with great learning on this subject, says that, in vigor, word-painting, and locutions, this is the richest of all languages. This may be partly due to the fact that nouns, pronouns, and adjectives change into verbs at will, and verbs may be transformed into nouns and adjectives. Every part of speech, and even the letters of the alphabet, are declined like nouns, and adjectives are conjugated like verbs. As might be inferred, the literature is scant, and poor in works of imagination.

Their music, for the same reason, is simple; while plaintive, passionate, and sweet, it returns always to the same note. Rossini passed one summer in Cambo, and it is said his compositions ever after showed the Basque influence. "Yankee Doodle," "God Save the Queen," and "I Want to be an Angel," are originally Basque airs.

In the Vallée de la Saison are still performed pastorals, survivals of the mediæval miracle plays, and they are rendered with all the primitive Oberammergau seriousness and simplicity. From time im-



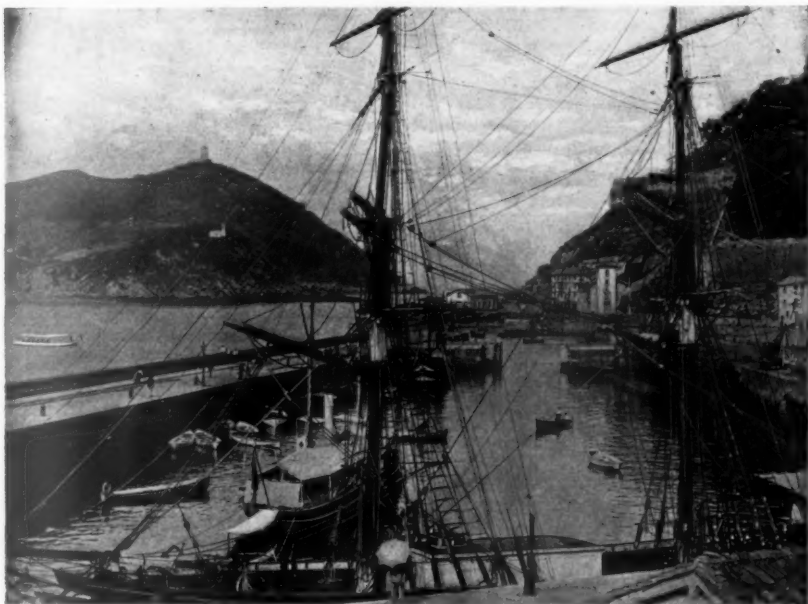
A BASQUE TYPE.

memorial, the stage has been built against one of the houses on the Plaza. Sheets, with bunches of flowers attached, form the scenery. The prompter sits in front, on a chair; the stage managers are distributed about, with guns, which they fire at intervals. The actors often pay a large sum for the privilege of taking part, it is considered so great an honor; but there is no element of money speculation in this sort of theater. During the performance, young men and girls pass wine about, and, in quasi payment, an offering is laid on the plate. If the amount collected exceeds the expenses, the surplus is spent on a feast for the actors the following week. The sexes are never mingled in the acting. The parts are taken entirely by men, or by women, except that the Satans are always boys, the part being too difficult for girls. The plays are long, consisting of from five to seven thousand lines, and formerly, when the actors could often neither read nor write, whole winters were spent in preparation.

The subjects are taken from the Bible, the lives of the saints, and the tales of romance, and all are mingled. Charlemagne is made a contemporary of the

crusaders; Mahomet is an idol, and, in the shape of a wooden puppet, sits on a crossbar over one of the entrances where he is worshipped. In one play Abraham and Pharaoh address each other as barons. Satan calls the shepherds "caballeros," the Spanish word for high-born gentleman, and the same actors take successive parts without change of dress. Turkish kings have biblical names. Satan is represented as a cannibal gloatingly carrying off the corpses of the good giants. Demons called Satans are constantly on the stage,—their function that of the antique chorus,—and the verse in which they speak corresponding in movement to the step of the actors and the dance.

Immediately on the entrance to the stage of the three principal Satans,—Bulgifer, Satan, and Beelzebub,—a complicated dance is executed, and this, as well as various gymnastic performances, is repeated during the play. The chorus wear on their heads a three-cornered scarlet cap, adorned with ribbons and plumes of the same color, a scarlet waistcoat, red silk girdle, white trousers, and red sandals ornamented with rosettes. In the hand they invariably carry a little wand a foot



THE MOLE AND ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR SAN SEBASTIAN.

long, wound with red ribbon and ending in a trident. This they wave continually. In its uses it resembles the caduceus of Mercury,—a touch from it renders one insensible, puts to death or restores to life at the will of the Satan. Boys dressed precisely in this way were prominent figures in the carnival last spring in San Sebastian. These Satans were far more primitive and less Spanish than elsewhere in Spain. Mme. d'Aulnoy says the one she saw in the play at Madrid looked like any other Castilian gentleman, except that his stockings were flame-colored and he wore horns.

In the plays blue is always the color of the good—of Frenchmen and Christians; red the color of the bad—Englishmen, Turks, and demons. Kings wear great crowns, and the Christian kings watches with two chains and buckled shoes. Turks wear great boots with heavy heels, and on their heads enormous bonnets with feathers. Kings have always a cross on the breast, and hold a Basque makhila as a scepter. Charlemagne appears with blue spectacles, a blue coat, white cotton gloves, two gold chains, a makhila, and the cross of the Legion of Honor. Clarissa, the daughter-in-law of Adolphus, wears a round hat, a shawl, cotton gloves, and huge crinoline. Angels are always

crowned with flowers,—are dressed in a tunic and white sash, carrying in their clasped hands a huge, gilded wooden cross. All the saintly and noble characters move with a slow step and folded hands; the common soldiery are more animated, while the Saracens, English, and Satans rush about wildly. In the comic interludes, the Satans speak in Gascon or French, and French is used for all the swearing. The orchestra consists of a violin or two, a flute, the *chirola* and *tambourine*, a sort of six-stringed guitar, beaten with a short stick.

The Basque legends are genuine folklore, handed down by oral tradition; repeated around the fire in long, winter evenings, or told by neighbors to each other at the corn-huskings, which are held twice in the autumn, or for an amusement at the prolonged wedding-feasts. As in all oral traditions, odd jumbleings of dates and epochs have crept in. Men of the antediluvian ages are represented as going to church,—as in the Scotch folklore,—and the use of cannon, gunpowder, and the guillotine is introduced in tales of the creation. As in India, the Pleiades are the Hen and Chickens; the belt of Orion, the Three Robbers. In the East, the Milky Way is "the great path of light, on which the hero went to heaven." The Basques say, "on which he went to Rome." The principal legends are those relating to the Tartaro, the seven-headed serpent; tales of witchcraft, fairies, and religious tales common to all Europe. The Tartaro is the Cyclops under another name, perhaps the Basque soldiers who went with Hannibal to Sicily heard there of the



A BASQUE TORREADOR.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH IGNATIUS LOYOLA WAS BORN.

"Monstrum informum ingens,"



that made Æneas shudder; or, they themselves may have taught it to the Greek colonists. The seven-headed serpent of the Pyrenees is—slightly changed—the same dragon which St. George of England slew. In one of the fairy-tales, is a description which reminds us strongly of Bunyan's Valley of the Shadow of Death. The invariable ending of all the stories is, "and if they lived well, they also died well."

Superstitions are numerous, and the belief in sorcery has always been strong. In the seventeenth century women frequently accused themselves of being lovers of Satan, and insisted on being beheaded

Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, by the sign of the cross, from our enemies, Lord deliver us." Also in gaping, one should make the sign of the cross before his mouth, so the demons cannot fly in.

Each mountain has its genius, usually a gigantic serpent, and the strange sounds that are heard in the forests are the groans of Bassajarona.

In the middle of the tenth century, St. Leon, bishop of Bayonne, brought Christianity to the Pyrenees, and annexed the region to his bishopric. There is a pretty well established tradition of the preaching of St. James here in the year 53, and some faint rays may have pierced these



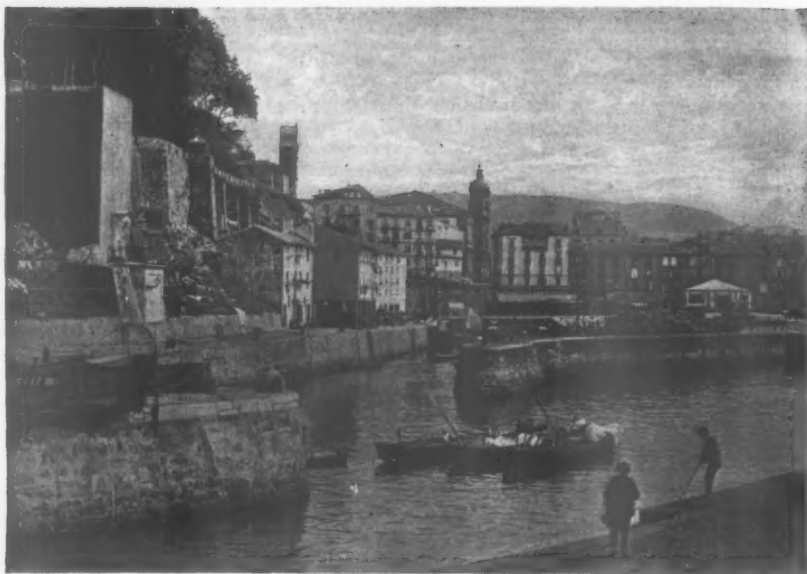
FONTARABIA FROM THE HARBOR.

or burned. Among their minor superstitions are these: to see a woman under the window on Monday, is the sign of a bad day during the week. He who hears the cuckoo sing for the first time will make his fortune if he has silver upon him at the moment. The crowing of a cock is the sign of the passing of a sorceress going to keep her Sabbath, and to avert her charm, one must quickly throw a pinch of salt into the fireplace. When in danger of evil influence of any sort, it is the custom to make the sign of the cross on the forehead, mouth, and breast successively, saying: "In the name of the

rocky fortresses from Spain, where Christianity was the state religion as early as 558. The only hints of their religious life up to the time of St. Leon are found in the sepulchres discovered near Vittoria and Elorio, dating from the first Roman epoch. There, on some tombs, is the monogram of Christ, surrounded by a flame; on others, crosses with the alpha and omega, and sometimes the letter T, signifying their aversion to Arianism.

"He who knew nothing of prayer," says a Basque hymn, "should he climb our mountains, he would quickly learn to pray, with no one to teach him." This





THE QUAY, SAN SEBASTIAN.

inherent religiousness may have originated the mysterious altars of the Marquina dolmese at the hermitage of San Miguel. They are unlike other dolmans, as the altars in the rude niches seem not intended for sacrifice; and, always, when the Basques are asked when Christianity began with them, they reply: "We were always Christians."

No man of this nation has so impressed himself on the world as its great religious representative, Ignatius Loyola. A handsome cavalier,—gay, chivalrous, fit son of an ancient, noble house, a fearless soldier,—he was wounded, at thirty, in the battle of Pamplona. He caused his badly set leg to be stretched on the rack, in the hope of regaining his graceful form, but nothing availed; he was lamed for life. During the chafing, tedious weeks of convalescence, he read, to beguile the time, all the available books in his father's library, chiefly the Lives of the Saints. At first they wearied him. Suddenly, one day, he said: "If these men did such things, why not I?" The conversion was profound. As soon as he recovered, he betook himself to Madrid for study; but suspected by the Inquisition on account of some independent views, he

withdrew to the University of Paris. There he gathered around him a few kindred spirits, the nucleus of the Society of Jesuits. There he met the brilliant and charming François Xavier, a French Basque from Sanguesa, in Basse-Navarre. Xavier loved the world and the things that were in it. Tender-hearted, he was full of pity and kindness, less stern by nature than the iron-willed Loyola. Loyola burned with the wish to convert him. For a long time he made no progress, yet, whenever he met him, bent on pleasure, he would say: "But remember, François, at the end we have to die."

At last, the spiritual fire kindled. Xavier renounced his self-indulgence, joined the new band of disciples, placed himself entirely at the disposal of his director, to be used in any way for the benefit of mankind. Cross in hand, he penetrated the wildest regions, and bore the greatest hardships, until,—having baptized thousands who loved him for his goodness, and were won by the magnetism of his self-devotion,—worn out by toil and suffering, he lay down to die on the burning sands of Siam, a saint belonging to the Universal Church and to all time.

Loyola, after founding his society, retired to the wilds of Montserrat, on the west coast of Spain, where he spent a year in the severest ascetic discipline. He consecrated himself to the Virgin Mary, and for thirty years he did not look on the face of a woman, even his nearest friends. Born four years after Luther, his personality was a breakwater on the coast of Spain, against which the rising tide of the Reformation dashed, but never passed.

On the evening of Ascension Day, emerging from a long tunnel, in a walk along the curving beach, we came suddenly on a strangely beautiful scene. Drawn, according to ancient custom on this day, by the music of the fife and tambour, a great company of people—the women, bare-headed, with their bright kerchiefs folded over the shoulders—were collected on the shore, moving slowly through the advancing and retreating figures of the *zorrico*, the waves washing up but a few feet away. The low sun threw warm, slanting rays across the castled hills, touching the white, distant sails, the breaking surf, the moving company, with a sort of unearthly mysterious glory. One pulse beat through the whole. If the music and the people had vanished with the sunset and the ebb-tide, it would have seemed nothing strange.

Full of serious joy as that whole scene

was, there was in it the sense of remoteness and mystery that haunts all this Basque life. Nor in thinking of it, can we shake off the impression of unconscious pathos that underlies the strength and sturdiness. This Pyrenean life has not blossomed. The force has expended itself mostly in self-preservation. The bud has unfolded enough to show its royal red and, chilled, has never opened further. Like individuals, nations are in danger of ruin from the excess of their best qualities. When independence is blinded by pride, or stiffened by its powerful development so that it cannot yield and bend at the right moment, the life is missed. Only as parts of a whole can even the strongest realize their own full individuality. Some symphonies end in harmony; some in prophecy; some shut down with conclusion, not completeness: they simply stop. This Basque story is like the last. Neither whence they came, nor whither they go, can we tell. Their only possible future lies in their losing themselves in some revived Spain, dying in their distinct and separate existence, to live again in some new growth, whose roots they may feed. If they slowly perish without fruit, it will be for lack of the finer insight to tell them the point where losing the life saves it, and yielding conquers.



THE JUNCTION OF THE NIVE AND ADOUR AT BAYONNE.



IT is a curious and interesting feature of the recent resurrection of the Napoleon legend, that it occurs exactly one hundred years after his first definite appearance on the stage of Europe. In 1794, the streets of Paris were streaming with innocent blood, the Directory was tottering, Toulon had just fallen, and "times were ripe for Napoleon." In 1894, the streets of Paris are again streaming, but this time it is with studies, statues, and stories of Napoleon; the art shops are filling with his medallions and pictures, and again, after the

lapse of a century, times are ripe for Napoleon. This revival of interest in Napo-

leon matters is not only befitting to the memory of a statesman whose tremendous achievements deserve such recognition, but it is particularly opportune, for it will bring greater acknowledgment of the accomplishment of real, lasting improvement in Europe to a man, who was so blinding in his personal life that his friends could not see his faults, nor his enemies his virtues. His cruel career, his excessively immoral life, and his unreliable oaths and actions have



NAPOLEON AS FIRST CONSUL.—1799.

blinded historians to the results of his influence on the affairs of Europe, for a century's judgment will make him the greatest republican of the age, Washington and Lincoln not excepted. The ends may not justify the means, but the world judges only by results; and it was Napoleon who chilled into permanent form the wild republican theories and accomplishments that were poured forth in fantastic shape from the volcanic French revolution. The musty feudal bonds that held man in the dust in the eighteenth century on the continent of Europe, to-day are weakened or broken through the sole agency of this man. It will be Josephine whose reputation will be ruined by this revival; while poor Maria Louisa, of course, has no reputation to lose.

The subject of Napoleon is inexhaustible, whether it be approached from the military, the social, the political, or the antiquarian standpoint. In this great resurrection of Napoleon, the modern reading public are principally interested in this latter aspect of the subject. The old prints, the old books, the old medallions, the old china, and even the old clothes of the great general, are being searched for, with the greatest diligence and success. The numismatist, the artist, the bibliophile, and the china-lover are now roaming in unsettled, unexplored fields, whose boundaries are unknown; the terrific force of forty years of Napoleonic upheaval which occurred at the beginning of this century has strewn the shelves and shops of Europe and America with countless precious relics; and the power which produced this material and the power that scattered it were so tremendous that the collectors have by no means gotten things together yet. The veriest amateur may stumble on relics for which the professional collector has been longing and looking in vain. This is the secret of the



MEDAL SHOWING DIOGENES POINTING TO A PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON AND BLOWING OUT HIS LIGHT AS HE EXCLAIMS, "I HAVE FOUND HIM!"—1807.

charm of "Napoleoniana"; once formed, the habit becomes chronic.

The properties which properly constitute a curiosity are as indefinable and various as human nature itself. To my mind, the term should be confined to that material which is distinctive of the subject, and which is not found commonly elsewhere. We all of us wear clothes, eat with knives and forks from dishes, and such of us as are sufficiently advanced, write with pen and ink. Now, I hold that china that has been used by Napoleon is no proper curiosity, unless it contains markings that make it peculiarly

his own; so with stockings, pens, swords, and other material; unless they contain something intrinsic that shows at a glance that they were Napoleon's and could not have possibly belonged to any one else, they are not curiosities. Personally, I would go still farther in this line and say that no relic of Napoleon was valuable unless it was suggestive of the line along which he became famous. Napoleon as a writer, as an



NAPOLEON AS FIRST CONSUL.



NAPOLEON AS CHIEF OF THE LEGION OF HONOR—1804.  
TRIALPIECE, NEVER EMPLOYED.

artist, unless his work throws light on his character or career, should possess no attraction to the Napoleonic collector.

Among the various Napoleonic curiosities none possess more historic and artistic merit than the "Napoleon medals," issued by the French government from 1796 to 1833. These medals illustrate Napoleon's life from the time of his first great prominence in 1796; they follow him like faithful shadows through his consulship, his emperorship, to his defeat, abdication, and even to his exile at St. Helena. They disappear with a final flicker at the death of his son, the Duc de Reichstadt in 1832. They come also from various other sources, although the best of them were issued from the Paris Medal mint, under the charge of M. Denon, where the artistic skill of such men as Andrieu, Brenet, Droz, Galle, Gatteaux, Jaley, and Jeuffroy, was constantly employed to record the various successes of the great general. Others came from the Milan mint, then under the efficient control of M. Cattaneo, while many were struck by various private societies, cities, and corporations.

The first medal on which Napoleon figures was struck in the year 1796, when

the French engravers were ordered to reproduce his cadaverous face, with its melancholy, hungry look, and his long, uncombed hair. Napoleon had just been made general; he had just begun to be able to get good food, and he had just married Josephine—the three great events of his early life. It was the first victory gained by Napoleon after his appointment to the command of the army of Italy, in 1796, that brought out the first medal of this series which commemorates every



MEDAL STRUCK IN 1808.

important event in his subsequent career. This medal, struck in honor of the great victory won at Montenotte stands at the head of a list of medals which, for artistic conception and beauty of workmanship, rival the classic coinage of Greece and Rome.

This was the year during which Napoleon had prophesied for himself that before its close he would be either old enough to command the army, or dead. The French directors in the production of this medal acknowledged that this prophecy had come true.

The succession of rapid victories following this battle of Montenotte, which surprised, dazzled, and startled the world, were all chronicled at the Paris mint; the passage of the Tagliamento, the conquest of Upper and Lower Egypt, Napoleon's miraculous escape to France, the passage of the Great St. Bernard, the battle of Marengo, followed each other in lightning-like rapidity; while dust began to settle on the dies of the medals symbolizing Liberty and Equality.

Other heads began to grow correspondingly scarce in the Paris Medal mint, until by 1800 many medals of Napoleon had been issued. The artists, taking the



MEDALLION PAINTED FROM LIFE  
FOR JOSEPHINE.

hint from Napoleon's excessive vanity, now began to idealize their subject, and Napoleon as Trajan, as Caesar, as Alexander, became a common sight to the French people. The figure on the medals began to grow heavier, the face rounder, and the hair shorter and better brushed.

Early in the century, Josephine's face appears on some of these medals, culminating in their frequency in the year 1804, when she was crowned Empress of the French. At this time also Napoleon's own medals grow more

triumphant; he is portrayed as the sun with the names of his victories scattered on rays around his head. Coming down through the medals of these years an archaeologist could reconstruct approximately the history of Napoleon from this data alone. The medal showing Napoleon crowned at the same time with the wreath of bay-leaves and the iron crown of Lombardy, is a pretty emblem, showing Napoleon's highest pitch of greatness, for to be crowned with the leaves of the conqueror and the iron crown of Charlemagne was double honor. Napoleon said, as he crowned himself with it at Milan, repeat-



MEDAL WITH BUST OF JOSEPHINE—1804.



NAPOLEON AS EMPEROR—1810.





MEDAL SHOWING NAPOLEON CROWNED WITH BAY-LEAVES AND  
THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.

ing an inscription on its inner band, "God gives it to me; let him beware who touches it." The term "iron crown of Lombardy" has misled many into believing that the crown was made of iron. It would have been a pretty and appropriate conceit to have made it of such a metal, for the men who wore it were made of iron; but in reality it was a solid gold crown of beautiful workmanship, the only iron about it being a narrow rim on its interior, said to have been made from a nail from the true cross.

Among the issues are some curious conceits, such as one showing Diogenes blowing out his light and pointing to a portrait of Napoleon as he exclaims, "Je l'ai trouvé," (I have found him). The last Josephine medal was issued in 1809, when a realistic medal, by no means flattering, for the artists were weather-cocks which showed the way the wind was blowing, makes her a middle-aged woman.

But at last, in 1810, there is an ominous change in these medals, for by this time Madame Walewska had proved be-

yond all doubt that it was not Napoleon, as the general himself had believed, but Josephine who would be to blame should the empire become extinct, and Josephine disappears from the work of the engravers, and a new face appears, that of an Austrian archduchess, whose irregular outlines gave these artists much more trouble to make up into pretty medals to delight the French people. The cut showing Maria Louisa's profile to the right is a good view of her irregular face; this sketch was done from life to give the engraver a basis on which to work; the idealized portrait which shows Maria Louisa with the surrounding inscription, tells the story of the artistic possibilities that the French artists of that day thought politic to use in such cases. The improvement in Maria Louisa's appearance tells a long story of the attitude of Napoleon's associates to those who will listen to it.

But it is not long now before another strange face finds a place among these medals, a face that for these fifteen years, has been anxiously looked for. It is the round, chubby face and bald head of the





NAPOLEON BOARDING THE BELLEROPHON—1815.



MODEL OF MARIA LOUISA USED AS A COPY  
BY ENGRAVERS—1810.

unfortunate little King of Rome. This head makes an unusual figure for a state medal, but it is one that delights the pencils of the French artists. The little boy is a magnet, for he draws the figures of his parents, his royal grandparents, and his one remaining plebeian grandmother around him; Napoleon decided, characteristically, that his family was as important as that of Maria Louisa to the boy, and so the strongly marked features of "Madame Mère" appear with those of the five others on a curious medal.

The later Napoleon medals begin to grow infrequent about 1812, for Maria Louisa seems to have brought bad luck with her from Austria. One overwhelming defeat after another has occurred, and now the artists are not so busy to please the great Emperor's vanity, and he is not in the mood to reprove them for their neglect. In 1814-15 their disappearance has become significant. Moscow, Elba, and Waterloo, are not to be commemorated by medals, and it is not until Napoleon's voluntary relinquishment of his liberty to the

English, that a slight flame is fanned into existence among the dying embers, and a few medals are struck, containing his remarkable address to the prince regent. Then there is a long, weary blank for six years, in which only an occasional medal appeared, until Napoleon's death at St. Helena, when a few final medals were issued. They are beautiful, but no longer triumphant or boastful.

After 1821 the medals are no longer issued, except an occasional straggler brought out by the anniversary of some memory of the Emperor. Such is the medal issued in 1832, on the death of Napoleon's son, Duc de Reichstadt, showing on its reverse Napoleon receiving his son into heaven. Finally, the last medal of this series struck was one on July 28, 1833, on the third anniversary of the revolution of July, 1830. It shows Napoleon as being extremely stout, and is devoid of dignity. It is inscribed with the curious inscription "Napoleon, Emperor of the French Republic." This ends the triumphant medals of Napoleon.

As a sermon on the life of Napoleon, of which these beautiful medals form the text, comes the "Waterloo medal," which was a conception of the prince regent, afterwards George IV. To commemorate the great defeat of Napoleon, he ordered the chief medallist of England in 1819, Signor Pistrucci, to design a medal commemorative of the victory of Waterloo, which idea the Italian carried out so brilliantly that it took thirty years' work to produce the dies in soft metal, at a cost of over seventeen thousand dollars. By

this time, interest in the battle had died away in England; all the kings whose armies fought at Waterloo were dead, and of the principal generals Wellington alone remained. The medal was so huge and so elaborate that the stamping dies were never cut, and the work stands to-day, never to be finished, for the risk of ruining it is so great,



KING OF ROME—1811.

and the expense is so heavy, that it will probably never be done. It is estimated that seven years' work would be necessary to complete the dies, and make them ready for practical use.

The medal is six inches in diameter, and is most artistic and intensely allegorical, each figure telling its story. On the reverse are the heads of the four kings who were allied in the battle; beginning from the left, George IV.; Frederick William of Prussia; Alexander I., Czar of Russia, and Francis II. of Austria, Napoleon's father-in-law. Their heads are crowned with the "corona triumphalis" of bay-leaves, the highest form of triumphal crowns. The obverse is also brilliantly done. It represents Zeus in a quadriga, smiting the struggling Titans below with a thunderbolt, thus implying that it was the Divine will that the allies should crush Napoleon forever at Mont St. Jean.

Although this beautiful medal deserves, from its character and conception, to be called "The Waterloo medal," nevertheless, there were fifty-three other medals known to have been struck on the occasion of this great victory. The French, German, and Austrian governments, as well as the British, at once poured forth triumphant memorials of this decisive event. The map of Europe, which had been rolled up for twenty years, was again exposed to view.



EMPRESS MARIA LOUISA—1811.

The pictures of Napoleon are as numerous as the sands of the sea; new ones, warm from the press, are being poured forth daily, artistic and emblematic; with these the true collector has but little to do; an occasional one, which seems to be filled with the essence of Napoleon, may sometimes crowd its way into his collection,—but it is a parvenue, and its handsome appearance and fresh colors betray its modern origin. It is with the old, original pictures and medallions that the Napoleon collector has to do. To the uninitiated, these prints bring, at auction, large prices; this is the manner in which they



PISTRUCCI'S DESIGN FOR A WATERLOO MEDAL.



MEDAL SHOWING NAPOLEON AND  
HIS FAMILY—1811.

are generally sold, for here the wily auctioneer pits enthusiast against enthusiast, and the tug on the pocketbooks grows intense. The two pictures shown in this article, "Napoleon Boarding the Bellerophon," and the combined portraits of "Napoleon and Josephine," are not by any means to be compared, in true artistic finish, with the modern pictures which they suggest, "Napoleon and his Generals on the Bellerophon," and the triple piece, "Napoleon and his two wives"; yet at auction they would bring from ten to twenty times as much as either of them, for they are old and rare, and are true objects of interest to relic hunters. Their owner is not compelled to submit

to that remark which is the deepest of all humiliations to a collector: "Yes, I have often seen that before."

Another and extremely fascinating division of "Napoleoniana" is the collection of sketches showing incidents in Napoleon's life. Not only are they rare enough to be worth collecting, but each new discovery is a source of artistic pleasure to the fortunate finder. "Napoleon Sketched One Hour After Death," done by Captain Marryat, of the English army, who was stationed at St. Helena at the time of his death, is a rare and powerful picture. Captain Marryat saw the importance of such a sketch, and, fortunately for posterity, he had the ability to make it.

Captain Marryat's sketch does not, as it might be supposed it would, close the list of pictures that may fairly be classed under the title of "Napoleoniana." In his will Napoleon expressed a desire to rest "on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom he had loved so well." This wish was fulfilled nineteen years after his death, when at the request of Louis Philippe, the British Government granted permission for the removal of the remains to Paris, where they now repose in a gorgeous sarcophagus under the dome of the Invalides. The scene at the opening of the coffin formed a striking and inspiring picture, which was sketched from memory. It is best de-



SKETCH OF NAPOLEON TAKEN ONE HOUR AFTER DEATH BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.



THE OPENING OF NAPOLEON'S COFFIN AT ST. HELENA NINETEEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.

scribed in the words of an eye-witness: "The ground was opened, the coffin raised, prayers were said, and then the lid was taken off. The face of Napoleon was clearly recognized; the face was strangely beautiful, while the hand which General Bertrand had lifted to kiss, nineteen years before, still remained slightly raised. The effect was magical on the weeping bystanders." The picture of Napoleon, on page 289, is a unique sketch, being painted from life, by order of Napoleon himself, as a present for Josephine. The medallion finally wandered to this country, and eventually finds its first appearance, now, in magazine form. It differs slightly from any other sketch of the same period.

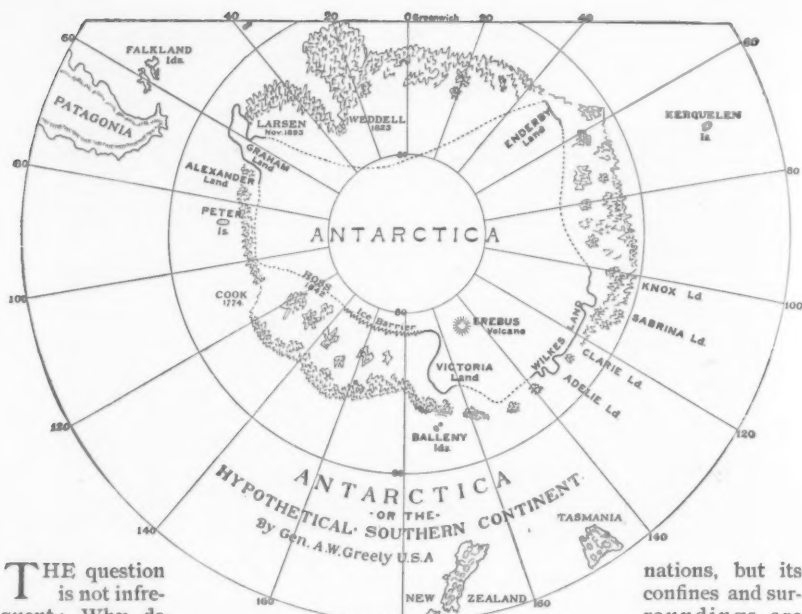
There is another instructive lesson in these medals and portraits of

Napoleon. It is the absence of the pictures or memories of any of his mistresses. No de Maintenons, de Pompadours, or du Barrys, are associated in the eyes of posterity with Napoleon, as has been the case from time immemorial, with the rulers of France. Napoleon's name comes down to us linked to that of only two women, to both of whom he was legally married. In no one thing did he show his middle-class origin and training more than in the fact that he was ashamed of his mistresses. The mere fact of their existence is a surprise even to many careful students. Madame Walewska, the mother of Napoleon's first child, is almost the only suggestion of the ancien régime. In this, if in nothing else, the life of Napoleon stands out among other French rulers as unique.



MEDAL STRUCK IN 1833.—NAPOLEON AS EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.





THE question is not infrequent: Why do all expeditions seek the north geographical pole, and none try to discover the south pole? Two definite and potent reasons may be assigned for the comparative rarity of Antarctic voyages: first, the greater difficulties and increased cost; second, the comparative paucity of results to be obtained from explorations of the Antarctic circle.

The Arctic is within a week's journey of energetic and adventurous nations; its comparatively large land areas cause its summers to be warmer, and present fertile habitats for numerous animals and numberless birds; and its seas, favored with superabundant life, furnish subsistence and wealth to the thousands of daring sailors who yearly seek their icy waters.

On the contrary, not only is the Antarctic circle far remote from enterprising

nations, but its confines and surroundings are largely water, whence it results that freezing temperatures, blinding snow-squalls, and other wintry surroundings, ever obtain. Save a few hardy lichens, no plant life of any kind abides, even on the borders of the Antarctic, and the ice-clad land reëchoes the voice of no living creature, save, in favored spots, for a few short weeks, strange cries of stranger birds,—half fowl, half fish,—the stormy petrel and the flipper-winged amphibious penguin.

In a single year, the hazardous voyages and doubting criticisms of a great navigator, Captain James Cook, swept the mythical Magellanic continent from the map of the world. It has taken more than a century to replace that legendary land, a figment of the imagination, by an actual continent, seen in part, at isolated points, by gallant, sharp-eyed sailors, and in



Brigadier-General Adolphus Washington Greely, chief signal officer of the United States Army, was born in Newburyport, Mass., in 1844. He volunteered in 1861, and was brevetted major for war service. He is the only enlisted man of the Civil War who reached the grade of general in the Regular army. General Greely planned, constructed, and operated nearly two thousand miles of military telegraph lines on Mexican and Indian frontiers, and determined the "danger line" of floods on the Mississippi, Missouri, and other western rivers. He extended, and reorganized on substantially its present basis, the national weather bureau. In 1881-84, he commanded the American polar expedition to Lady Franklin bay, attaining the "farthest north" of all time. He is a medallist of the Royal and French Geographical Societies, and is the author of "Three Years of Arctic Service," "Report of Lady Franklin Bay Expedition," "American Weather," "American Explorers and Travellers," and many literary and scientific articles.



part discerned by the prophetic vision of a scientific geographer. The real existence of an extensive southern land, demonstrated and declared by Wilkes, a half century since, lapsed into doubtful uncertainty,—largely through the ill-advised criticisms of James Clark Ross,—until one of the scientists of the Challenger expedition, the great oceanographer John Murray, supplementing direct by indirect evidence, constructed therefrom the continent of Antarctica.

The initiation, development, and present condition of this problem of evolutionary geography, covering nearly four centuries, from Magellan, in 1520, to Larsen, in 1893, is briefly told.

Various and fruitless expeditions, from the middle of the sixteenth to the latter

virtue and good conduct, succeed in establishing an intercourse with a southern continent."

Kerguelén, in 1772, fired with ardor on discovering mountainous land, Kerguelen island of to-day, and barely landing thereon, hastened back to France, and enthusiastically announced that he had discovered the great southern continent, although his island was not even within a thousand miles of the Antarctic circle.

True and extended Antarctic exploration was, however, at hand, for Captain James Cook, turning his efforts in that direction, first of all men penetrated the virgin ice-packs of the south polar region in the summer (January) of 1773. Not content with his first experiences, he resumed his explorations the next sum-



*Drawn by F. H. Schell, after a sketch by Captain Weddell.*

CAPTAIN WEDDELL IN LATITUDE 68° S., FEBRUARY, 1823.

part of the eighteenth century, left the mystery of a southern continent unsolved, but it yet engrossed the attention of all geographers, as late as 1770, as instanced by Dalrymple's dedication of his travels: "To the man, who, emulous of Magalhães, and the heroes of former times, undeterred by difficulties, and unseduced by pleasure, shall persist, through every obstacle, and not by chance, but by

mer, and, in January 1774, reached latitude 71° 10' S., 117° W., to the southwest of Patagonia. Cook circumnavigated the Southern ocean, exceeded the most southerly latitude of his predecessors more than six hundred miles, and penetrated the Antarctic circle at four widely separated points, "thus," as he says, "putting an end to the search for a southern continent, which has engrossed

the attention of maritime nations for two centuries."

Time proved the unsoundness of Cook's assumptions; the search was not ended; daring seamen have exceeded his latitude; new lands have been discovered, and the existence of an extensive ice-clad land, probably continental in its area, is scarcely questioned.

The dictum of Cook, however, deferred for near half a century further Antarctic research; but when explorers stood dismayed, the whalers, hardy pioneers of the sea, sought the unknown Southern ocean, as offering, by its very remoteness and difficulties, the most promising field for their dangerous vocation.

The credit of first discovering land within the Antarctic circle belongs to an American whaler, one of that class of men whose enterprise, skill, courage, and endurance, have so largely contributed to the prosperity of this country. No ice-pack too dense, no sea too remote, no hardships too great, to daunt them, and so it was that the expedition of Bellinghausen, specially fitted for hazardous exploration in unknown seas, found itself forestalled, at the Shetland islands, by the presence of a Yankee sealing captain, who announced the existence of a new land to the southwest, whence he had lately come. The Russian commander, as generous as he was brave, gave the name of its discoverer, Palmer, to this coast, which we now know is an extensive land, stretching southward to the seventieth parallel of latitude. Bellinghausen, however, made very extensive cruises in

of what follows. The ice-barrier, so frequently referred to in accounts of the Antarctic regions, is the fore-front of the enormous glacier-covering, or ice-cap, which, accumulating in vast, undulating fields from the heavy snowfall, and ultimately attaining hundreds, if not thousands, of feet in thickness, creeps from the continent of Antarctica into the polar sea. The ice-barrier, yet a part of the parent ice-cap, presents itself to the navigator who has boldness enough to approach its fearful front, as a solid, perpendicular wall of marble-like ice, ranging from one thousand to two thousand feet in thickness, of which from one hundred to two hundred feet rises above, and from eight hundred to eighteen hundred feet sinks below, the level of the sea.

Soon after Palmer's discovery, an English sealer, Weddell, found the Antarctic ocean in an unusually open condition. Being of a venturesome disposition, Weddell pushed through the main pack, and came into an ocean strewn with enormous tabular icebergs, disruptions from the Antarctic ice-barrier. No less than sixty-six of these "ice-islands" were in sight at one time; but, despite the great danger of navigating small sailing-vessels between such enormous ice-masses, he continued his voyage to the south, and reached a point no less than two hundred and fourteen miles further than his predecessor, Captain James Cook. On February 20, 1828, Weddell reached  $74^{\circ} 15'$  south latitude, and  $34^{\circ} 17'$  west longitude. At this time, although the atmosphere was very clear, the sea was almost absolutely ice-free, there being only three enormous ice-islands in sight, on one of which a great number of penguins roosted. Whales in large numbers, and birds so numerous that they "literally covered the sea," were seen during his brief stay within the Antarctic zone.

Other adventurous English whalersemulated Weddell's efforts, among whom John Biscoe and John Balleny contributed materially to Antarctic knowledge. In 1831, Biscoe skirted, in a hazardous voyage, fully a third of the Antarctic circle, and discovered Enderby land,  $47^{\circ}$  S.,  $66^{\circ}$  E., and Adelaide island,  $67^{\circ}$  S.,  $71^{\circ}$



BERG SEEN BY CHALLENGER EXPEDITION.

high southern waters, discovered several islets, and Alexander I. land, then the most southerly ever reached, and, first of all navigators, approached the great Antarctic ice-barrier.

A brief description of this phenomenon is here necessary to a clear understanding



*Drawn by F. H. Schell, after a sketch by Capt. Weddell.*

LATITUDE  $74^{\circ} 15' S.$ —FURTHEST POINT SOUTH REACHED BY CAPTAIN WEDDELL IN 1823.

W. He landed at the latter point, which proved to be one of a chain of islands that fronted the west coast of Graham land. Balleny, in 1839, revisited the Antarctic circle, and discovered in  $66^{\circ} 30' S.$ ,  $163^{\circ} E.$ , a group of high, volcanic islets (Balleny islands) with ice-filled valleys, precipitous cliffs, and a strip of naked beach, scarcely a yard wide. Balleny could scarcely credit his eyes as volcanic action commenced among the lofty peaks of the snow-covered land, and he plainly perceived smoke arising from the mountain tops.

The growing importance of Antarctic enterprises now demanded recognition, and, almost simultaneously, three expeditions sailed: d'Urville, in 1836, from France; Wilkes, in 1838, from the United States; and Ross, in 1839, from England. The Frenchman, though first in the field, was unfortunate, for, although he nearly circumnavigated the Antarctic circle, his discoveries of Clarie and Adélie lands were antedated, a few days, by Wilkes, who was then exploring the same continuous coast. D'Urville, with great courage, worked his ship through a sea encumbered with a vast number of tab-

ular icebergs, to Adélie land, a rugged, precipitous, and mountainous coast. Unable to reach the shore, a landing was effected, with difficulty, on a small island, which proved to be a naked mass of granitic and gneiss rock, devoid of vegetation.

With a courage approaching rashness, Wilkes persisted in a perilous voyage, with unsuitable ships, in latitudes ranging from the Antarctic circle to the 70th parallel, and from  $95^{\circ}$  to  $155^{\circ} W.$  Gales, fogs, snow-squalls, continuous ice, and the urgent protests of his surgeon, were unavailing to turn Wilkes back, until he had run down the continental shoreline he had sighted on January 16, 1840.

The mountainous land was snow-capped, and every effort to reach the coast was frustrated by the presence of an almost continuous ice-barrier, which, by its height and appearance, struck the squadron with apprehensive admiration. Its perpendicular face rose from one hundred to two hundred feet above a deep sea, and its lower strata were grounded in water which gave no bottom at two hundred fathoms.

The Royal Geographical Society of Eng-



land, with impartial justice, awarded the Founder's medal to Wilkes, as an acknowledgment of the extent and importance of his discoveries, which are now conceded. In a spirit of perversion, so narrow and ill-concealed as to be amusing, the author of the "Polar Regions" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* omits Wilkes' name from his chart, and says of his discoveries: "But as a portion of it had already been seen by Balleny, and the rest has since been proved not to exist, the claim

has not been admitted." Certainly not by this individual English cousin; but by all other geographers of the world, who admit that Wilkes first skirted the continuous coast, and recognized it as part of one great land, the continent now named Antarctica.

In the most successful of all Antarctic voyages, 1839 to 1843, made partly to explore the southern hemisphere, and partly to search for the south magnetic pole, Sir James Clark Ross not only reached an unprecedentedly high southern latitude, but his observations furnished extensive knowledge as to the physiological and biological conditions of these unknown regions. In January 1841, Ross, traversing the heavy ice-fields to the south of New Zealand, discovered and explored the coast of a bold, mountainous country, which he named Victoria land. To its termination, in 78° S., the whole shore was covered with an unbroken and descending ice-barrier, which, with no indentations or harbors, extended several miles into the sea, and so rendered land inaccessible. Ross describes it as "a perpendicular cliff of

ice, between one hundred and forty and two hundred feet above the level of the sea, perfectly flat and level at the top, and without fissures and promontories on its seaward face."

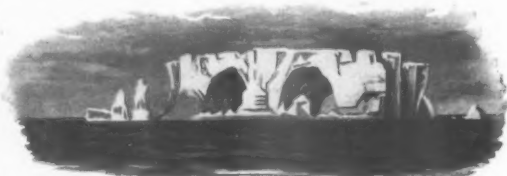
At the most southerly point attained,

two bare and lofty volcanic cones towered far above the ice-clad land, some twelve thousand feet above the sea. One, Mount Erebus, was in an active state, and frequent eruptions enlivened the otherwise desolate land. Of the first outbreak, Ross says: "Mount Erebus emitted smoke and flame in unusual quantities, producing a most grand spectacle. . . . Dense smoke was projected, at each successive jet, with great force, in a vertical column, to the height of between fifteen hundred and

two thousand feet above the mouth of the crater. The diameter of the columns was between two hundred and three hundred feet. Whenever the smoke cleared away, the

bright red flame that filled the mouth of the crater was clearly perceptible, and some of the officers believed they could see streams of lava pouring down the sides until lost beneath the snow."

At the base of Mount Erebus, the ice-barrier turned to the east, whither Ross followed it more than three hundred miles, it being all that distance an unbroken, perpendicular wall, that varied from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height above the sea. Obligated, by waning summer, to turn northward, Ross found himself surrounded by eighty-four enormous bergs, and was fortunate to re-



ANTARCTIC ICEBERGS SEEN BY THE CHALLENGER EXPEDITION.

cross the Antarctic circle after sixty-three days' cruise. His late voyages of 1842 and 1843 were barren of further geographical triumphs, save a slightly higher latitude,  $78^{\circ} 11' S.$ ,  $160^{\circ} W.$ , on February 23d.

For nearly half a century, interest waned in Antarctic matters, until the demands of the scientific world for increased oceanic knowledge resulted in the best equipped and most successful scientific expedition that ever sailed—the "Challenger" survey of 1872-74.

The first steam vessel to enter the Antarctic circle was the "Challenger," under command of Captain (now Sir) George Nares, with a staff consisting of some of the ablest scientists of Great Britain, among whom were Wyville Thomson and John Murray. Not being strengthened for ice navigation, she only reached  $68^{\circ} 40' S.$ ,  $78^{\circ} 22' E.$

Fortunately, opportunities offered for

of various intensities. . . . Some bergs, with the blue streaks very definitely marked, have exactly the appearance of the common marble soap. The coloring of the crevasses and hollows is of the deepest and purest azure-blue possible. None of the artists on board were able to approach a representation of its intensity. . . . A large berg, full of caves, is a most beautiful and striking object on a bright day. . . . The intensity of the blue light from the bergs is ordinarily such that the gray sky behind them appears distinctly reddened, and the reddening appears most intense close to the berg. . . . At night, bergs appear as if they had a very slight luminous glow."

The steadily decreasing success of the northern whale-fishery caused firms engaged in such enterprises to renew whale-fishing in the Antarctic ocean, with modern appliances and steam-power. Most prominent in action have been Scottish



*Drawn by W. C. Filler, after a sketch.*

SQUADRON OF SIR JAMES ROSS OFF THE SOUTH POLAR BARRIER.

the study of the enormous tabular icebergs, disrupted masses of the southern ice-barrier which, hundreds of miles from the barrier, betokened, by their wasted and weather-beaten faces, the harsh vicissitudes of the Southern sea. Those seen from the "Challenger" were usually about two hundred feet high, the largest three miles in length. Dr. Murray says: "The coloring of the southern bergs is magnificent. The general mass has the appearance of sugar-loaf, with a slightly bluish tint. . . . On this ground color there are parallel streaks of cobalt blue,

and Norwegian whalers, who, with wise liberality, have supplemented their ordinary equipment by a scientific staff.

The most important Antarctic event in many years, was the voyage of the Norwegian steam whaling-schooner "Jason," Captain Larsen, which added three hundred miles of unknown coast to Antarctic charts. During the summer of 1893-94, Larsen first visited Seymour island, off the east coast of Palmer land, which he found to be high, rugged land, intersected by deep valleys, where vast numbers of penguins were nesting. On November



*Drawn by F. H. Schell, after a sketch.*

THE DISCOVERY OF MT. EREBUS IN 1841.

30th, he decided to go south, and made Palmer land, to the north of the Antarctic circle. It proved to be a rocky, mountainous region, almost entirely snow-clad, with its coast inaccessible owing to a high ice-barrier whose front extended into the sea some five miles. Scarcely able to believe that this enormous ice-wall could be a cohesive part of the land-ice, Captain Larsen steamed in to the barrier, and followed it closely; yet, the most careful scrutiny from the mast-head failed to show any break in the continuity of the ice with that of the land.

On December 3d, following the southward-trending coast, he entered the Antarctic zone, the ice-barrier still shutting off all approach to the mainland, which continued high and snow-covered. This close approach to the great, towering, overhanging barrier was very dangerous, for, says the captain, "the ice is constantly falling down from the icebergs, with great noise." On December 6, 1893, Larsen reached  $68^{\circ} 10' S.$ , where the mainland, jutting to the eastward, was ice-clad

mountains. Here a heavy and almost unbroken ice-pack to the east made further discoveries impracticable, without waiting for the bay ice to disintegrate.

The Antarctic circle was recrossed on December 8th, the five days' cruise covering some three hundred miles, having passed without any signs of life beyond birds, whales, and seals.

On his northern journey, Larsen explored the northeastern and hitherto unknown coast of Palmer land, which is ice-clad, and bordered by the great barrier. Off the coast he discovered five snow-free islands, two capped by active volcanoes, even then casting forth vast volumes of dense smoke, while the ice surrounding the islands was so bestrewn with ejected stones as to indicate recent eruptions. As the ice-barrier stopped here ( $65^{\circ} S.$ ,  $58^{\circ} 22' W.$ ), Larsen and his mate crossed on snow-shoes from the islands to the mainland, over seven miles of intervening fast ice.

These discoveries show that Palmer land is not distinct from Graham land,



but that an unbroken mainland extends from about 63° S. to about 70° S., where it subtends nearly twenty degrees of longitude.

The time has come when it is possible to state with a considerable degree of accuracy, the physical conditions of the Antarctic regions, much in the same way as constructive geography assigned an extensive plateau to the center of Africa, before the genius of Stanley Africanus outlined for the world the Congo basin with its million square miles.

The adventurous voyages of Cook, Palmer, Bellinghausen, Weddell, Balleny, d'Urville, and especially of Wilkes and Ross, definitely determined the location of certain isolated points, while the admirably planned and skilfully conducted cruise of the "Challenger" resulted in such a wealth of physical observations, that Carpenter and Murray have been able to read the riddle of Antarctica, as Murray terms the southern continent.

The outlines of this great land, presented in the chart herewith, are by Dr. John Murray, and if, as seems probable, its fair dimensions may be more or less changed, yet its present construction is one of the triumphs of scientific geography. Scarcely an attentive physicist doubts that this land, of quite continental area and inconsiderable average elevation, is covered by an eternal, yet ever-changing ice-sheet that swallows up all but its highest peaks. Formed from successive snowfalls of centuries, the ice-cap moves, in the line of least resistance, seawards, through the interactions of various forces, of which that arising from changes of temperature seems most potent. Its outward march into the ocean, unwasted by the freezing temperature of the sea-water, presents a towering perpendicular front of from one thousand to two thousand feet thick, which plows the ocean-bed until, through flotation in deep water,

disruption occurs, and a floeberg is born.

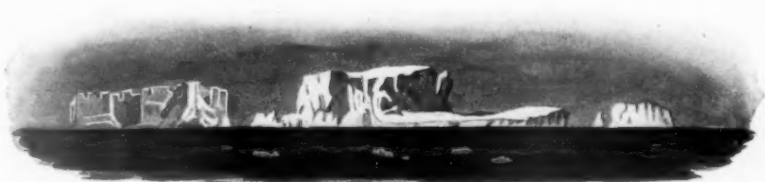
The unvarying temperature of the Antarctic sea, from surface to bottom, proves that no strata of colder water exists polewards, and the thickness of the ice-barrier proclaims a continental, or extensive land area, on which only such unparalleled ice-sheets could have been formed.

The most marvellous aspects of these desolate regions are the active volcanoes, which rear their glowing cones, and pour forth their showers of scoriæ, and rivers of molten lava, to the south of both Patagonia and New Zealand, on opposite sides of the Antarctic circle.

Thus, Antarctica is a continent of wonderful contrasts and unsurpassed desolation. The severity of its wintry summer offsets the comparative mildness of its sunless winter. While a fauna peculiar to its icy waters obtains over its ocean-bed, with vegetable life more abundant than in any other sea, yet its barren land furnishes forth no trace of vegetation,—not even a lichen, or a seaweed.

The sea is so filled with animal life, small crustaceans, that the "Challenger's" tow-nets occasionally burst from repletion, while fish and seal, whale and penguin, abound. On its desolate shore, for a few weeks, each year, the nesting sea-bird finds perfect solitude,—the only absolute solitude on the wide earth,—that means safety to its broods.

Here notice a manifestation of universal law, that the ceaseless, silent, and seemingly feeble forces of nature, which create and maintain the ice-cap, are more potent than the terrible, intermittent, and seemingly irresistible forces, as seen in the volcanoes. And thus it is, that the eternal ice-sheet, which grinds forever its continental rocks,—granite, diorite, and quartz,—reflects defiantly back, through long months of polar night, the upshooting pillars of fire from numberless volcanoes that dot the land of Antarctica.





"MR. ATHERTON CAME FORWARD TO JOIN US."

See page 320.

Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.

## RAKING STRAWS.

### A STUDY.

BY JULIEN GORDON.

#### I.

SHE was a pretty little girl, quiet of speech and gesture, seemingly fond of order, systematic in her studies; but there were those who said that when she did romp—which was seldom—she romped to wildness. After these infrequent ebullitions she relapsed once more into absolute calm. She was reputed to be silent; hence great surprise, on one occasion, when she arose to justify an accused companion, and indulged in a burst of eloquence that cleared the unjustly criminated culprit, and covered herself with blushes and glory. Weary Miss Bell, who taught us good English and high art, came down from her form and passed a gentle finger over Madeline's hair; and Monsieur Pallain, the French professor, wept, blowing his nose loudly on his purple cotton handkerchief. "She has a generous heart," he said, snuffling, "and the dramatic instinct."

This last suggestion bore fruit in a remarkable performance of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." Enveloped in sheets draped to represent togas, some worn rakishly, with the "loose girdle," commemorative of the hero himself, we assumed the rôles of the Roman conspirators. One young lady brandished the kitchen poker—loaned by the cook, Mrs. Lemon—in lieu of a dirk, while she rent the air and our souls by her adjurations to "Friends, Romans, Countrymen!" The said Mrs. Lemon, it must be admitted, did not rise to the occasion, but tittered audibly and frivolously from a neighboring doorway, where a number of maids were heaped up and gaping. In the meanwhile, Madeline, pointing tragically with her little rosy thumb to the flaunting red of a tattered table-cloth, hissed in piercing accents which thrilled the expectant audience, while her girlish face was drawn like that of a young faun in pain: "*See what a rent the envious Casca made!*"

Once more Madeline covered herself with laurels, relapsing the next day into her usual repose.

Monsieur Pallain had been greatly impressed: he predicted that, if she should make the stage her career, Rachel's successes would be but a shadowy intimation of Madeline's fame. "She subjugates!" he said. "She appeals to the heart. This appeal has no year, no period, no fashion. A mere representation of modern society—that is ephemeral. We must touch the humanities. They have no age. She is a great tragédienne." Some girls who did not like Madeline declared that Monsieur Pallain was prejudiced. They concluded that a verdict upon all achievement, as upon beauty, must be something higher than the expression of mere personal predilection or distaste.

It was difficult, after such amusements, to put our minds upon our lessons. Julius Caesar had demoralized us,—a way of his with women, Suetonius tells us. A lecture on archaeological research, given to us by a well-known professor of history, we found somewhat archaic. He told us about twelve thousand mounds and six hundred excavations which had recently been made. He gave us most interesting information concerning the abodes of dwellers in the stone age, their artificial and natural grottos, and the money which they used. He threw in the periods of iron and brass; but I fear we were extremely inattentive. We found him tame.

There is no doubt that Madeline had risen to considerable importance. She was criticised, but sought after. Feminine creatures never slight or neglect the rival of whom they are really afraid. Alva Greene, who was the most beautiful, the most spoiled, and the richest girl in the class, did her the honor of inviting her to a clandestine party in her room, to eat sponge-cake and Japanese persimmons, at four o'clock. The product of this small but fruitful bush met with great favor.

Madeline, who was usually called a gourmet, convicted herself, on this occasion, of being a gourmande; she devoured eight of the juicy fruits, and was ill in consequence. But she recovered. To be hurt is not to be injured. The persimmons were not intended to prove fatal.

These divagations and tendencies to extremes are an index to character. Later, I remembered them, pondering over the small and tiny rills from which great waters are compressed into dangerous floods. Childhood is sweet and pallid as April, and its memories must needs be of trivial things.

I remembered Monsieur Pallain's words to Madeline still more vividly when I heard that she was contemplating going on the stage. This was a mere rumor, a ripple from her world to my own. Several years had elapsed since we had left Miss Bell's school. We lived in different cities; we had drifted apart. It was said that this desire on her part had caused a quarrel with her family, that her father had died, cutting her off from all share in his fortune. He belonged to that old-fashioned school of parent who considers that any form of restlessness or ambition in a female thing marks her as a Delilah. As such, therefore, he saw fit to advertise her to an ungenerous world.

Then came a brief silence about her, until we read one morning in the papers that she had suddenly married a naval officer, and gone with him to the South Pacific, or the North pole, or some other equally dispiriting region. She drifted into port once more, about five years later, her sails a little wind-worn, her anchor a trifle rusty, her rigging somewhat strained. In other words, she came back and was "talked about." The naval officer had proved a poor investment. People said he had been coarse and intemperate; at any rate, Madeline had found him so. There had been unhappiness, an unhappiness not untinged by a breath of scandal. Madeline had lovely eyes. It seems that the commander's first lieutenant had told her so; and it was while she was repudiating the charge that her husband entered her presence, they said, and brandished a revolver. It had all ended in ridicule cast upon himself. It had been proved that there was nothing whatever, except that he was very drunk. And in

a wild debauch, shortly after this, he went to his reckoning and left her—free.

I heard she was passing through New York, eighteen months afterwards. I went to see her. It was then she told me she had never loved the man, her husband; but she had pitied him. She was stopping in two modest ground-floor rooms in a lodging-house on a quiet street, and there I found her one damp afternoon. She told me she thought she should stay all winter. When I was announced, she was sitting by the fire, alone. Her little dog, who had just come in, and smelt of the rain, was warming himself on the hearth-rug at her feet. I recall perfectly how she came forward to meet me with outstretched, welcoming hands, and her fair hair and her winning voice. She made upon me a strong impression of charm. When I had been with her a half hour, I was convinced that she was the most innocent of women, and the most wronged. Her family had been unkind to her. They had disliked her thought of the stage, and they had disliked her marriage; she laughed and said, "After the manner of families." And then, just when they had forgiven her, there was the trouble with her husband, and a second quarrel with her relatives; and this time she was herself less easily placated. "I will let them alone!" she said, with a vibration of anger in her voice. "There's room enough in your big town for my obscurity and my insignificance. Let them give me peace; that is all I ask."

She admired me very much; what she was pleased to call my beauty, the tones of my voice, my pretty gown, my furs, in fact, everything that I wore. She looked out of the window, and told me my equipage was the smartest and the most elegant she had ever seen. She stroked my hands and said singular and flattering things to me. Her manners were dignified and gentle. When I rose to depart she ran to the table, and took some red carnations from a vase, and tied them into a nosegay for my corsage. "It was a queenly thing for you to do, to come to me so soon," she said. "Tell your husband I must see you now and then. It can do you no hurt; it would be life to me in my dulness. I have very little money, you know, although the commander did, in the end, leave me some—

thing. But it is not enough for me to attempt your world, even if I would." As I approached the table, offering her my handkerchief to dry the stems of the dripping flowers, I noticed a photograph which reposed under her lamp, in a handsome gilded frame. It looked familiar to me. I stopped to examine it, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was the portrait of Templeton Vane, a young bachelor and intimate friend of my husband's, and a sufficiently good friend of my own. It was not until I got into my brougham that I wondered why Mr. Vane himself had never spoken to me of his acquaintance with Mrs. Avery. I remembered talking of her in his presence once, at our table, and that he said no word. I had made the remark that Mrs. Avery seemed to me to possess one of those profound and moving natures that attach and that are rarely forsaken, and that I believed her reserved for some favorable turn of fortune. To this he had replied nothing. I had not insisted. He was not one of those who inspire us to discuss characteristics. His was a keen but vulgar intelligence. His sympathies, if he possessed any, dwelt for me in inaccessible places of his soul. He was of an insouciant, generally amiable humor, egotistical without pronounced vanity, self-satisfied without anxieties or revolts of temper. Of a superb health and physique, he was not one of those highly organized beings in whom sensation becomes, in its extreme, pain. Like Montaigne, he was capable of going to sleep on the pillow of doubt. He was conceited about his taste, thought his ideals in art high, because he had been disappointed in Venice, and disillusioned by the Pyramids, which he said, "were poor work after all."

This is a long parenthesis. When I saw his photograph on Madeline's table, I asked her point blank where she got it.

"Why, Mr. Vane gave it to me."

"Ah!"

"He was on the ship with me from Savannah, last year," she said, vaguely.

"And you see him?"

"O comme ça—now and then. He has called." I scanned her narrowly. She flushed. I felt like apologizing. I did not ask her what she thought of him, but I remembered his mama, and wondered if a warning to her, to him, or to somebody, were not my duty.

I mentioned all these facts and my last dilemma to my adoring husband, on my way to a ball that night.

"Hum! Hum!" flowed this fountain of wisdom; "I should think much the best thing you could do was to keep out of the whole concern. A woman with a shadow on her; Mrs. Vane, a regular old dragon; and Templeton, the best hearted fellow in the world, but selfish through over-petting by the women."

I took up the cudgels violently for my old schoolmate. "A shadow on her! Are you not ashamed? What! A drunken, miserable husband, a horrid, nasty family, and now poverty and loneliness! And you want me to drop her? Never, never, never! Templeton is selfish, I know it. She'd have the worst of the bargain. As for him, he'd have good luck to get such a pretty wife." My husband pricked up his ears at this last remark. To the male a pretty woman is always a pretty woman. For a loving woman there is but one man living—her lover. For men the horizon is less contracted.

"Why don't you ask her to dinner? You were complaining that married dinners were so stupid. A widow slips in conveniently in a party of twelve."

"Well!"

"Well, what?"

"I thought you didn't want me to play with her."

"Did I say so? You put words in my mouth, dearest."

"Don't say 'dearest' in that glib tone; it annoys me. I thought you promised when we married to avoid conjugal platitudes. You are getting the marital whine."

"No doubt, I am a very ordinary man. You took the gentleman who loved you for a great personage, as every other woman has done since the world began, and now that your sentiment has changed you are disappointed." Then we kissed each other.

Later he said: "There's matter for quite a drama in this thing, if there's anything in it at all. Mrs. Vane would be furious. She expects Templeton either not to marry at all, or to get a prize—like Alva Greene, for instance."

"Alva Greene! . . . you call that a prize?"

"What is the matter with Alva Greene?"



"Alva Greene is a serpent," I said, decidedly. Then we discussed the social era and politics, and drew up to the floor of the palace, where the ball was already in full swing.

## II.

Finding my husband willing to be conciliated by my pretty friend, I drove to her lodgings one afternoon, to see if I could persuade her to dine with us. She expressed the determination of leading a retired life, and declared herself content with books and music, and a few friends. Of Vane we did not speak again. I had seen him only in the world and respected his reticence. When I reached Mrs. Avery's door I was told that she was out. "She's out," said the Swede who opened it, "and she didn't left no word." But the landlady emerged from a distant corridor and contradicted him. She told me that orders had, upon the contrary, been left, that if I came I was to be asked to wait for a moment, as Mrs. Avery would be at home at five o'clock. I would find fire and light within. It was now only half past four, but I determined to wait. I found a bright wood-fire in the grate, its odor mingled gratefully with that of a huge bowl of hyacinths which ornamented the table. The lamp was lighted. I began to fumble over her books; a modern one upon the days of the Roman republic attracted me. I adore those calm antiquities; they lift up to us the torches that light the centuries; they rescue us from the poverty and meanness of our modern tinsel. I was soon lost in the enticing pages, drawing draughts of delight from the breath of those mountain summits of that past which, if criminal, at least was great. I became a pagan. I sang the song of early Italy. The cold fogs of my northern blood rolled away. I bathed in the amphitheater's sunshine, and steeped myself in that turbulent life, so curiously crystallized upon the page.

Just then there was a creaking of the door, a wave of the portière which shrouded it. A man stepped across the threshold. Templeton Vane entered. I threw down the book which had so engrossed me. "I was just learning to fly," I said to him, "and your arrival clips my wings. I was reading about living creatures,—women with bodies and men with

brains, and no morals. I was reading the truth. Truth is immoral. Don't ask me how I liked the ball. There were only stuffed dolls present."

He laughed. "Do you think feeling died out in Nero's time?"

"How can I tell?"

He took off his coat, and seating himself at the table, began to play with the paper-knife. "I've a great mind"—after a moment's embarrassed silence—"to make a confession to you, since you are here, and while we wait for Mrs. Avery." My heart gave a jump. I scented a love-affair. It seemed to promise piquancy. "I am very unhappy," he began, "perfectly miserable—"

"I don't believe a word of it." He laughed again; he had certainly an agreeable, gentlemanly laughter. Then I looked up at him with a certain archness which my husband has commended, and asked him abruptly, "Won't she smile on you?"

"We're attached to each other," he said shortly.

"Ah . . . then . . ."

"That should be sufficient, should it not? And yet it isn't. She is the most extraordinary woman. You can't think. She says she cares for me, but feels we don't suit each other,—that I couldn't understand her,—that nobody ever has,—God knows what! I don't. She can't love me. Why! for a week of her I'd risk an eternity of wretchedness." I was amazed. I had not suspected him of so much fire. "She is the daintiest little creature,—the most adorable,—heavens! you can't fancy how lovable she is. Since I met her I have never budged—never seen another woman. I don't know they exist; and here,—here she says 'I love you,' and yet insists she can't marry me—that she is different from what I imagine her to be. It's all damned nonsense!"

"And your mother?"

"Oh, my poor mother! You know what she has been since my father's death. She shuts herself up with a lot of old cronies,—she sees so few people. I am everything to her, and—"

"Have you told her?"

He hesitated a moment, clearing his throat. "No, I haven't. Where's the use, until it's all settled?"

I shook my head. Our eyes met. He smiled a trifle whimsically. "Of course,"





Drawn by  
C. S. Reinhart.

"I THOUGHT I HAD NEVER SEEN HER LOOK SO ALLURING."

I said, "there is going to be opposition."

"I suppose so," he answered, laconically; "but, of course, my own mind is made up."

"And you are quite right, but how—?"

"Yes, I know what you are going to say. It's a wretched business—a man of my age being entirely dependent on a woman—having to ask her for every sixpence I draw. But when I marry something must be settled definitely, or else—or else—I must go to work."

I looked at him. Somehow his words did not bring conviction. I didn't believe in his "going to work." With his mother's enormous income it seemed unnecessary and improbable. "You might enter politics or diplomacy," I ventured.

"Yes, I should like that—diplomacy—a foreign appointment. My mother's fond of travelling. She likes Europe. She could come to us." And it was just here

that Mrs. Avery, with her eloquent shoulders draped in her Henri iv. cloak, and her wide hat tipped over her soft eyes, came in.

She greeted us cordially. She had been to a matinée at the opera house, with some friends, and appeared to be full of it. At least she began at once to tell us about it. She had just seen "Carmen." She was extremely enthusiastic about a new Don José, whose rôle had been confided to a certain Signor Valerio. "When he first came on," she said, as she loosened her wrap, and threw off her hat, "his physique indicated a lack of fitness for the part; but I knew at once that he was full of dramatic feeling—of sentiment,—and I was not mistaken. He was marvellous in the last act. His portrayal of the enslaving power of passion was entirely free from Campanini's robust animalism. Oh, a masterly performance, no

doubt, Campanini's; but this was all intensity, dignity, pathos, and imagination. It awoke a higher sympathy. He was a small man, slightly made, and he had the good taste never once to overreach himself, in voice or gesture. Where a part levies such a tax upon fierce expression, and where nature has denied powerful muscles, an athletic figure, it exhibits consummate skill to express emotion and not degenerate into hysteria. This tenor has won his laurels. He is very remarkable." It seemed to me she was talking to conceal embarrassment. Her utterance was rapid, somewhat breathless.

"You seem quite captivated," said Templeton Vane, looking annoyed.

"Oh, you know I am art mad. Give me perfect art, then I am at peace. People prate of morals in art, as if all high art were not morally our teacher. It elevates because it detaches,—like the lonely moorland, the far-off horizon, the wide expanse of the heavens, the sea."

"Certainly," I answered, carried away by her enthusiasm, "we do not ask their lessons of these; they can be felt but never spelled. I am entirely of your opinion. After hearing beautiful songs, or seeing fine pictures, or conning a clever book, I realize that feeling of detachment from the paltry and the trivial. Then these things shake us up from our lethargy. They strengthen us, make us serene and disdainful of trifles."

"Oh, it ought to be enough for a life," said Mrs. Avery, drawing her chair up to the fire, and putting one foot out towards the flame, "to have been brushed by a breath of it across the lips! Now, Mr. Vane," she said, turning to him lightly where he stood a little forlornly near the mantelpiece, watching her,—he had risen as she entered,—"ring the bell, and let us have some tea, for after music the best one can offer is tea and cakes." The tea was brought, and there was a little more talk of music, and then Vane came forward not ungracefully, and taking her hands, "I have told Mrs. Leigh everything," he said. "Dear Madeline, let her congratulate us; tell her it is true. Tell her that you will care for me a little!"

She looked up, crimsoning. "You are not fair to me," she said.

"My child," I murmured, stepping quickly forward, "life is uncertain. Take

a present joy; the future will care for itself." He leaned over her, just touching her hair; never have I seen two creatures more intoxicated by each other's presence. I wished to leave them; they were too wrapped up in each other for my intrusive presence. After all, it was the old picture, the sweet unravelled labyrinth called love. Such a tableau was enough; why seek conclusions? I said so to them as I donned my furs. It was she who detained me.

"Dear," she said, turning to him, "I am yours, and Olga is witness to my pledge. I knew last night it was all over with my struggle. In the hours of the dawn I lay vanquished. So, now, be a good boy, and leave us for an hour. I have to speak with her. You may come back to-night. Now, go."

He whispered to her a moment, then obeyed her, radiant. Once alone with me, she passed her hand several times over her forehead, and then she came and sat herself down upon a low cushion close to my feet, nestling to me caressingly. I thought I had never seen her look so alluring. I laid one arm about her shoulders.

"I am a poor match for him," she said.

"But why, dear? Everything was explained . . ."

"You don't comprehend," she said; "it is the things I can't explain—not what has happened, but what I am—that will make it difficult."

"What you are?"

She smiled. "Don't look alarmed; I have not broken all the laws. It is my character. He doesn't read me aright; he doesn't know me."

"He says you are the gentlest, the sweetest . . ."

"Did he say that?" She frowned as if in pain, biting her lip.

"Yes, much more. He is so loving."

"No; he is not loving."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean—I mean—that I am fevered, wild, fierce, ungentle; and it is only one who is very loving—very—do you hear?—and very, very deep, who would see me as I am, love me all the same, and make me happy. Oh, happy! To be happy! Shall I ever know it? And my heart not only hungers for it, but I want to give it. I know that I could give it! But to be given it must be understood."

"Why," I asked, speaking lightly

through a certain uneasiness her words awoke in my breast, "what is this peculiarity of yours that a lover or a husband must fathom to gain delight?"

"My asperity, my jealousy, my exactingness—I give so much—too much! Olga, I adore him! Look at my arm!" She pulled up her sleeve. "It's thin with fretting and pondering. Bah! What a tragedy queen you must be thinking me!"

"Why don't you tell him all your fears, —speak out?"

"Every time I do we quarrel. This is what frightens me. He hates the truth. He wants everything to be smooth and calm. He cannot understand any other sort of affection, and I am afraid."

"I don't wonder you are afraid of his mother," I said, making up a grimace.

"If she is in the least kind, there will be no trouble."

"And if she isn't?"

"If she isn't, and Templeton lets me tell him the truth about her, I shall survive, and do her no harm. My only fear is that, with his peculiar nature, he would repel my confidences."

"Do you know that you used to seem very quiet at school? Your soft manner deceives."

"I am not; I must have expression or die."

"Why not? Who hinders you?"

"Ah, but with me it is a torrent! When it comes it alarms people. My family never could understand. If I had had a talent for writing, I think it would have been a safety-valve; it would have eased my heart. I had the dramatic element strongly latent; but they opposed that, naturally, no doubt, it was against all their traditions. So I hurried, in pique and anger, into that miserable marriage, which meant for me only degradation. Oh, what I suffered! But I bore that bravely enough."

"Yes, dearest, you were always eloquent. Do you remember your appeal at school for little Mary Janvier, and how you gained her pardon?"

She had risen from the floor, and was facing me, wreathing her two arms behind her head. "That was one of those moments when I had to speak. Injustice makes me insane."

"Oh, you are sane enough!"

"Sane like the engine when its steam

is not stifled. Have you ever watched the machine getting ready for a start? how it snorts and trembles, how it cries in travail and pain? Then, when it moves off shivering, slowly, slowly, the relief, the tension relaxed, the power let loose, the sigh; and off it goes, majestic, through the pleasant, sunny fields, with that beautiful cloud of vapor behind it, marking its hidden track. Oh, that white cloud of its pathway, what dreams it gives to one! But imagine it, instead, compressed and heated to bursting,—no rosy vapor then, no fair journeyings, but blackened ashes, shivered iron, ruin, death!"

Her eyes shot forth flame as she spoke. Her slender body swayed, electrified, and I, borne on her words, could only clasp my hands and ejaculate: "Monsieur Pallain was right; you *are* a second Rachel!"

"Poor Monsieur Pallain!" she said, changing her tone in a moment to the colloquial, and helping herself to a macaroon, which she munched with gusto. "Do you remember his purple handkerchief? What a beautiful man he was, with his white teeth, his pink cheeks, his splendid curls, and those ridiculous eyelashes an inch long!"

"A clever head, too."

"Yes, but his appearance condemned him. He was absurdly good-looking."

"And Templeton?" I asked, smiling.

"Is he absurdly good-looking?"

"He seems godlike to me."

"What do you mean, then, by saying he is not loving?" I was devoured with curiosity about the strange dilemma of these two.

"I can't explain. Don't ask it. He is in love with me, of course—in his own fashion, without perception. Oh, I am sane with it all; you are right. But, sink or swim, the die is cast. I am his forever."

### III.

It was about two weeks later that I sat in my boudoir chatting with two friends, when Mrs. Vane was admitted. She came in with that somewhat supercilious stare which characterizes her, taking an inventory of the room, its furniture and decorations, its occupants, and lastly, of myself and my personal adornments. She knew my visitors: they were Mr. Ackley and Mr. Atherton. The former com-

mended himself to her snobbishness. The latter was a man too unqualifiedly desirable to demand explanation, upon the same principle, possibly, that une jeune femme à la mode, as Mme. de Girardin informs us, notwithstanding all her caprices, all the chagrins she may inflict upon us, is never un paquet.

Mr. Ackley is a bachelor of uncertain age, clever, well-read, polished. When his temper is roused he has a natural frankness which his enemies call brutality. This naturalness, which is but the outgrowth of a rugged soul, is to my mind, on the whole, his chief attraction. It has lessons to teach which are not easily forgotten. He likes young men and young women, and his advice to them is tinged by a caustic wisdom tinged with a beneficent philosophy. Himself an example of high honor, his precepts have no alloy of baseness. His good-natured satire is never ignoble. He is always a welcome guest in fastidious drawing-rooms.

My other guest was a widower of forty-eight, a man of independent fortune, and of leisure, who has for many years filled what in his own mind, at least, is the envied rôle of a man of fashion. He has an only child, a daughter, whom he has piloted through the intricacies of the social arena with considerable tact and skill. He has made her, though not comely, a belle. Not brilliant, he has taught her that esprit de conduite, which is a better guarantee to social success than the most acute intellect and the most regular features. He saw to it that she was always well chaperoned, well dressed, well turned out, and that her companions, of both sexes, were correct not only in poise, not only in morals and manners, but in the more delicate shadings of that social prestige which he deemed of paramount importance. This entirely feminine concern—of small moment to the average man—was partly the result of having been forced into a mother's watchfulness,—and in this aspect, pathetic,—partly born of a violent pride, whose only expression under republican institutions was the fostering of an exalted exclusiveness. Of New England parentage, Mr. Atherton was imbued with that large share of Philistine conservatism which had, in his worldly environment, assumed the form of a supercilious disgust for everything . . .

outside. This disgust was reflected upon features which were in themselves peculiar. Mr. Atherton's enemies often said that he resembled an angry blonde lap dog. It is certain that at moments he had the petulance of a luxurious pet. Yet, although physical beauty was denied him, although his face was irregular, and his figure angular and nervous, his person was not devoid of a certain distinction. Intensely self-conscious, he was too intelligent to be an egoist, and if his address lacked ease it was never uncivil. Scrupulously formal, he did not appreciate that a prince of the drawing-room can enter the presence of kings upon four paws and be instantly imitated. With all this, Mr. Atherton was not a fool. He was a man of more than average intellect. And under all, far down in the recesses of his being, there beat a heart full of an intense melancholy. This man had a craving for affection. It was his heart more than his intellect which spoke now and then, and shivered the frail fabric of his poor ambitions with a shock of self-contempt and a moment's derision. He was not devoid of a pale humor.

His conscience, which he had never lost, smote him for his idleness. His sensitiveness, which had crystallized into false pride, made of him an extremely unhappy man. He looked about him on a desert world, as Lermontof's demon upon the fleeting heights of Caucasus, telling himself that he had lived in vain, that his life was arid and futile. He was certainly uneasy and unsatisfied. His daughter felt for him, a mixture of respect and fear, but little affection. She dreaded his displeasure, which was generally directed against some small social dereliction. He was too reserved to probe her mind and soul. Yet her lack of confidence secretly wounded him. He thought her ungrateful for the many useful things that he had taught her. Had he not taught her to distinguish between a high-bred slight taken or given, or the incivility of ignorance and crude Bohemianism? Had he not taught her the gift of silence, telling her that an elegant woman never chatters? How to snub her country cousins under a well-bred affability? How to flatter her important relatives without a suspicion of toadyism? Yet she remained cold!

He pitied his own lonesomeness in those

silent chambers that each of us carries within himself, but which none may penetrate.

It was with these interesting men that Mrs. Vane found me. They did not remain very long. It was evident that the older woman had come for a tête-à-tête. She made it evident. The moment we were alone together, she broached the subject which was uppermost in both our minds. She drew her high-eared chair close to my reclining one, and immediately gave vent to an exclamation of woe. "Oh, Mrs. Leigh, will you tell me what is to become of me!" I opened my eyes and feigned astonishment, murmuring that I did not seize the situation. "You seize it perfectly; you know what I mean. You know of Templeton's infatuation for that—that—woman."

"If you mean Mrs. Avery," said I, "I do not accept that phrase applied to a personal friend of mine."

"Why, what do you know of her?"

"I have known her all my life," I answered impatiently, "and I see no reason why a person who has been unfortunate should be branded as evil-minded."

"Well!"

"Yes; there is the whole matter,—she was unfortunate."

"I heard stories."

"And believed them, which is more to the purpose."

"I detest women who give cause for scandal."

"There has been no scandal." I was surprised at my own stanchness.

"No? I will take your word for it; this is a relief." There was, however, no relief in her tone, but rather a note of disappointment. Yes, unmistakably, Mrs. Vane wanted a scandal; she had called for it. Women dislike to be so cheated.

"No," I went on, "I am romantic. I believe in love. If they care for one another, then, that is everything." I became very bold, chafing under the ray of her empty eye. "And how do you know your son will give her happiness,—that which she has missed before? You have spoiled him, Mrs. Vane. I fear he is selfish."

She dropped her hands and could only again exclaim, "Well!"

"Yes, yes," I continued quickly, "I know it is always the man's welfare that is considered in these matters; but it

takes two to enter such a partnership, and I want my poor little friend to find joy. Ah, Mrs. Vane, be kind to her!"

"Why, the way you talk, one would think I was an ogress!" I looked at her delicate hand—she had drawn off a glove,—laden with its beautiful rings, at her thin, white throat, at the line of her faint lips, at the fading oval of her yellow cheek, at the high, aristocratic brow, over which her lace veil was drawn up, dividing it like a knife with its sharp black line. I gazed upon the vertical wrinkle which lay under the rippling softness of her gracefully brushed gray hair, and at her large vacant blue eyes; and I asked myself if, indeed, she might not be an ogress, one of those terrible ones which dispatch their victims silently, crunching their bones swiftly and noiselessly, so that they shall make no cry or moaning. Yet she was only a good-looking, middle-aged lady, gentle of birth, soft of speech, and with a purr in her well-bred tones. "To me," she went on, "it is all quite dreadful. What, will you tell me, is to become of me when Templeton is married?"

"You must have expected it."

"Not now; and then, who could have imagined he would make such a choice! Were there not enough lovely young girls, that he had to give himself to a widow?"

So that was the trouble,—the fresh, unsullied purity of Templeton Vane was not to be breathed upon! I laughed in my sleeve. "Widows are proverbially dangerous," I said.

"I never was," said Mrs. Vane.

I believed her.

"I have always had a horror of flirtatious widows," she continued; "but, of course, what can you know of such sentiments? You are not a mother, you are a sort of goddess, dear Mrs. Leigh, a Diana. Yes, really, you look like—the statues. You sail serenely. What can you know of our poor human conflicts and weaknesses?"

I murmured faintly that even the superb daughter of Latona, whom I could not aspire to resemble, had one day awakened to the fact that she too had a woman's breast. Then, after a pause,—not in my character of an immortal, but moved by a very practical human curiosity,—"Have you seen her?" I asked.



"Yes, I have seen her," she sighed. "I suppose I was angry—prejudiced. I felt a sense of crime in her very clothes!"

"Oh!"

"I don't want to be disagreeable",—this was evident,—"I admit I am a foolish mother. This has nearly killed me." She drew out a cambric handkerchief and began to cry softly. "You are right; he is selfish. You are not a mother. You don't understand these things."

I had my own doubts as to the future of the lovers. I had almost wished they might be persuaded to part; but this visit was fast making me their ally and champion.

"She angled for and caught him! There can be no doubt of that."

I flushed. "In this you are unjust; for only yesterday she was telling me of her own grave misgivings."

"Misgivings!"

"Yes; he has pursued her, and she has yielded, but not at once."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Vane, "of course, young men will be young men. They will pursue the woman who holds the dragée haute. She is clever, I don't dispute the

fact,—cold, clever, and calculating."

"Now, do you know," said I, "I should imagine her passionate and generous."

"She has thrown dust into your eyes."

"Would you have him marry an idiot?"

"Alva Greene is not an idiot; and you know, Mrs. Leigh, I can disinherit him, if I like. It is in his father's will." She drew from her muff a document tied with a red string, and began unfolding it. She had brought her husband's will! "Let me read you the fifth clause." Then she read there, in fact, that if her son should make a marriage distasteful to her, she could leave the entire property of his father in other channels.

"Ah, but," I said, "you wouldn't do this. You wouldn't be so cruel!"

"I am distraught. I don't know what I should do. I shall consult my lawyer."

I told myself, when she finally rose to depart, that a man's hate is feeble to a woman's, if man's love, while it lasts, burns with a steadier flame. Which would triumph, her love or her hatred? For, after all, if she was a mother she would not persecute her child.

#### IV.

I was ill prepared by the events of the foregoing chapter for the exquisite peace, content, not to say hidden rapture, that I found upon the burning faces of my lovers when I met them again, three months later, as man and wife. They had then been married a few weeks only. I talked with them together; I talked with them singly and in pairs; and each could only dwell on the perfections of the other. But in such matters what people say to us is of small value; what radiates from their presence is paramount. They both looked superbly. They seemed filled to the lips with the upbubbling wine of life.

I found them occupying a handsome suite of rooms in a hotel, whence they were shortly to sail for Europe. After which Templeton vaguely spoke of returning to America and entering the field of politics or of affairs.

"I am ambitious for him," said Madeleine, smiling up at him. "I want him to stand on his own merits,—to snap his fingers at the world." She spoke a little tremulously.

He glanced at me and then at his wife,



MRS. VANE.



indulgently. "She imagines her pet crow to be an eagle!" he said, not without fatuity.

"You don't know, he has been an angel to me!" she whispered in my ear.

"His mother . . ."

"Ah, yes, is she still hostile?"

"There is an armed truce," said Madeline, laughing, "which we hope to change into a permanent peace when we visit her on the other side. Don't you think she will forgive us when she sees us so happy, —lay down her weapons of defense and of offense? We shall go to her directly."

"There is nothing to forgive."

"No, you are right. I am not meek by nature; I am proud. But one must be reasonable. She had other hopes; I blighted them. I must take time to win her to me—to us." Then she seized my hand and squeezed it, until the tears sprang from my eyes.

"O, God, I am so happy! You don't know—it is heaven! He is everything to me," she repeated. "I have often cursed my intellect, as it pleased God to give me one. I have thought that women who had only senses and hearts were the happiest; for they are slavishly devoted, and in this find satisfaction. With me there was so much to be satisfied. But there seems sympathy between us, yes, really." She gave a faint smile. "We have talked and talked; there was so much to tell each other, such a flood of words after all these years that we were nothing to one another. There is hardly time left for loving, with all that we have to say." She spoke in a whisper to me, like one alarmed, eager to wrest from destiny a fugitive and fearful joy. "He has been so tender, so manly, and then, he never makes me jealous."

I listened to all that she said, as we do to the prattle of invalids or children. These vagaries of passion are as legitimate as law.

He accompanied me to the door. It was much the same story. If there was less poetry in his effusiveness. "Don't you find Madeline improved, looking handsome—eh? She is the sweetest creature! Don't you think my mother must love her?"

"I don't know!"

"How could any one help it?—if—if she shows tact."

"Who, your mother?"

"No, Madeline. She tells me she is quick-tempered. I see no evidences of it; she is a seraph. But my mother is peculiar. It will need patience. As to pecuniary matters, she is keeping a sphinx-like silence which is most exasperating. My allowance continues, and that is all I know about it. I shall do as Madeline suggests,—come home in a year and make myself independent. This dependence on woman's whims is a cursed nuisance. You know she wouldn't come to our wedding. She left just before."

I commended his decision.

"If Madeline were mediocre, mother would have liked her. It is her superiority that provokes her. Everybody gets some praise. Blame only comes to people who are envied. Why, look at it in art! Who ever parodies mediocrity? You women are down on another when she is superior in charm. Why, she could have married anybody, and she took me!" He was full of that passionate partisanship which infuses and increases affection. A champion is an idolator. It was quite delightful. Love, flying past, had tipped his arrow and left it here. I was surprised, because I had looked upon Vane as a somewhat self-indulgent young gentleman, and had feared this might be but the whiff of a new caprice,—a desire, common to man, for sweetmeats; sweetmeats placed just out of reach, and behind an altar that must be jumped over to get to them.

## V.

It was eighteen months later that I met them again,—this time at a European watering-place. I had been persuaded into a wild mountain trip by a party of adventurous spirits, had worn narrow cloth gowns, tanned my nose (my best feature), neglected the roseate tips of my finger-nails, sprained an ankle caracoling over glaciers in high heel; and then had had them amputated,—the heels, I mean,—and hobbled about with the tread of a dragoon or a British old maid; and now I was longing to find my boxes again, to array myself in soft garments, to put a diamond in my hair and a rose in my bodice. I began to realize the usefulness of conforming heart and intelligence to artificial institutions. We all have these

swinging reactions. And then my lord and master was to meet me in this spot. A letter from Madeline Vane had informed me that she had a villa there, for a month, and they had begged me earnestly to pass it with them. I compromised with the promise of a three days' visit, and asked them to secure an apartment for me and my maid at a neighboring hotel.

When our train pulled up it was already night. A man-servant spoke to my courier and told him Mrs. Vane was awaiting me in her carriage. I did, in fact, find her reclining in a pretty victoria, under the first rays of a benignant moon. It lighted up a captivating person in the form of my hostess. She sat erect, charmingly dressed, in a majestic attitude I had not recognized in her before. Her greeting was affectionate, but reserved and composed. She impressed me like a person who was learning to stand on her feet. She had lost the liquidity which had once been a part of her loveliness. There was less impulse, possibly a shade of hardness. Yet, when I took my seat beside her, something about her was suggestive of inward agitation. The finest artificiality must convey an impression of unexpressed strength, of something underneath—dormant, if you will, but alive. I know not why, in that short drive from the station, I was imbued with the idea that Madeline Vane was acting a part. Women's intuitions need no further basis of belief. They are; that is sufficient. She told me of the gaiety of the place, of its cosmopolitan revels, of the glitter and the bluster of the masquerade. There were foreign princes of wealth and of lineage, flaunting their feathers for applause and effect. There were impoverished noblemen in search of wealth and beauty; fair Western heiresses, flirting with titled adorers, and Eastern business men, who took the baths for their livers, and read the New York Herald all day, tilting their chairs at their banker's, or sunning themselves under the hotel arcades. She wafted me agreeably through a gallery of character and situation.

When we reached the villa, the moon was splendidly lighting its Grecian portico. It looked like a dream of Athens. It lay half-hidden in its fecundity of blossom. There was nothing of the middle-class or common-place in the nest my

friends had chosen. It had something apart,—a silence and grace. 'Twas a fitting asylum for lovers. Here, too, a Socrates might have sat under quiet trees to indulge in unrestful reveries, nourishing himself on the pleasures of fine irony.

Within, the villa was equally attractive. The brocade which hung the pretty room into which I was led from the ante-chamber, was not too new. It had the delicacy which such things gain when they are a little faded. The tea-table was drawn close to the wax lights, and the roses of the portico wafted their scent through the windows. The hearth was filled with flowering plants. The suite of salons was redolent of perfumes of soft and refined luxuries.

I was rather tired from my journey, yet not tired enough to disturb that recipient frame of mind which, possibly, in an active brain is best engendered by a slight fatigue of the nervous centers. Two women who have a great deal to say to each other, who are charged, as it were, burdened with topics, are apt to interfere with each other, if both are equally aggressive in speech. I sank back upon a lounge with a sense of delicious languor, breathed a little sigh, placed a cushion under my head, stretched out my feet and prepared to listen. My luggage had not yet come; it could not be here for an hour; it was not yet ten o'clock. Here was a chance for a woman-talk. Mrs. Vane told me almost immediately that she was quite alone, as her husband had gone up to Paris to see his mother. This lady, she added, had telegraphed to him that she needed his immediate presence. "Why," she said, "I know not. It is, I presume, one of her childish whims." I raised an interrogative eyebrow. "Oh," she went on, "I may as well tell you, dearest, that it has been even worse than I expected, yes, worse. She received me with cruel coldness, and all my efforts at conciliation have proved ineffectual. I thought the only people who could not be pardoned were the perfect ones; but it seems that even my imperfections do not commend me to my mother-in-law."

"Tell me about it," I said, comfortably settling my hand under my cheek. La Rochefoucauld was right; other people's troubles have their piquancy.

"There isn't much to tell. She is

edgy and inelastic. She lives in a small, narrow round, and can see nothing beyond. She belongs to that large class of women the whole framework of whose virtue seems to consist in unjust severity toward their own sex. To men they are always lenient, to women harsh and uncompromising." I nodded my head. "I know them," I said.

"What will you have? She is still regretting Alva Greene's ducats. She is a lady, that I must admit. Sometimes she makes me feel that I am not one. I must have made some terrible mistake. Perhaps I tried too hard to please her. You see I—I—love him so much!"

Ah, the touch of nature! I had her hand.

"It was such a foolish thing I can hardly speak of it,—the matter of a pearl pin,—and this with my tumult of spirit! Ah, she has none of that to repress!" The cry was genuine. "I went out and bought it for her; a poor little thing; but she suffers from cold, she wraps herself up. I thought it would have been useful to hold her shawl. I meant well." She paused; I pressed her fingers in eager sympathy. "I went there; it was the third time I saw her. I had it in my breast. I was actually trembling. She had been so icy, but not insolent, not actually insolent, and then—"

"Then?"

"Well, she just waived it aside. 'Keep it for yourself,' she said to me, 'I have no use for the thing.' And then,—then she added: 'You had better not waste your husband's money on such follies.'"

"I thought you said she was a lady?"

"She is, in a way. When she says things like that it is in a low voice, and she is never vulgar. No, it is I who became vulgar."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing then, nothing until night, when Templeton came home. He had been out hunting. Then I just lay in wait for him—"

"And?"

"Ah!" she said, and her eyes gleamed with a sudden flame, "this is the awful part of it, I forgot myself. I gave him no chance—no chance—before he could speak—he adores his mother—I criminated myself, made myself the most unforgivable offender."

"I don't understand." She spoke so quickly, with eager breath and dramatic intensity, that I rose from my reclining position. My heart was beating.

"Yes, yes, that is the misery. It has made the most dreadful trouble."

"Why, what?"

"I was in fury. I pounced on him. I denounced her."

"But what did you say?"

"He spoke of her invalidism. He was in good humor. He had had fine sport. He didn't get angry at her a bit, not a bit; but rather found fault with me for being sensitive. Then it was I cried out that dreadful thing. I said, 'No wonder she is ill. She lives on stimulants. There was but one excuse for her. She had taken too much wine.'"

"Ah!"

"You see you yourself are shocked."

"Not in the least, my dear, I should have beaten her!"

"Oh, yes, you are. It was terrible, for he made a rush for me, and he took me by the shoulder. Of course, he was not rough at first, until I had talked on and on and infuriated him; and then he became as one blind, and he shook me and threw me from him, and gave me the lie, and I hurt my foot against a chair; and when I cried he didn't seem to care,—he *wanted* to hurt me."

"Was it a lie?"

"Oh, yes, yes, of course! I knew not what I said."

"But if he loves you—?"

"Yes; he loves me."

"Why, then, it is all forgiven!"

"No;" she said, "it is not forgiven."

"By him?"

"No; by me."

"You think he should always take your part?"

"No; it is not that."

"It was his touching you roughly?"

"No, no; I have pardoned that. I know what passionate pity means. He pities his mother because she is alone, and old, and ill,—or thinks that she is. But he should have let the stream have vent. There are characters like that; they must speak or die. Then comes exhaustion, and all is over. After it I was relieved. I could have gone back to her, the poor lady, on my hands and knees, slaved for her, cared for her, served her; but he wouldn't

let me. Oh! he is hard, hard. He will scarcely let me approach her now."

"It isn't hardness," I said, decidedly; "it is a lack of intelligence."

"Intelligence?"

"Exactly. That I could have told you." She shook her head.

"I always felt that he lacked perception, but this is so frequent in men, you think it is this, and not coldness of heart?"

"Yes."

"He says he hates scenes, and that I make them."

"Do you often?"

"Why, no; I am placid as a lake every day. But there has been one other,—one since we were married,—one big one,—oh, dreadful!"

"Tell it to me; it will comfort you."

"There isn't much comfort in it, but I will tell you about it. This time it was jealousy."

"Oh, nonsense! You must have imagined it."

"No, listen; I have an enormous hold on him. There was no present jealousy; this was about the past."

"Oh, my dear! if you propose to make yourself miserable about men's past, you had better go into a convent and become a *religieuse* at once."

"Why? wouldn't *you* worry about a man's past?" I squirmed; the subject was not pleasant. "I will tell you: and first, you know, jealousy is mere jealousy while it feeds on doubts, because it is doubt. When it becomes certainty it becomes anger. That is why the past has such a power,—we know its pictures to be real."

"Not always."

"This was real, at any rate—horrid!"

"I feel sure you exaggerate."

"I couldn't,—not what I suffered,—suffer still when I think of it."

"Don't tell me then."

"Yes, I will. You don't know, it may save me."

"Save you?"

"Yes; from more misery. It will be a safety-valve."

"Go on then."

"I was fussing over some papers of his in an old portfolio. It was there I found these letters."

"Dear me!"

"Yes, from her, that awful woman!

Don't laugh. If you knew—you do know; you have seen her. You know her name. If she had only been pretty, or young, or anything!"

"I am not sure."

"No? Well, perhaps not; but it is knowing a person that is the worst. We know there has been a past,—I have had mine, God knows, and so he reminds me, sometimes. But when it is vague it is bearable. It is knowledge that kills. I had seen her in the world. I knew how she did up her hair; how she held her hands, walked, spoke; how she would behave under certain conditions. I had been close to her over and over,—talked to her. I knew the shape of her ears. That is why one would be more miserable if it were a friend, than a stranger, that they had loved or cared about. Imagination has its limits. When you give it food it runs riot. Mine did. How could he? If you knew! She has a long nose . . . she is really . . . ancient."

"And the letters?"

"Wild love-letters from her to him. I read them."

"Was he angry?"

"Oh, not at that. Any woman would have read them. Why, there they were, disgracefully evident, indecently get-at-able! He thought them destroyed."

"How shocking! She must, indeed, be shameless," I said, although unable to conceal a smile.

"You may say it."

"Well, but it is all over?"

"Oh, yes, seven years ago."

"Ah, but then—"

"She is still alive!"

"Where is the creature?"

"Travelling!" this with a tragic stress.

"Gone to Lapland, I hear, on an expedition."

"Let us hope the sea-lions will devour her!"

"They couldn't digest her. She's plain, my dear, there is no doubt of that, and ill-shapen. But she has a good skin,—although her nose is so pronounced."

"Yes."

"You admire her skin, then?"

"No, dear, I said 'yes,' about the nose."

"All this would not have mattered if I had not made the most awful fuss."

"I suppose fuss is hardly the word."

"Hardly. I just died."

"And made a row?"

"I ranted all night. I insulted him."

"How did he take it?"

"Mildly at first, as he always does, and at last furious."

"He did not touch you?"

"Oh, no! never—never—never but that once about his mother. He is the soul of gentleness."

"Don't you think, then, that you do try him, that you are too exacting, that you ought to control yourself?"

"Ah!" she said, pushing the cushion at my feet on which she sat closer to my knee, and resting her chin upon her palm, looking up into my eyes: "That is just what I wanted to tell you, that is the sum of all that I am confiding to you. I am controlling myself. I am controlling myself, and it isn't a success. Olga, you know how I love, love, love and worship him! I have made a god of him. He is not my husband, but my lover, my idol. Oh, I was so lonely and so forlorn when he took pity on me! Oh, my poor hungry heart. One must have waited,—suffered to know what his love meant for me. He will never know how I have loved him."

"Loved! Do you speak in the past tense?" I felt suddenly as if I was commonplace: that there was not enough storm in me to understand her nature.

She stirred uneasily: "Why do you imagine I love him less?"

"Who can say!"

"What makes you think I should love him less?" she persisted, with a note of insistent anxiety in her tone.

"I cannot tell—your own word."

"Oh!" she cried suddenly, springing to her feet. "You have touched that terror, you have told the truth—the truth: I shall love him less if I control myself, if I stifle it all, keep it all in. Why, only last week there was a passing misunderstanding; all might have been explained. But I feared my own impulse, I feared a 'scene,' as he calls it. I let it pass. I held my peace. But every time,—every time that I do, there is something seems to snap within me—to loosen. I feel that I am drifting away from him, to indifference, to —to —despair. I wake in the night, the cold drops upon my forehead. I have dreamed that I wanted to speak and could not." Her words

and manner impressed me strongly.

"Why don't you explain all this to him, make a clean breast of your peculiar nature, give him its key? How long is it since you have held your peace, avoided scenes, as you say, and kept your own counsel?"

"Several months."

"And you are less happy?"

"I was in heaven when I felt free with him,—when the scene was over; and they were so rare, so very rare. Don't imagine that we haven't lived in peace together. It was peace nearly always. But now that I keep something back, always, always, he doesn't get all of me, as he used. And the most dreadful thing is he doesn't seem to see it, and I am miserable."

"And you tell me he is better pleased, more content?"

"Apparently. Only the other day he took my hand, and after admiring it (he likes my hands), he complimented me on my increased tact. He said, 'You are learning to understand me, to make me the existence I desire. I am so grateful, I do so detest quarrels!' and do you know, at that moment when I looked at him, I never liked or loved him less!"

"What did you say?"

She sank down again upon the cushion at my feet, with a discouraged gesture, and her voice fell to a dispirited monotone. "What was there to say? I expressed gratitude, and told him I was glad he was so content."

Before we parted, she made me promise I would on no account speak to him.

"He would imagine," she said, "that I had complained, and oh, he is all that I have and want!" When I went to my room my heart felt oppressed. I told myself that here were two beings drifting apart, tossed and perhaps wrecked forever through a nervous idiosyncrasy of the one, a trick of temper or of health, and a wilful folly and blindness of the other. I decided, notwithstanding my promise, that if I had the opportunity I would say a word to her husband, guardedly of course, and diplomatically. I also decided that life was quite too impracticable, except possibly to peasant women who have no time for introspection,—only enough to carry their fagots, stir their soup-pots, and bear their little ones.



## VI.

Life seemed, however, less impossible on the following morning. It was a bright, pleasant day, and my hostess came down to meet me, looking youthful in her white costume, and with cheeks like ripening peaches. After breakfast we took a short drive; a band of music lured us to the promenade, where we deserted our low phaeton, and wandered under the trees, to join a group of friends. Mr. Atherton detached himself from among them and came forward with his alert, angular, gentlemanly movement, to join us. His young daughter's eyes followed his retiring figure from a neighboring kiosk with an air of evident relief. There was a young man with her, and the measure of cordiality of her smile seemed to change in a perfectly distinct ratio with the number of steps her father took.

"I wish Mr. Atherton had a dissipated son," I said, watching Miss Atherton with keen amusement.

"And why, pray?"

"To make him appreciate his good little girl. Depend upon it, dissipated sons have their uses; they are a discipline to their parents. Parents are unreasonable."

"Yes. Do you remember the Nordhoffs?"

"Why?"

"How kindly they received the garden-er's daughter their second son married?"

"How was that, with all their pride?"

"Why, the eldest, you see, had married an adventuress."

"Ah!"

Mr. Atherton was at this time paying assiduous court to a young married lady of irreproachable ancestry, position, and morals. She had deserted Newport for six weeks, and had come here, accompanied by her husband and little son, to take mud-baths for her complexion. He had followed her. It was to be supposed that she was now steeping herself, since Mr. Atherton had a moment to give to us.

This lady was celebrated for extreme discretion in discouraging the pursuit of over-warm adorers, without making enemies of them. The women said it was her laugh. Now, there are all kinds of laughter: there is the laugh that is challenging, there is the laugh that is promis-

ing; but Mrs. Remington's was pointed by no challenge and charged with no promise; it was simply disarming. A certain gentleman of American birth, but foreign breeding, had been frowned down by the young women because of too much boldness of manner. This they decried in the heated conclave of well-bred drawing-rooms, and yet inconsequently countenanced by asking the culprit to dine on the following day. He was once, it was said, punished by a peal of this searching, soul-cleansing, purifying laughter, and went forth a wiser, if a sadder man.

Mr. Atherton's present flirtation was a fortunate source of conversation for the perambulant American on this summer's morning.

"I cannot see the fun of it," said a young widow, who seemed annoyed that so eligible a parti should waste his forces on an already mortgaged person. "They sit together for hours; I often wonder what they find to talk about."

"Oh, my dear, nothing very reprehensible, I will wager," said I.

"Reprehensible!" She sunk her eyes and puckered a shocked lip.

"Well, what?"

"Mrs. Remington is a pink of propriety, as well as of elegance; faultless in conduct as in dress."

"I saw her once in a cab with Atherton, crossing the Rond Point," said Alva Greene, from under her *écru* lace parasol.

"Was that good taste? I cannot see why a married woman who flirts finds such inconceivable delight in abandoning her sumptuous equipage to drive about in dirty cabs with strange gentlemen!"

"What will you have? It is a morbid appetite," said Singleton Ackley, who had just taken a seat beside us. "The cab, mesdames," he went on, "is the modern gondola—"

"And, therefore, a fit trysting-place for lovers?" I asked.

"It seems to play its part even with crown princes and royal personages," he answered, smiling.

"Therefore—amen!"

"Every one is thirsting for joys that life does not hold," sighed the widow.

"Look at Mrs. Remington's bonnet," said Miss Greene. "There is a joy that life does hold." The lady in question had loomed on the promenade.



"She has a new one every hour; one cannot cope with her."

"Extravagance makes trade," said Singleton Ackley, lighting his cigarette; "it is only a form of benevolence."

"The men adore her."

"She is not too clever," said Singleton; "this is the reason. Intellectual women are frightful bores."

"Why?"

"They expect to be listened to."

"What were women made for if not to be listened to?"

"A woman ought to be handsome and well groomed."

"It costs such a lot," said the widow, sighing.

"Of course, it costs a lot," said I; "and so the ingenuous blue-grass cousin finds out when she wanders eastward, imagining that two new gowns will solve the problem."

"One must be able to discard the failures, and out of ten gowns four or six are always failures," said Miss Greene, decidedly.

"Yes," said the widow, "and there are the shoes, and the boots, and the stockings, and the lingerie; the laces and the furs, the sachets and the parasols; the soaps and creams; the violet-scented hair-washes; the dainty, delicate drop upon the handkerchief; the perfumed bath, the nail-powders. Why, a smart woman has to spend hours among all these things, and the innocent suppose that it is all child's play, and no expense!"

"I would like to see women always splendid, like the Roman empresses," said an impecunious youth with a feeble moustache; "no tailor-made woman for me. I like satins, velvets, jewels."

"Half the women in the world are slatterns," said Mr. Ackley. "They make a grave mistake."

"Surely you do not think low physical attraction the only one!"

"It is very strong—the charm of an exquisite personality, physical neatness and sweetness. Depend upon it, Cleopatra's little hand smelt good."

"Tolstoi says it is all a snare," said Alva Greene.

"Physical perfection," said Mr. Ackley, "haunts the mind like melodious music and the odor of summer roses. The senses have their memory."

"After all, it is temperament that at-

tracts," said Mrs. Vane; "otherwise women are but like water-flowers, cold to the touch and scentless."

"Ah, well," said Mr. Ackley, "there is room on the earth even for the scentless ones, it seems. Fortunately, variety is everything—everything. Why expect the camellia to be the water-lily, or the sweet-pea the geranium? No flower and no person can give us every attribute. Look at it in literature. 'She has written a pretty book,' one says, 'but why a novel, when it might have been an essay; why a song, instead of a dirge? Why a sonnet? Why not a madrigal?' I grow so sick of this 'Why, why, why?' How half-witted is the world! Let everybody be himself. Give of your best, that is all I ask. People say, 'She gives good dinners, but is not a loyal friend.' I say, 'Eat her dinner then and lay no claim on her loyalty.' One man is faithful, another sets an excellent table. There is room for both. Society is nothing but a stepping-stone; why ask of it religious graces and transcendent virtues? The earth is a very good place. I don't want springs; I am content with taps. I do not expect to stand on heights, with immensity above me and eagles at my feet. I like comfort, and this place suits me very well."

And here Templeton Vane drove to the edge of the grass, in his T-cart, threw the reins to his groom, and ran up across the grass. He had just arrived from the train. He stopped and kissed his wife's hand. She flushed with a furious pleasure at his unexpected return.

"I telegraphed an hour ago to James, to meet me," he said. "I could not keep away from you any longer, dearest," I heard him whisper to her.

It was with intention that I said a word to him later, when we returned to the villa. He wandered down across his flower-beds, to where I sat under the plantain tree, and he was the first to speak of his married life. "I am very happy," he said.

"Ah?"

"Yes; very much more than at first. Madeline is beginning to understand me better."

"Did she not at first?" I asked, secretly impatient.

"The dear girl was inclined to make a fuss about things. Do you know, Mrs. Leigh, I often think it is your



*Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.*

"HE LOOKED A PERFECTLY SELF-SATISFIED HUMAN BEING."

influence that has been so admirable."

"My influence!"

"Yes; you are a woman of the world, a woman of so much wisdom. Madeline had very little. It was the only defect of an otherwise most lovable character."

"You always said she was lovable."

"And I was right—ahem! More so now than ever, that I have . . . er . . . trained her, as it were, to suit me."

"She suits you then, now? She understands you?"

"Yes, lately, perfectly."

"And you," I said, turning round and fixing his amiable, clear eye with my own sharply. "And you? Do you suit her? Do you understand her?"

He shifted his position and opened his mouth; his jaw fell and he remained speechless. "Tell me!" I leaned forward clasping my hands. He had a puzzled line between the roots of his hair and his shapely nose. "Why do you ask such an odd question?" he said to me after a short pause.

"Oh, idle curiosity, no more. It cannot be true, can it, that between two hearts that have won each other, there is sometimes a wide chasm that nothing can bridge?" I felt indignant with the man and provoked at the fetters of my promise to Mrs. Vane. I rose. He sprang to his feet and seized one of my hands. "Why do you say this to me?" he asked, frowning.

"If you are an artist," I answered him, "who has undertaken to play on a difficult instrument, be sure beforehand that you are strong and skilful. Nothing is so pitiable in that line, my dear friend, as a poor performance. If you are a man of action, who has sworn to vanquish at all costs, why *do not fail*, like Napoleon at Waterloo. And now I am going in to rest." I felt that I had been enigmatic; but what could one say to a man so sunk in the contemplation of his own sagacity?

On the following day I left them standing side by side upon their porch, as they waived their adieux to me. She clung to me a little at parting, and she whispered a word in my ear with a blush. I had suspected her secret, and kissed her tenderly, not, however, without a sudden unaccountable anxiety in my soul. There was a wistful look in her eyes and a tear, as I drove away. I saw her turn and look

up appealingly at her husband, putting out her hand towards him, as if seeking his to clasp. But he was giving an order to a servant, who was coming up the pathway, and he did not notice her gesture. His back was half turned to me, and his own hands were thrust into the pockets of his short, admirably fitting morning-coat. He drew it forward thus over his comfortable hips, clearly defining the lines of his fine, stoutish figure. He looked a perfectly self-satisfied human being.

## VII.

We had a quiet sea and azure heavens all the way across the waters. A commercial traveller who had squared himself into his camp-stool, with a groan and a "whatever way you look at it, it's a weary ride!" on the first morning, had taken heart of grace, and smoked his pipe assiduously, and played at nine-pins with the young betting men who infested the deck of an afternoon, as if he, on the whole, rather enjoyed the dreaded tedium, which meant to his ceaseless activity seven days of rest. His heavy laugh came ever and anon, wafted across the gaping red mouths of the ventilators, whose greasy breath puffed out above me where I crouched with sea-sick smiles. I used to watch these distant revels, in which my husband occasionally took a dignified part. When weary of this I chatted with Dr. Elsworth. He was a man whom I knew slightly in New York, but rarely met there. He was an eccentric bachelor of about fifty, reputed to be a scholar and a student. He had served in the army during the war, and had kept the habit of displaying his bulky form in a military cloak; and of covering his scant locks with a wide sombrero, which he seemed to imagine the casque of a war-god. Shy, retiring, with the reticence which passes for modesty, he was, in fact, intensely vain. He longed for appreciation, and begged for it on all occasions. He was handsome, with a broad, ungraceful comeliness. He had a mild eye, kindly lips, a large, benevolent, guileless brow. Without one spark of natural genius or even of spontaneous talent, he had risen to a sort of unproductive eminence, through an appalling devotion to detail and to study. He was

a littérateur, something of a musician, and a bit of an artist. Just now he had a fine medical frenzy upon him. Although he had graduated in his youth an M.D., he had never practised. He had lately attended a convention of medical men in Germany. He was full of their ideas and his own, and we talked one day about the theories of a celebrated physician, an alienist, who had lately delivered a brilliant course of lectures. We were discussing the fact so often stated, that every one is more or less insane.

"Professor Lay," said the doctor, "makes a physiological classification. His principle is that an order of morbid phenomena in insanity is identical with that of health phenomena modified. The ancients thought and wrote much on these subjects. Aretæus recognized mania and dementia. Then there was Gayland, who knew a great deal about these things. In 1763 there are Sauvage and Linnæus. In 1764 we have Vogel, then Dr. Arnold, with his classification of ideal, notional, and pathetic insanity. Esquirol, the pupil of Pinel, tells us that monomania is the disorder of the faculties limited to one of a small number of objects, the predominance of a gay expansiveness, being one form, while the most common is grandiose monomania."

One evening I rebuked my husband for a lack of indignation at the carelessness and want of neatness of one of the deck-stewards, and finding it impossible to excite his wrath, I flung at him my usual accusation, "You are phlegmatic!"

"Hold! hold! my dear lady," said Dr. Elsworth. "Nobody really is phlegmatic."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Exactly this: one person screams and cries out, and is relieved. The other holds his peace and gets neurosis."

"Why, what an odd idea!"

"Depend upon it, there is something in it; the ancients were full of these theories."

As he droned on, somehow my thoughts reverted to Mrs. Vane. He was still talking upon these matters, when the stars came out in the black-blue heights of the serene dome over our heads, creating a fantastic phantasmagoria. I wondered if I myself had not done injustice to some of the silent sufferers about me, to my good husband, for instance, who was al-

ways tranquil as a god. But one hates to be pinned to acknowledge one has been wrong,—to make any concessions. Did not concessions lead Louis XVI. to the scaffold? Right or wrong, one does like to stick to one's convictions. I still felt inclined to believe that a heart that could not overflow in speech or action was too feeble for emotion.

#### VIII.

The next time that I heard of Madeline it was at a dinner party. I had gone rather unwillingly to this pretty banquet. When we returned to the drawing-room I found myself in a group of young women not especially pleasing or congenial to me. One of them, indeed, I knew but slightly, and perhaps on this account admired. I might have found her sufficiently interesting to detain in conversation, had she not almost instantly withdrawn from the rest of us, to look at a case of miniatures which stood at the further end of the apartment. She was ostensibly examining these portraits, which dainty trifles were exhibited in a wide ormolu cabinet; but I think that we probably bored her. We were all married women except one maiden of thirty-two summers, who was herself shortly to enter into the coveted privileges of the madame. She had been extremely handsome, and still dressed and posed for a beauty; but it was said of her beauty that a number of vicissitudes of the heart had left scars upon it. I have already mentioned her name: it was Alva Greene.

She was recounting to a somewhat restive listener the culminating experience of her lot, and the perfections of the happy suitor she was about to bless. "There is no question about it," she was saying, "and you know if I am credulous—hesimply never looked at another woman."

"Really?" The lady she addressed, a sharp-eyed, thin-lipped brunette, glanced at her with that profound distrust with which one woman views the passion that another inspires. Other people's love-affairs are always problematic. They remain in the category of the questionable.

"Never!" (this aggressively.) "It gives one such security, such peace." Miss Greene thought the best defense was to be herself the attacking party.

"I have heard he was devoted to his first wife," said the brunette, "which is always an excellent guarantee of the future."

There was a moment's painful silence. "Devoted is a mere word," said Miss Greene irritably. "Kind, of course, he was. He is the soul of honor and gentlemanliness. She was a puny, fretful invalid. He had her looked after, of course."

"Oh!"

The ripe maiden blushed and smiled coyly. "But when he saw me,—it was at the Greshams' dance, you know, last year—"

"I remember it."

"It was the thunderbolt—instantaneous. He never had felt love before."

"Fancy!" The ejaculation savored of a slight irony. Surely such confidence deserved a better faith.

"His has been a life singularly free from . . . I mean exemplary in every respect. No women at all,—no complications of that sort. First, his career, and then exercise. It is wonderful, with such an intellect, his love for manly sports."

"How old is he?" asked the other lady abruptly, stirring nervously in her chair, and propping up her long chin upon a tanned *Suède* hand.

"Forty-nine."

"Only that?"

"Why? doesn't he look much younger? Everybody says so."

"He varies."

"Ah, he is true,—true and pure."

"Oh, my dear! Of course, one's lover is all these things, always—like one's mother," and the lady laughed rather unpleasantly.

"Do you think me easily duped?" asked the fiancée, in an offended whisper.

"My dear, why do you ask me such a quaint question?"

"You seem to think . . ."

"I should suppose, being so beloved, you would not care what people thought. I should be quite indifferent if I had the luck to inspire such sentiments."

"Of course, you understand that a woman of my charm and accustomed to such a lot of attention, would refuse to put up with another woman's leavings."

"Why, of course, my dear! Only you know people are so nasty, they never will think or say what we want them to."

The virgin raised her eyes and looked at her friend with a gleam of resentment.

"They may say what they like. I never saw such a mad devotion. His pursuit was simply terrific, although, of course, always full of respect and even of formality," she added, apologetically.

"I should think you would have been frightened."

"Well, almost, at first, but now, of course, he is calmer;" this with another coy shiver.

"Yes, naturally; the approach of marriage is always a sedative."

"I suppose persons judge from their own experience." Resentment is accumulative.

"My own experience tells me that it is effectively calming."

"That depends on how one begins. Now I do not intend to make a mess of my husband's life."

"Of course not; you have had such a nice long time to make all your plans. / was married extremely young." This was too much, and the bride-elect rose hastily and joined me and a doll-like little lady who was recounting the bewildering fascinations of her first-born infant. "He has such a fat little leg—you can't imagine! and he crows so, and shuts up one eye. He is the very image of Theodore, —just his father's nose. Don't you remember that dent between the nostrils? Isn't it odd that children should resemble their father? It is inconceivable. I asked the doctor about it. He says there is some scientific reason. He explained it as best he could; it was most instructive. He is exactly like his father, too, in character, in everything, the same strong will and tenacity of purpose, with self-respect, ambition, dignity."

"How old is he?" I asked, quoting the question which had lately been put on the other side of the lamp-shade, across the palm-tree.

"Eight weeks."

"And all these traits already developed! Why, he must indeed be a marvel of precocity!"

"Yes. Crumpet, the English nurse, says it's an unusual case; she never saw anything like it before."

I commended Crumpet's sagacity and insight.

"She is excellent, and so cheery, and likes the place. We took her from Lady



de Horton. Lady de Horton's baby was called James John De Courcy Peveril of the Peak Drummond."

"Poor baby!"

"He was never allowed cow's milk, although his mother . . . ."

I had kept one ear upon the dialogue across the lamp, and now, seeing the betrothed making a double-quick advance in my direction on the points of her high-heeled satin shoes, I took refuge behind a screen, and sank on a sofa, beside a lady to whom I had been presented by our hostess on my arrival. The latter had since informed me, in a voice tinged with acute suffering, that this . . . . person . . . . was the widow of "dear Charlie Lomax, you know, who was killed at Snake's creek, in an Indian engagement," and that the said Mrs. Lomax was inconveniently in town from Snakeville, Oregon, and had been crushed in at this dinner, at the last moment, and under protest. "He married her out there, you know," she added, as she looked across at her relative, with a tormented eye. "Would you mind saying just a little, tiny word to her, by and by? She doesn't know a soul, and the women are so horrid to strangers!" She stopped to take breath, and I noticed that she had a good deal more to say, but that, after an instant's reflection, she concluded it was not well-bred to criticise a guest. She had gracefully glided on. I good-naturedly promised to devote myself, after dinner, to the Snakeville widow, and now proceeded to win my spurs. I approached the fair unknown with a somewhat patronizing manner, and laudable purpose of affability, but she did not meet my advances with the embarrassed delight which my condescension should have commanded.

"It's awfully hot in this parlor!" was her first greeting, in a tone in which there lurked a certain combative quality. I offered her my fan. "Thanks; I've got one myself." She had early in the evening attracted my attention by her extreme prettiness, the youthfulness of her appearance, and the peculiarities of her costume. It is needless to say that all the other women were in full dress, and some of them even in diaphanous ball-gowns, crowned with flowers, intending to be driven straight from the dinner to an early dance, without change of raiment. But Mrs.

Lomax was not in a ball-gown. It would have been indeed difficult to determine for what peculiar function her accoutrement had been constructed. She had on a species of loose shirt or blouse, which met a skirt full at the hips with a wisp of gold. It was as shapeless as a domino, or the petticoat of a dancing dervish. It was made of some flimsy summer fabric and was of a faint green color. As she moved, one had an uncomfortable sensation that she had possibly forgotten to put on her underclothes, and hoped the draft from the door would not convert this half-acknowledged fear into certainty. The shirt, which reached her creamy throat, was fastened by a bit of white lace, and a large, round seed-pearl brooch.

Her hair, profuse and golden, was cut short, and curled all over her head. It stood straight out like a halo or arch, from one small ear to the other, thus framing her high, pale forehead. It was generously decked with a scattering of seed-pearl pins. On her feet she wore light-green stockings and black velvet slippers with large buckles. The tender tone of her complexion, which was of a soft ivory tint, was rudely dispelled by a color on each cheek-bone, so distinctly unnatural that one felt thankful the shaded lamps blended the effect with merciful discretion. But the scarlet curves of her moist young lips were genuine. She wore very tight lavender seamless gloves, not entirely drawn on at the ends of the fingers, and from a ring and chain on her little finger there depended a lace pocket-handkerchief, trimmed at its edge with a wide lace flounce.

Notwithstanding her remarkable outfit, and in spite of it, she was the handsomest person present. Her profile had the regularity of a carved cameo. Her wide, deep eyes, with their curled lashes, were singularly expressive. Her face offered the mixture of types represented by Greek art and the more piquant coquetry of the statues of Coustou. Her eyes, at present, were filled with infinite disdain. I asked her, to make conversation, if she had seen our host's collection of miniatures.

She bit her lip. "I looked at them for a while, before dinner," she said. "They are awful. I can do better than that myself."

"Have you studied art abroad?"

"Bless me, yes! I took three years in



an atelier in Paris, first on still-life, then from the nude. I can do very well in oils, and those little heads, too."

"Have you travelled much?" I asked suavely.

"Oh, yes. I have been everywhere; I went around the world with my brother; he was engineering. Why, it was in Russia I met the colonel." I presumed the "colonel" was her dead lord. "Yes," she went on, "we got engaged at Tsarkoe, Sélo, in the grotto they call Caprice."

"and had a lot of trouble; but it was not dull a bit. What a horrid smell those lamps make!" she added, widening the delicate nostrils of her perfect nose.

"We think these French things an improvement on gas; but I see one is turned up too high."

"We only use the electric in Snakeville; we consider these oils offensive. But, then, the residences there are so large."

Residences! I knew Snakeville. I saw

it. I knew that no one got up there, and no one went to bed; but that every one "rose," and every one "retired," and, in fact, that the most trifling detail of life was enacted with august and solemn elegance. No one lived in Snakeville; people "resided." There were no houses, but "palatial residences."

"This is a charming drawing-room,—don't you think so?" I said, lowering my voice, lest our hostess should overhear our criticisms. "Don't you find this Louis Seize room admirably carried out?"

"It seems mighty small to me," said Mrs. Lomax; "why, Senator Packer's is a regular castle, all white marble and an onyx staircase, with a gold railing to it. They have got a gallery a hundred feet long, with the most splendid pictures—Meissoniers, and Gérômes, and all that. His wife, Mrs. Packer, is a very fine woman; did you ever chance to meet her? I hap-

pened to call on her once when she was retiring. She had me called to her room. She had on a brocade nightgown covered with crystal drops; it was made in Paris. Did you ever meet her?" she repeated.

I had never met Mrs. Packer, and so I informed her, adding that the Snakeville ladies must indeed be very superb if they went to bed encrusted with crystals. Whether she thought my remark impertinent, I cannot tell; but she flushed and frowned.

"When we retire to our bed-chambers," she answered, somewhat irrelevantly, "we



Drawn by  
C. S. Reinhart.

ON THE PROMENADE.

This was unusual, romantic, and I said so.

"Ah," she sighed, "yes! It was romantic. I've had a lot of that in my life. When you've travelled round and then been on the plains and at army-posts, and hunting buffaloes, a place like New York seems awfully tame. I kind of pity you all here!"

I agreed that we were, in fact, very tame,—chimney sparrows, house-flies, tepid and insignificant, hopping about hopelessly in search of entertainment.

"I've led a queer life," she went on,

are not in the habit of receiving company; but Mrs. Packer is always very dressy, whether she is at parties or on the street. I have seen nothing here that came up to her," and her regard rested with ill-disguised contempt upon Miss Greene's severe satin.

My amiable intentions of condescension having been rudely quelled, and finding myself strangely uncomfortable and ill at ease, I ventured timidly to inquire if she considered Miss Greene handsome.

"No," said Mrs. Lomax, shaking her yellow curls; at least, she wouldn't pass for such out in Oregon. I reckon out there she wouldn't get much attention, not at her age. She's fady-looking, but I think all the New York women look that way—sort of frayed out." I involuntarily cast a furtive glance at myself in a neighboring mirror; she was right, we were "frayed out;" I felt it coming on like a fit of ague.

"And what do you think of our men? Do they please you better?" I asked.

Her scarlet cheek turned quickly to my question. "I think they are dreadfully dumb—all those I have met, at least."

"Are the gentlemen in Snakeville all eloquent?"

She laughed; yes, she was very lovely. "They know a handsome woman when they see her, and how to make her realize it," she answered. "That is something more than the men here seem to fathom."

"They tell her so?"

"Well, they are not backward."

"I am sure, then, you must have had many such declarations."

"Oh, my share, when I was a girl! I have only begun to go out again lately, since I took off my black for the colonel."

"Has any one heard anything more about Mrs. Vane?" a voice spoke on the other side of the screen.

"Why?" asked I, emerging startled, "what is there to hear about Mrs. Vane?"

"Why, don't you know?" said the others in chorus; "we thought you were her intimate friend." I had not heard, and told them so.

"Well," said the first speaker, in a distrust tone, one eye on the door, from which shortly would emerge a pair of broad shoulders she was supposed to be waiting for, "her baby was born too soon, and she has gone mad."

"Mad?" I started, shaken to the heart.

"Well, no, not exactly that, but a sort of melancholy. They cannot rouse her."

"I heard it was monomania."

"Why, what?"

"That she fancies she must not tell something that is on her mind, I know not what. Lillie Lawton saw her—says it is so sad."

"It was a miserable match for him," said Alva Greene, "she had not a sou. His mother tried to break it up, but he would not listen. There were stories about her before, were there not?"

"Oh, lots of them! Her husband drank."

"Do you call that a story about her?"

"You can't tell; she may have driven him to it."

"But that is only a surmise."

"His mother did not wish him to marry one of those women about whom there are . . . surmises."

"Naturally. Wasn't there some story about a man in love with her?"

"Since when is it a crime for a woman to have a man in love with her?"

"My dear, are you not aware that at that time she was a married woman?" said Miss Greene.

"Pshaw! If she was fascinating, she couldn't help herself!"

"She was fascinating, to men."

"Lillie Lawton says it's quite shocking, she looks so dreadfully, and never will speak, never opens her lips. He is in despair,—sits all day outside of her door, listening, listening. The most awful thing is . . ."

"Outside her door?"

"Yes. She has taken a violent dislike to him, and shrinks from him as if she feared him."

"How lamentable when he broke his mother's heart to marry her, and heaped everything upon her!"

"But wasn't she always rather queer?"

"I don't know; she was awfully attractive,—yes, queer, I think; no doubt eccentric. She posed for a femme incomprise."

"Perhaps she was one," said a quiet voice. It was that of the lady whom I admired, and who had sat apart over the miniatures.

And I, who had loved Madeline, rose quickly and hurried towards her, lest the others should see my tears.



THE illustrious Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, whose death is mourned by millions of lovers of liberty, was the son of a lawyer of noble lineage and patriotic antecedents. He was born in the county of Zemplin, and became, in course of time, an advocate, like his father. At an early age he took an active part in politics, and, upon entering the Diet, formed relationships with all the men who were destined to play an important part in the revolution.

As the newspapers were forbidden to publish reports of the proceedings in the Diet, Kossuth prepared summaries of what was said and done. There was great eagerness to obtain these written reports, and half Hungary became the copyist for the other half. People became greatly excited in discussing these parliamentary debates concerning the formation of laws, not only for their technical value, but for the passages of sublime eloquence which they contained. The country was awakening to the necessity of a national policy. Meanwhile, the Austrian government was greatly annoyed at the popularity of these manuscript publications, which told not only of laws enacted, but of the reform bills to be introduced by the opposition.

Kossuth, now a lawyer at Pesth, very active in the propaganda of the liberals,

received\* an official order to discontinue his agitation against the government. He declined to do so, and was thrown into prison. His incarceration lasted for four years, during which time his mind became strengthened and formed. He elaborated the plans and projects of constitutional reform which he intended to carry out later on. His popularity grew so rapidly that Emperor Ferdinand v. could not ignore the Hungarian sentiment, and, after a vehement protest by the Diet of Presburg in 1840, Kossuth was liberated.

At this moment, Austria needed Hungarian troops, and the prisoner of the evening received the authorization next day to found the "Pesti-Hirlap." His success was so great that it provoked the jealousy of the chief of the liberal party, Count Széchenyi, who accused Kossuth of promulgating "idealism" and "dangerous dreams." Kossuth, in reply, gave a definition of his politics. His critics said it resembled a lawsuit in which both sides claimed equal merits. Politics, he said, is the science of exigencies. Action must be taken according to circumstances. There is no necessity for inactivity, immorality, or an immovable policy. All possible benefit, however, for the sake of the country must be drawn from current events.\*

\* This theory has been attacked, by French opportunists, as a fatal one. The case of interpretation corresponds, in some minds, with a spirit of negation.

The political career of the Magyar hero was at its height on the 3d of March, 1848. On that day, he pronounced a most eloquent discourse. He appealed to his colleagues in the Diet at Presburg to petition the King of Hungary, Ferdinand v., Emperor of Austria, to grant a responsible ministry and a liberal constitution for the Austrian provinces. The address was voted by acclamation by the Diet, and by the Chamber of Magnates. It demanded equal rights for every class, freedom for religious belief, trial by jury, free public instruction, and the annual meeting of the Diet.

The emperor granted all that was asked, but immediately set to work to destroy the efficiency of the concessions. He formed an incongruous and generally apathetic ministry. It, however, contained two men, born to be rivals, who were to play opposing rôles in the destiny of their country—Kossuth and Deák.

On the 11th of July, 1848, Kossuth notified his countrymen that the government was powerless, and that the court of Vienna was weakening Hungary, by all the means in its power, and used these Demosthenic words, which ever since have remained celebrated: "It is to ourselves that we must look for strength. The nation that only exists by the assistance of others, is not born to live."

The Russians were threatening the Moldo-Wallachian principalities, and the Croats were in open revolt. Dangers were rapidly accumulating. The ministry, of which Kossuth was a member, demanded two hundred thousand men for the service of the country,—and it gave them. The delegates of the Magyars went to Vienna, to solicit an audience from the Emperor-King of Hungary; but he refused to receive them. They returned to Hungary, indignant at the insult that had been placed upon them.

Jellachich, with greater audacity than ever, excited the revolt in Croatia by saying, "I act in the name of the emperor." The Hungarians, humiliated in what was dearest to them,—their national pride,—became heroes. Peasants armed themselves with scythes, axes, and whatever came to hand. The shepherds of the great plain of Pusztá, who are accustomed to discipline hundreds of horses and cattle, by means of their great whips, blinded the Austrian cavalry, as they sat in their saddles, with these weapons. Jellachich struggled against formidable resistance. The Hungarian hussars deserted the army of the emperor, and formed a cavalry corps. Jellachich could not pierce its ranks, or vanquish it. The lieutenant of the emperor was driven back and pursued.

Ferdinand v. then defied the Hungarians to do their worst, and insulted them, by all the means that was in his power. He appointed this same Jellachich Royal Commissioner of Hungary, with powers to declare martial law, and a state of siege. The country at large revolted to a man, and demanded independence. Kos-

suth, whose authority increased daily, still endeavored—a very grave fault—not to exceed the bounds of legality, but to appeal from the emperor to the emperor. Ferdinand v., finding no egress from the situation, abdicated in favor of Franz Joseph. The rupture between Hungary and the empire was complete, and the Hungarian nation accomplished miracles of patriotism in defending itself from the assaults of the Austrian army.

The Diet of Debreczin, the 14th of April, 1849, proclaimed the fall of the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine, and thus formulated its resolution: "Without rashness, or political passion,—but because the patience of the nation is exhausted." Kossuth was named dictator.

Here a dramatic episode occurred—the



Engraved by Del Orme.

KOSSUTH WHEN DICTATOR.

treachery of Görgey. Much has been written, and much has been said, on the question. Did he betray the Hungarian revolution? The accusers of Görgey were formerly more numerous; to-day, his defenders—since the witnesses of the facts have disappeared—recruit more adherents. Up to the time of the proclamation of the fall of the emperor-king, Görgey had always been victorious in the field. As soon as he learned of the appointment of Kossuth as dictator, he abandoned his positions, and arrived at Pesth, under pretext of defending the fortifications of Buda, thereby losing time, and disorganizing the army. He demanded the portfolio of the minister of war; he changed the generals, overthrew the results of Kossuth's labors, showed coldness toward the admirable enthusiasm of the people, which was extinguished by defeat. In vain did the veteran Bem achieve victories over the enemy, accomplishing prodigies of valor. He alone obeyed the wishes of Kossuth. Görgey was most bitter against Bem, and rendered his triumphs useless. Suddenly, Görgey took command of the Hungarian army, so that he could have the glory of being proclaimed the savior of his country. But it was too late.

The great Hungarian poet, and lover of liberty, Petöfi, fought under Bem, and died while singing of the glory of his country. In 1845, when twenty-two years old, he prophesied his own death, in the impending struggle. I cannot resist the pleasure of giving some verses from the pen of Kossuth's friend.

De mon cheval lorsque je tomberai,  
Ah! qu'un baiser sur ma lèvre se pose,  
Baiser de toi, divine Liberté,  
Toi, le plus beau des êtres humains.

Ah! que je voudrais que ce fût le printemps—  
Printemps de guerre, où les roses fleurissent,  
Rouges de sang sur le cœur des soldats,

Où le clairon, rossignol des batailles,  
Fait ressonner sa chanson qui transporte,  
J'y serai, et sur mon cœur, aussi,  
Croitra la fleur sanglante de la mort.

In 1848, a year before his death, Petöfi again sung:

Je suis à toi, Patrie, à toi  
De cœur et d'âme.  
Que pourrais-je donc aimer,  
Si je ne t'aimais?  
Mon cœur est un temple, l'autel  
C'est ton image!

Kossuth had to struggle against Görgey's treachery and jealousy, while defending the country. Kossuth was ready to sacrifice himself if Görgey should again become the hero that he formerly was. He delegated his powers to this most cruel enemy,—nay, further than this, he issued a proclamation in which he stated that Görgey could save the country. But Görgey, the sole master of Hungary, was unable to repair his fault; the elements of success were lacking, and he was unable to redeem himself. Ten terrible years followed. Vienna took furious revenge. Kossuth succeeded in reaching Italy, where he commenced his long life of exile.

Deák, the colleague of Kossuth in the first ministry of 1848, and always his rival, championed the party of independence, of which he had reconstructed the débris. He became the leader of the party, and tried to draw from surrounding circumstances what he called "favorable elements." The policy he inaugurated was opposition to autonomy, for which the nation had fought, and bled, and which had been upheld, with patriotism and intelligence, by Kossuth. Deák was a utilitarian, an opportunist, as the people say nowadays. His policy was that of immediate interest.

After the defeat of Austria at Solferino, in 1859, she tried to calm her rebellious



Engraved by Del'Orme.

KOSSUTH IN 1849.



provinces by giving them what was, in appearance, a liberal constitution. The rival of Kossuth endeavored to utilize this concession for the Magyar element. The new constitution, and the letters patent which followed, were acceptable to Deák. But the old constitution of Hungary, in spite of its restrictions, was superior to the new one. Had Hungary accepted the latter, she would have been duped. Kossuth in his distant exile had sufficient influence to prevent the Magyar deputies appearing at the Parliament of the empire at Vienna, which would have been an acceptance of the legislative and administrative union of the monarchy.

All those who have kept themselves informed as to the course of European politics, remember the struggle between Deák and Kossuth, concerning the national dualism. Deák, profiting by the defeat of Sadowa, commenced preliminary arrangements, having for object the complete union of his country with Austria. Hungary was sacrificed, so to speak, for the price of political influence, and finally gravitated into the Bismarck cycle. M. Calman Tisza, a fervent devotee of Bismarck, represented this German policy, which was in direct opposition to the interests of Hungary. He inaugurated the policy of injustice, disloyalty, and persecution of the Slavonic nationality in favor of the "Germanism" of the Austrian empire. Then an Hungarian, the Count Andrassy, elaborated with Bismarck the triple alliance, which was a triumph for the German element of Vienna. In it, the Magyar element plays a rôle, opposed to their political, economic, and moral interests, for the reason that the alliance was only profitable to the Germans.

Kossuth proclaimed the independence of the minor Slavonian nationalities, contained within the Hungarian sphere of influence. That was the true policy. It should be that of the future. The day when Hungary shall be emancipated from the coterie of so-called Vienna Liberals,—liberal as all coteries are,—and has a Parliament of purely Hungarian sentiment, then her national life will recommence.

The great Magyar patriot is a noble figure in death, and history will cherish his memory, in spite of the calumnies that have been heaped upon him, and would

have overwhelmed any other man than this political Bayard, who was without weakness, fear, or reproach.

"They accused him of acting in collusion with the Czar—he who was attacked by Russia," said Count Albert Apponyi, one day, and he added, "all kinds of absurd and injurious imputations have been levelled against him."

The party of independence numbers one hundred and twenty members out of four hundred and forty in the Chamber of Deputies. Its programme comprises the following passages:

"We desire that Hungary shall be governed without foreign interference; that she shall possess perfect autonomy in the matter of government, administration of justice, the direction of armed forces, and the control of finances, commerce, and foreign affairs."

"We consider independence as an inalienable right, and as a necessary basis for the development of the nationality and prosperity of our country."

"We desire the abolition of the 'common government' of the Austro-Hungarian empire, and of the ministers of war and finance, having charge of the appropriations for the common army in the occupied provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina."

"We desire the abolition of the commissions appointed by the Diet, to vote appropriations for the army and the diplomatic service."

"We desire that the armed forces of Hungary shall be separated from those of Austria. The army as at present constituted is not a 'common army'; it is simply the Austrian army, with its 'yellow and black' traditions, the type of hyperloyalism, and the enemy of all that is Hungarian, since 1848."

"We desire to regulate our affairs according to the exigencies of our interests. Our industries need protection, having been oppressed to favor the Austrian provinces. We have been condemned to a colonial dependence on Austrian policy, and our land is poverty-stricken. Foreign soldiery occupy our country, as if it were a conquered province," etc.

Kossuth strenuously opposed all idea of a union with Austria. He admitted that the King of Hungary was Emperor of Austria at the same time, but he did



not admit that he was Emperor of Austria and Hungary. To Kossuth's mind, Hungary ran the risk of losing its nationality, when, under the house of Hapsburg, it reached the abyss, to which Austria was fast leading it. "On that day," exclaimed Kossuth, "Hungary will serve as an altar, on which the logic of history will burn the double-headed Austrian eagle!"

Kossuth, in spite of the invitations and entreaties of his countrymen, refused to

In his young and active days, he was strikingly handsome, and looked superb when wearing the national costume. He had a noble presence, fascinating eyes, and an admirable mouth. Added to this, he possessed marvellous eloquence, which caused great enthusiasm among the educated classes, and stirred the populace to fanaticism. He had a mighty power in swaying the minds of the masses. In Parliament, the clearness of discourse that he brought into all discussion, gave him ir-

resistible force. He was the ideal orator of his people. His expression did not change while uttering energetic or violent language. He was thoroughly master of himself. By the vigor and eloquence of his pen he appealed to the hearts, or the indignation, of his countrymen. With all these gifts, Kossuth was without pride.

He wrote me a letter, one day, which admirably epitomizes the part played by him during the Hungarian revolution. "Nobody," he said, "can reproach me, more than I do myself, for my shortcomings in the position in which I found myself. I have no desire to attenuate my inadequacy on the plea that the gravity of the situation forced me to accommodate myself to the pressure of circumstances, the practical details of which escape the reasoning and theoretic power of historians. After all is said and done, those who do not succeed



Engraved by Del'Orme.

KOSSUTH AT HOME.

return to Hungary. He clung fast to the integral purity of his principles. He carried aloft the banner of complete Hungarian independence in the bearing of which he never wavered. He was loved and venerated by every true Magyar. The part that he played to obtain his country's freedom is sublime, and no Hungarian can speak of it without emotion.

are always in the wrong. I am not vain, or presumptuous enough to exclaim, with Victor Hugo: 'Success is a bad word. Its false resemblance to merit deceives mankind.'"

He was a man that misfortune rendered divine. Solitude had given him lofty inspiration. He was the friend and adviser of Cavour, and, as I once wrote, "refused

to be the dupe of Napoleon, or the accomplice of Bismarck." I went to see him at Turin, on my return from Hungary, and I now submit the recital of my visit.

I found him in his working room. Two high windows looked on to the square. The room was large, and, although the ceiling was decorated in the Italian style, the book-cases gave a somewhat severe appearance to the place. Two handsome pictures of Hungarian landscapes relieved the monotony of the walls. Between the windows was a large table, covered with books and papers, at which Kossuth sat. His white locks and his flowing beard had preserved their fineness, but age had made his forehead larger, without imprinting a wrinkle on it. The eye was always of limpid blue and of profound expression. The voice was incomparably sweet. A sad serenity reigned in the expression of the face. During our conversation he showed me a portrait of himself painted when he was forty years old, and another when he was eighty-two. He stopped any remark that I might have made in comparing them, by saying: "The least that one can say of old age is that it is melancholy."

We spoke of Hungary, and he took great pleasure in seeing my enthusiasm.

Kossuth judges the Hungarian situation with a perfect separation of men and things. He said: "Hungary has a halo of holiness for me. Do not make the mistake of thinking that I have any influence on the minds of my countrymen. The peasant can not, and would not forget that by me he is free. I have undoubtedly left memories behind me that live. I overthrew the aristocracy for the benefit of the democracy. The constitution that Hungary now possesses, though it be dualist, she owes to the revolution of 1848. I am associated with the happiness that she enjoys.

"History tells us that the highest glory that can be given to a man is the equivalent of the happiness that he has bestowed on others. I have filled the highest and the most profitable of human duties by contributing to the emancipation of the Hungarian people. Without doubt, a greater measure of liberty could have been given. I cannot now find the means to liberate my country from Austrian rule; a revolution would be necessary,—a very serious enterprise, which I would never advise a nation to begin."

Then I asked Kossuth what he thought of the party of the Left in Hungary, and to what extent he approved their programme.

"I am," he replied, "a partisan of absolute independence. I do not believe that it is possible for Austria to satisfactorily govern two states. Our custom-house system is an insurmountable obstacle to the development of our Hungarian institutions. Austria blockades us."

Kossuth was the best of friends. His private life had its romance, which was alike gentle and faithful. He loved the most beautiful, and the best of women—his wife. He showed me her portrait, and it appeared to be living, for it was placed in the midst of light, in the center of the room, in front of the table where he wrote. And she, who had never for a single day been forgotten, smiled in her frame. Kossuth doubtless smiled also, before his death, on taking



Engraved by Del Orme.

KOSSUTH, FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

his last look at the picture, and reflecting that ere long he would find again the soul of his dear companion. May heaven be joyous to this honest and loyal man, this great patriot, this national hero, this incomparable friend, this faithful lover of his wife, whom he adored. Kossuth has given an example of all virtues in an epoch when the word causes people to smile.



Drawn by  
J. Cabrinety,

## THE ORIGIN OF THOUGHT.

BY ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS.

### XVI.

MARIO came to be a distinguished sculptor. Orders for work poured into his studio. Busts, statues, urns, mausoleums, — he made all with glory and profit. He began to earn considerable sums.

They hired a good apartment in Mayor street, near Rmales street, where Carlota's parents lived. They lived in comfort—almost in luxury; but without waste. The ingenious Sánchez and Doña Carolina were rather hard pressed by the expenditure of money of the former for publications, scientific instruments, excursions, and so forth. Carlota helped them; but whatever she gave them, it always seemed little to Mario. The young fellow was so unhappy when Doña Carolina

came to make some tearful complaint, that he would have given her all the money he had in the house, if he could have had his way.

"Why do we need so much?" he often said to his wife.

"For our son, and for the other children who may come," replied Carlota.

Mario pressed her face with enthusiasm.

"What I demand for my son," he exclaimed, "is that he may love the arts, and get a wife like you. Then it will be worth his while to have been born!"

Little Mario was now about four years old. He was a fresh, rosy child, with large, soft, limpid eyes, and a mouth like a cherry, always curved in an angelic smile. The sculptor adored him frantically, because he was his son, and because he was Carlota's portrait in miniature.

There was the same sweetness in the glance, the same mildness, the same evenness of temper. When Carlota wished that her husband should rest, she had only to send the child to his studio. So long as he was there, she was sure that Mario would not touch his moulding-sticks or chisel.

Everything smiled, then, on the family of the celebrated anthropologist, who did not, for a moment, cease his investigations which were preparing immortal glory for his descendants.

The discovery of the origin of thought, though not yet realized, was progressing. Lately, Don Pantaleón had removed the covering of a dog's brain, and for the space of a few seconds he had been able to observe the play of the cerebral mechanism. Unfortunately, the dog died on the instant. He gathered only very faint hints for his famous discovery. But these hints were precious water for his mill. The distinguished physiologist beheld his felicitous guesses proved, to a certain extent. In the brief time at his disposal, he observed that the blood in the encephalic mass changed color in different places, being sometimes darker, at others, lighter. It was a fact, then, that the manufacture of thought must bear a considerable resemblance to a distillery, as he had assumed.

A contrary circumstance of another sort momentarily disturbed the course of these investigations. The marriage of his daughter Presentación was to take place shortly. Timoteo came to the house at all hours of the day, and was regarded there as another son. The trousseau was being prepared, an apartment near by was being furnished, and the papers were being put in order. But one day, when Timoteo stooped down to pick up a cork, which had fallen on the floor, Don Pantaleón caught sight of a red spot on his neck, which seemed to him to be of the nature of tetter. He said nothing at the time. He cleverly tried to make sure. He soon succeeded in discovering, in fact, that Timoteo suffered from tetter. The physiologist understood that the realization of such a marriage was utterly impossible.

At night, when they were alone together, he gave his wife to understand this, with all due gentleness: it would

not be exaggerating to call it timidity. He expounded the reasons which he had for considering such a union imprudent, all of them being strictly scientific and founded on the latest progress of anthropology. Tetter was a sign of physical degeneration, like all vices of the blood. We are under obligations not only not to oppose natural selection, but to favor it by every means in our power. We must avoid every danger that beings shall be born who are not perfectly healthy, if we wish to have the race constantly improve, and so on.

Doña Carolina paid no attention to all these observations. Rather, she took them as her text for scolding the physiologist, cursing his tastes, and reminding him, in offensive words, of his daughter's burns. He repeated his remarks a few days later, with the same suavity. No result. His wife replied with even more sharpness and disdain. Then, perceiving that he was powerless to prevent this marriage forbidden by biological progress, he sank into a black melancholy, which deprived him of appetite and of the taste for experimenting. This great melancholy reached its crisis in a few days, in a strange explosion which alarmed the family.

One morning, as Timoteo was passing from the parlor to the dining-room, Don Pantaleón, who had, apparently, posted himself in one of the rooms opening on the corridor, suddenly flung himself upon him, clutched him by the neck, and would have finished by strangling him, in all probability, if the inmates of the house had not run to the spot at the noise.

They succeeded, with difficulty, in tearing him out of his hands. He still continued to yell like one possessed by a devil, when held fast by Mario, Carlota, Doña Carolina, and the maid, his eyes bloodshot, his face all discomposed.

"He shall not marry my daughter. No! I will prevent it, though it be at the cost of my blood! In my house, no one shall attack the law of selection with impunity! You ought to be ashamed, with the organic characteristics which you possess, to attempt a marriage which must prove fatal to the race! I will not have a degenerate posterity. Do you hear me? I will not have it!"

His excitement was so great that at last

he fell senseless, frothing at the mouth. He recovered consciousness after a while: he lay ill for several days; at last he was completely cured, without the attack having left any traces, as they had feared that it might do. Presentación's wedding took place without any other disagreeable incident. All became peaceful once more.

Mario and Carlota did not fail to take advantage of the moments when they were free, to amuse themselves, sometimes going to walk, at other times to the theater, at others still, dining in restaurants. There was so much which pleased the sculptor in these matrimonial festivities, that Carlota consented to them with a good will, although they did not commend themselves to her spirit of order and economy.

One day, one of her few friends came to invite them to be present at certain private theatricals. This friend was, herself, an invited guest, but had the right to bring whom she pleased. She consulted her husband on the subject. Mario approved of it, and he even promised to accompany them, if no urgent engagement hindered. As the day appointed was Sunday, and the time, the afternoon, there was no obstacle. Accordingly, they went off, arm in arm, to get their friend, and thence to the Amor de Dios street, where stood the house in which the play was to take place. It was

a low, ancient edifice, well preserved, one story high, where resided only the owner, a widow, with her two unmarried daughters, a son, and a granddaughter of about fourteen or fifteen years of age. As soon as they set foot over the threshold, they noticed the religious spirit, the economy and neatness which reigned in this house. The furniture in the anteroom was ugly and old, but shone from being well rubbed with flannel and brush. In one corner stood a pedestal, with a Holy Virgin of

plaster, colored. The corridors were broad and whitewashed, like those of a convent.

They passed on into a cabinet, where a considerable number of persons were already assembled, and where the hostess received them with grave and condescending affability. She was an extremely tall woman, well advanced in years, thin, with black eyes which had an imposing glance, and white hair which was plastered down to her brow with gum. She was dressed in black, and sat on an elevated leather arm-chair, while all the rest were accommodated with lower chairs. So that Doña Fredesvinda—that was her name—



Drawn by J. Cabrinety.

"THEY WENT OFF ARM IN ARM."

seemed like a queen surrounded by her court. And certainly, the measured tones in which she spoke, and the majesty of her manners contributed not a little to render this resemblance more perfect. Her two unmarried daughters, who were in the circle of guests, were over thirty years of age, and wore the costumes in which they were to act, as did the granddaughter. The father of the latter was also present, a widower, the son of the hostess, who did not live in the house be-



cause his independent habits did not agree with the austere rules which were observed there.

Dofia Fredes was much attached to literature, to music, and in general to all the arts; she thought herself very clever, and her assiduous guests thought that also. Various poets and poetesses, one of whom could also play the piano, assembled in this house on Sundays. A painter of marine scenes went there, who had presented some of his works in various exhibitions, without having, up to that time, received any reward whatever. Dofia Fredes considered this one of the crying injustices of the nineteenth century. For her, Martinez—that was the painter's name—was one of the most eminent artists whom contemporary Spain had produced. Wherefore it is apparent that Dofia Fredes was, in the opinion of Martinez, the most profound of living critics. Another guest was a professor of the flute, who had composed and published several specimens of waltzes, one of which he had had the honor of dedicating to the hostess. Sculpture alone, then, was unrepresented. Consequently, Mario was received with extraordinary kindness.

He and Carlota, at a signal from the distinguished hostess, half imperious, half amiable, immediately took their seats, forming with the rest a circle around her. After the lapse of a few moments, she deigned to address to them, from her lofty post, the following words:

"It has come to my ears, Señor Costa, that you are a very distinguished sculptor. I take real pleasure in seeing you in this house, which has been visited, and is daily visited by so many distinguished artists."

Such kind words, uttered with extraordinary calmness and firmness, produced a respectful emotion in the assembly. All faces were turned towards Mario, congratulating him with their glances for having been the recipient of them. The sculptor returned thanks without appearing to be very sensible to the honor which had been conferred upon him. After a few moments of silence, Dofia Fredes began again to speak with the same calmness and majesty.

"Sculpture is a very beautiful art. I know that the Greeks cultivated it with much luster. But I can by no means ap-

prove of their presenting their statues nude. That is my opinion, and I have already expressed it on various occasions, as one of those who listen to me now knows perfectly well."

There was a murmur of approbation in the cabinet. The professor of the flute remarked timidly, that he had, in fact, known the opinion of Dofia Fredesvinda for a long time. The latter cast upon him a grave and affectionate glance.

Mario was on the point of replying, but Dofia Fredes, having fulfilled her debt of courtesy, had turned her attention to another subject. "Recareda," she said, addressing one of her daughters, "show the handkerchief of which we were talking last Sunday, to your friend Marcela."

The daughter, who was already a worn-out woman, verging on forty, made haste to comply with the order, and drew an embroidered handkerchief from a work-box, which lay on the chimneypiece. Her friend praised it enthusiastically; then it was passed from hand to hand, receiving from all the same eulogium. When it had been replaced in the work-box, Dofia Fredes said:

"That handkerchief was embroidered by my sister Práxedes—may God have her in his keeping. When I used it for the first time at a ball of the assembly of the members of the Produce Exchange, it attracted so much attention that it was heard of in the palace on the following day. The queen sent for it to look at it, and wished to have one like it made for herself. It was not possible; no embroideress in Madrid dared undertake the task."

Dofia Fredes' words produced, as usual, an immense effect on the gathering.

Mario and Carlota were amazed at all this. The majesty of the hostess, the pomp with which she surrounded herself, and the strange ideas which proceeded from her mouth, made them exchange glances of astonishment from time to time. But that which impressed them most was the profound respect paid to her by all the guests. So that, when they perceived from her gesture that she was about to speak, every one at once became silent. While she was silent, they chatted with each other, but always in a low voice, as though they were in a temple, or in the royal apartment itself. Her daughters,



Recareda and Valeria, spinsters of long standing, were as respectful, obedient, and submissive to her, as though they had been children of ten years of age; and the same was the case with her widowed son, who had plenty of gray hairs. A gesture, a glance from their mother, sufficed to paralyze them in the midst of a speech, and if the same thing did not happen with the others present, something like it did take place. All appeared to cherish a blind faith in the lofty powers of this singular woman, and willingly acknowledged her authority.

There was no luxury in the cabinet. The furniture and decorations did not show great wealth, but the moderate comfort of a middle-class family; but all bore a stamp of antiquity and order, which rendered it more respectable than the sumptuous decorations of a modern palace. The undisputed authority of Doña Fredesvinda seemed to be reflected in the walls of the room.

After she had remained silent for several minutes, a slovenly young man, with blond hair and soft eyes, ventured to rise, and, in a perturbed voice, ask Doña Fredesvinda's permission to read a poem which he had written in her honor. The lady granted it with the mien of a sovereign, and the poet immediately drew from the inner pocket of his coat, a sheet of foolscap paper, which he unfolded with trembling hand. Not even the buzzing of a fly was to be heard in the room.

"To the illustrious señora, Doña Fredesvinda Bejarano."

It was an ode in which he exalted her to the clouds, representing her as a protectress of the fine arts, a new Christina of Sweden. Artists sheltered themselves beneath her mantle; in her they found the hand which sustained, and the light which guided them. They were joined in turn, by the most select productions of Spanish art in these latter days, forming a divine cenaculum, which could be compared only with that presided over by the Queen of Navarre, in the distant days of the Middle Ages.

While the tender-eyed poet was allowing this cascade of eulogiums to escape from his mouth, Doña Fredesvinda, grave and attentive, made signs of approbation with her head; the gesture was so benevolent, so patronizing, that it was impos-

ble that her rival, the Queen of Sweden, should have transcended her in that respect. When he had finished, she extended her hand to him, after a pause of a few moments, and saw fit to express herself in the following manner:

"The poem which you have just read to us, Juanito, is very beautiful, as is all that springs from your privileged mind. I believe that neither Bécquer nor Garcilasso de la Vega have ever written anything better."

This was the signal for all the guests to shower warm congratulations on the young man, who, blushing, confused, and smiling, returned thanks, with a thousand contortions, repeatedly asserting that "the poem had turned out well," not because of his merit, but because the subject lent itself admirably to treatment.

"If it would not incommode you," said Doña Fredesvinda, addressing the poet, "I would beg you to leave me the manuscript of this poem, that I may preserve it in my collection of autographs and distinguished signatures."

The poet, confounded by such an honor, stumbled forward to the throne of Doña Fredesvinda, and deposited in her hands his sheet of foolscap paper. The imperial lady immediately handed it to her daughter Recareda, and the latter made haste to carry it, with the same unction as though it had been a sacred relic, to the casket where her mother kept her most precious manuscripts.

"My collection of autographs," the hostess deigned to remark, as she swept her imposing glance over the assembly, "is probably the richest which exists in Europe to-day. The signatures of contemporary Spanish poets in my possession exceed six hundred in number. Only a few days ago, a friend said to me that, if it were offered for sale, the English government would give me a fabulous sum for it."

The guests allowed a suppressed cry of amazement to escape them. Then, in a low tone, they proved the assertion by a thousand flattering comments, which reached the ears of Doña Fredesvinda like a sweet lullaby. A musical lad, a pupil of the professor of the flute, ventured to declare that it would be a pity that such a treasure should ever leave the Spanish dominions. Doña Fredesvinda

regarded him with indulgence, and replied that she would never alienate this glorious collection to a foreign land, though she might find herself in abject poverty. Thereupon the assembly breathed freely once more. They congratulated her warmly on her disinterestedness and her patriotism.

Mario had been in plenty of assemblies of all classes, but never had he beheld one even remotely resembling this one. His amazement increased every time that the hostess opened her mouth. Everything that he saw and heard was so eccentric that it seemed to him that he could not be amid real life, but that he was present at a comedy.

The room was growing dark. Doña Fredesvinda gave orders that the lamps should be lighted, and that the drawing-room, where the stage had been placed, should be illuminated also. The ladies who were to take part in the play, among them the two daughters of the house, Recareda and Valeria, went out to complete their preparations; her granddaughter, Medarda, who was a marvel, and destined to eclipse all Spanish actresses, as it was whispered about among the guests, did the same. More people kept arriving constantly; as the cabinet could not contain them all, they took up their posts in the corridors and the dining-room. Five o'clock approached, the hour appointed for the beginning of the performance.

Doña Fredesvinda clasped the arms of her great chair with her venerable hands, and, bending down a little to speak, silence immediately reigned in the room.

"It has come to my notice," she announced, in a solemn voice, "that it is said in Madrid that I throw the whole burden of the performances on my granddaughter Medarda, which might fatigue her, as she is still a mere child. In order to avoid these unfavorable comments, I have decided that the chief parts in to-day's comedy shall be taken by my two daughters, and the same will be the case in the succeeding comedies."

This very prudent discourse produced a vivid impression on the company. The poet of the tender eyes took the word, on behalf of all present, and declared, without any circumlocution, that such rumors were deserving only of disdain, and that the vulgar herd, in general, loves to up-

braid lofty personages. The rest formed a chorus for the poet; but Doña Fredesvinda remained inflexible. Henceforth, her daughters should work as hard as her granddaughter.

At that moment, Carlota chanced to glance towards the door, and thought she caught sight of a beard and some spectacles, which greatly resembled those belonging to Moreno. Her doubts vanished on the instant, when she heard Doña Fredesvinda call in a loud voice:

"Adolfo! Adolfo!"

"I can't come now," replied the latter, from the corridor, without showing himself.

"It is I who am calling you, my son!" cried the lady, haughtily elevating her head.

Still he did not make his appearance. At last he presented himself, and crossed the room in so much confusion that it was plainly to be perceived that he had seen Mario, despite his affectation of something quite different.

"What have you to do, my son?" inquired the hostess, in lofty accents.

Moreno stammered out an unintelligible excuse. Doña Fredesvinda gazed fixedly and severely, for a good space. At last, she said:

"I have not yet presented you to some people who have come to this house for the first time to-day. Señor and Señora de Costa . . . My younger son, Adolfo," she added, presenting him to Mario and Carlota.

"Ah! Is it you, Mario?—And you, Carlota?" exclaimed the young anthropologist, affecting surprise, and with a face so scarlet as to be alarming.

Mario, with great difficulty repressing his laughter, saluted him in a friendly manner, and his wife did the same.

"So you know each other?" inquired the august hostess.

"Very well, indeed!" replied the sculptor. "We have been intimate friends for a good while past."

Doña Fredesvinda darted a glance of surprise at her son.

"Why did not you tell me that you had an artist of so much merit for a friend?"

Moreno began to murmur extraordinary things in so agitated and confused a manner as to inspire pity. His cheeks were dyed scarlet. Mario feared that he was

*Drawn by J. Cabriuela.*

AT DOÑA FREDERIVINDA'S THEATRICALS.



on the point of falling down in a fit of apoplexy.

At last, his sister Valeria released him from this purgatory by calling him to arrange a piece of scenery on the stage, which had fallen down.

Dofia Fredes then made Mario and Carlota take seats near her, and began to talk to them about her younger son, with the same solemn gravity which she employed for all subjects. Nevertheless, a certain satisfaction and joy were observable, which made them infer that Adolfo was her favorite. She exhibited great pleasure at this friendship which united them, and hoped that it might never relax.

"I think that will not come to pass, so far as my son is concerned," she added. "He is an unhappy fellow, a poor child who is incapable of offending any one. He who should inflict any injury on him would commit a grave sin. Of all my children, he has always been the most affectionate, and the one who has shown me the most respect. His sisters are constantly scoffing at him, calling him an idler and a hypocrite, and saying that he is humbugging me. This causes me much grief. I believe that they are prejudiced against him, and that they seek defects in him. He is not a hypocrite. I admit that he is lazy. He has undertaken various careers, and has not succeeded in finishing any one of them; so that the poor fellow is now without any profession, and is living at the expense of his family. He passes his life in lounging about the streets, or in reading medical books yonder in his study. You see how it is! Why should he love those books since he is not a doctor? But I cannot be harsh with him, although that has been suggested to me. He is so obedient, so submissive, that he disarms me. A child six years old could not be more subject to my will than he is. Of course, I do not abuse my power. I grant him all the liberty which is compatible with the customs of the family. I have commanded him that he should come and repeat the rosary with me at seven o'clock. And so far, I cannot remember that he has failed to do so a single day. At night, I permit him to go with his friends until twelve o'clock, except on Sundays, when we receive, or on the days when we are having a season of nine days' prayer.

He has never complained, or contradicted me in anything."

Mario and Carlota were so astonished that they could hardly believe their ears. Dofia Fredes was still lauding Adolfo's obedience when they were informed that it was five o'clock, and that the actors were ready. The eminent protectress of arts and letters gave the signal, and gravely descended from her throne: she asked Mario for his arm, and sailed majestically from the room, followed by her adepts.

Mario and his wife had good seats from which to see the comedy, which was of the tearful order; but they could hardly bring their minds to bear on it, being so fully preoccupied with the discovery which they had made. As they were placed near Dofia Fredesvinda they could not communicate to each other the amusing ideas which flitted across their minds, and they were able to vent their feelings only by the means of nudges and sly kicks. More than once they were forced to gag their mouths in order to avoid an outburst of the shouts of laughter which frisked about all over their bodies. With all their efforts, they did not manage to set eyes on Adolfo again that evening. The ferocious materialist, the savage product of Nature in eternal combat with society, had hidden himself, no doubt, among the stage scenery.

But when, at last, they left that house, and found themselves alone in the street, they laughed their fill! Each recalled in turn one of Moreno's revolutionary phrases, one of his curses and threats against the religious and political order of things. Thus their bursts of laughter flowed on without ceasing. Mario fell up against the jambs of house doors, and took off his hat, and clasped his stomach, that he might not split with laughter. It was the same with Carlota. They kept repeating every instant:

"Heavens, won't Rivera laugh!"

In this fashion they merrily traversed the road to their own dwelling. But when they arrived in the vicinity of the Puerta del Sol, Carlota suddenly became serious, as though an icy wind had blown through her soul, and exclaimed:

"I have laughed a great deal to-day, Mario! I am afraid that something bad will happen to me."

"What superstition! Don't be silly, wife," replied the sculptor, without ceasing to laugh.

Poor Mario! He was the foolish one at that moment. The feminine heart maintains, without a doubt, more intimate relations than does the masculine heart with the magnetic forces which work secretly in the bosom of Nature.

When they had proceeded a good way along Mayor street, where they lived, Vicenta and Encarnación, the maid and nurse respectively, in their house, passed them without seeing them. They were walking in such a state of agitation that the husband and wife halted in surprise and anxiety.

"Vicenta!"

The servants stopped, and at the sight of them fear and sorrow were depicted on their countenances.

"Alas, my dear master and mistress!" they both exclaimed almost simultaneously.

"What has happened?" asked Mario, petrified with terror.

"The child? A carriage?" shrieked Carlota, shaking the nurse by the arm.

"No, señorita, he has not been run over by a carriage. He is lost!"

"Search for him! Search for him!" cried Mario desperately, in his turn.

"We have been seeking him these three hours, señorita," replied Encarnación, bursting out sobbing.

Vicenta explained the matter. Her companion could not speak. Both had gone with the child to the Retiro, and remained there all the afternoon. The little boy had played with the other children near the Alcachofa fountain, while they sat on a bench and chatted with the other nurses. The children escaped from their sight from time to time, when they ran off to a certain distance, as usual; but they returned to the little playground as soon as they were called. When it began to grow dark, and they called the children to take them home, they found that the little boy did not make his appearance. They shouted for him, searched all the places in the vicinity, warned the guards. No result. The other children could give no explanation, except that they had seen him running among the trees to hide, and then they had seen no more of him.



Drawn by  
J. Cabrinety

VICENTA AND ENCARNACIÓN.

Mario began to groan like a baby, and to scold them furiously. Carlota, pale but apparently calm, commanded him to be quiet.

"And did not the children mention whether they had seen any one near him?"

"Yes, señorita; they said that a lame man, in a light, short coat, and a narrow-brimmed hat was following him."

"Did you not mention this fact to the guards?"

"Yes, señorita."

Carlota meditated for a moment in silence.

"And the man had not approached the child previously?"

"We did not see him, neither did the other children."

"Did no one approach the child all the afternoon?"

"No one."

"Yes, a woman," interrupted Vicenta. "That pawnbroker with whom the master and mistress are acquainted, and who is called Doña Rafaela, gave him a kiss."

"I thought that the señorita was speaking only of men," replied the nurse.

Carlota again meditated in silence.

"Very well," she said at last. "You will come with me, and we will make the round of the police-stations to give warning. You, Mario, will go at once, your-

self, to the house of Doña Rafaela, to see whether, by any chance, she can have remained in the Retiro, and the child has gone with her. Who knows? Perhaps he is there. Have you inquired at mama's house?"

"Yes, señorita, and at Señorita Presentación's house also."

"Well, then, if he does not make his appearance, we must get on the track of that lame man. That is a good indication for the police to hit upon him promptly. Come, don't grieve so, my dear, the boy is not dead, and if it is God's will, he will be found."

And this courageous woman hailed a carriage which was passing, and jumped into it with the two servants, while her husband, without ceasing to sob, ran to Hortaloza street, where the old pawnbroker had her domicile.

## XVII.

Doña Rafaela had been to the Espiritu Santo market to collect some money which was owing to her. On her return, she alighted from the tramway opposite the Retiro, strolling about there for a while, and went home long before dark. There she found a letter dated from the prison, which said:

"My venerated and beloved patroness: for the last three days I have been in this shameful place, treated like a criminal. God, in his infinite mercy, has sent me this trial, but I do not know whether I shall be able to endure it, for I am a weak and sinful creature. Blessed forever be His holy name. If I did not fear to abuse your kindness, I would entreat you to come, at one of your leisure moments, to console me, and fortify me with your wise counsels. Would to God that I had never departed from them! If that is not possible, I adjure you, by the salvation of your soul, that you go to San José and place a taper on the altar of Our Lady, and say a fervent salve for your unhappy friend, who is really in need of your prayers. GODOFREDO LLOT."

She had no sooner read it than she threw her cloak over her shoulders, went out, entered a carriage, and had herself driven to the prison. The pawnbroker had a nephew in service there, who, as a special favor, had Godofredo summoned

to the room appointed for interviews. He came down in the regulation hood. When he removed it, and his handsome blond head remained uncovered, Doña Rafaela could not help recalling the pious prints, which represent the first martyrs of Christianity in the dungeons of Rome. The light, falling full upon that angelic head, caused the delicacy of his features, the seraphic limpidity of his eyes, the rosy tints of his cheeks, to start forth as though in an apotheosis. At that moment, his cheeks were colored with a vivid crimson. He dropped his eyes humbly, and, without uttering a word, broke into silent weeping.

"Courage, Godofredo! Courage, my dear child!" exclaimed the pawnbroker.

But the good woman was as embarrassed as he was. She had hardly uttered these words, when she was obliged to pull out her handkerchief to wipe away her tears. Both remained silent for a long time. At last, after drying her eyes thoroughly and blowing her nose, she said:

"But how has this come about, my dear boy? Explain it to me! How did it happen?"

The ingenuous young man, who always appeared like a youth, remained in the same humble attitude, as though awaiting the blow of the knife which was to cut his throat.

"I am very bad, Doña Rafaela," he articulated gently. "I do not deserve the goodness with which you favor me."

"I do not consider you so, my dear, nor does any one else. There must have been some calumny."

"No, it is no calumny, unfortunately."

Then the Favorite Son of the Church approached the grating, and with stammering tongue, and flushed face, he made his confession to Doña Rafaela.

In order that he might not further abuse her inexhaustible kindness, he had been obliged to borrow six hundred pesetas from Father Laguardia, who was the person who had been persecuting him, and had caused his arrest.

"But this is a piece of rascality!" exclaimed the pawnbroker, unable to contain herself. "That vile priest has dishonored you for the sake of six hundred pesetas?"

"For heaven's sake, do not speak thus of him!" ejaculated the young man, with grieved countenance. "Don Jeremías is



very virtuous, and was quite right to treat me in this manner. I deserve a great deal more."

"What more could you deserve, you lamb of God?"

"Yes, yes, Doña Rafaela, for heaven's sake, do not judge me kindly. I am very bad—you will see."

The pawnbroker could not refrain from a benevolent smile at the sight of the warmth with which this innocent creature spoke.

"Come, tell me, my dear creature! Let us see what these evil deeds are!"

"Yes, they are evil! Alas, señora! The idea that you consider me better than I am, martyizes me."

Doña Rafaela's smile grew even more benevolent and indulgent.

Godofredo related to her a very long history of a merchant brother-in-law who had become bankrupt through having acted as security. He and his nine children were left in misery. His sister, having no bread to give them, had frequently written to him asking for money. He published articles in the Catholic journals, and made several translations; he worked when he could, but made very little money. The Catholic periodicals and reviews have very slender resources. Wealth is in the hands of the godless. Then, knowing that his sister and his nephews were suffering from hunger, he had ventured to ask a few small sums from various friends of Don Jeremías, hoping that he would be able to pay them when the Peace of the Hearth, the Spanish Mystic, and other periodicals, paid him what they owed him. He did more; he committed a very grave fault,—a sin which had cost him immense pain to confess to her. Doña Rafaela encouraged him to make the confession, declaring that repentance obliterates all faults.

"Well, then, señora," said the young man, shedding a tor-

rent of tears. "In order to ask for that money, I made use of Father Laguardia's name. Do you not see very clearly now that I am an extremely wicked person?"

"That was a sin, my dear boy, but you know that the just man sins seven times a day. If you have repented, God, in his infinite mercy—"

"Oh, yes, señora, I have already thrown myself on God's mercy!" exclaimed Lot, with a deep, heartrending sigh. "As soon as I reached this place, I had the prison chaplain summoned, and at his feet, on my knees, I confessed my sins."

"All has been washed away already in the tribunal of penitence; have no fear. I will see Don Jeremías and arrange matters with him."

"Oh! Don Jeremías has done well to persecute me, and to maltreat me by word and deed. I deserve much more!"

"But has he really maltreated you?" asked the pawnbroker, in surprise.

"Yes, señora; several days ago, he insulted me and cuffed me, in the presence of several persons, in the sacristy of San Ginés."

"What a scandal!"

"It is not a scandal, señora. The scandal was mine, for I committed a crime. The punishment has been very small for so grave a fault. I am profoundly obliged to him for the blows which he dealt me, and for the insults which he inflicted on me, and I am only sorry that they were not more painful, that I might pay my



Drawn by J. Cadrinety.

"SHE WENT TO CALL UPON THE PRIEST OF SAN GINÉS."

Divine Lord for the offences which I have committed against him."

Dofia Rafaela crossed her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven, with a gesture of lively admiration. Then, turning them on the captive, she gazed at him, in amazement and affection, for a long time, overwhelmed with emotion, as though she were in the presence of San Luis Gonzaga himself.

In fact, the young man's face, filled to overflowing with celestial calm and resignation, merited a halo of light. All was pure, ineffable, in that radiant countenance. His pearly cheeks seemed to be made of some transparent material, so that it could be seen that that body contained no unclean substance; all was pure, white, luminous. That which characterized his face, that which shone in his eyes, on his brow, in his hair, was an absolute absence of malice. In his clear, wet eyes, shone the sweet and resigned smile of those who are born to be victims forever. There was something of the lamb, and very much of the dove in that adorable creature, as though those two animals had willingly bestowed, the one his resignation, the other his innocence, to form him.

Godofredo Llot was not a lad of these times, as Dofia Rafaela very justly expressed it. He deserved to have been born in a less sceptical and mischievous century. His candid, ideal nature was divorced from the sad realities of the present, was homesick for the Middle Ages. He should have lived in that age of faith and enthusiasm. Indeed, Godofredo had studied it, and woven fancies about it, unceasingly, as though he had a presentiment that that was his real epoch. He had published several very notable studies on the crusades, written in such a fervent style that the bishop of Astorga had sent him his benediction; and, in all the articles he printed, the Gothic cathedrals, with which he was deeply enamored, kept cropping up. And, really, his angelic countenance, set off, at that moment, by the dark hood, seemed to belong to one of those ideal monks who flit mysteriously through the cloisters of the Gothic temples, on their way to prostrate themselves before the altar of the Virgin.

Therefore, some of his actions, which

appeared strange, were not so, if we take into consideration that this young man lived, in spirit, in other more noble and more holy days. When Dofia Rafaela, after having comforted him with heartfelt counsels, and promised him to work her hardest at arranging his little affair, took leave of Godofredo, the latter said to her:

"Will you not permit me to kiss your hand before you go?"

This would have been ridiculous in any one else, but it was not ridiculous in this ingenuous youth.

Dofia Rafaela thrust her right hand through the grating, as she raised her left to her pocket, and inquired:

"How much do you need, my dear?"

Then, these two acts, performed simultaneously, indicated that Godofredo always asked for something metallic after he had asked for her hand? If there be any malicious person who conjectures this, let him settle it with his own conscience. The Favorite Son of the Church kissed with respect the pawnbroker's fat hand, covered with rings, and stammered, flushing all over:

"If you would do me the favor to lend me twenty duros . . . ."

Dofia Rafaela drew from her pocketbook two bank-notes of fifty pesetas, and handed them to him. Then she took leave of him with very affectionate words. But before she went, Godofredo begged another favor: that she would hear a mass on his behalf. And her kindness was so great that she promised to hear two, a thing which Godofredo refused, as was natural; but the good woman insisted on it, and he was forced to yield. The young man, overwhelmed with gratitude, burst into tears again.

As soon as the pawnbroker quitted the prison, she went straight to Don Jeremías' house. The wrathful priest would not listen to her, not even when she promised him to become surety for the sums for which Godofredo was indebted to his friends. He swore and reaffirmed his oath, that the man should go to the penitentiary, and he promised to go and see him come out on the string of prisoners with as much pleasure as if it were the Pope's mass. Then she went to call upon the priest of San Ginés, and the chaplain of las Adoratrices. She won no point in favor of her protégé there, either.

When the good woman returned, worn out with fatigue, to her house, she found it disturbed by the presence of Mario, who, after having sought her in vain all over Madrid, had come there to wait for her. The state of the sculptor was so lamentable that her niece found it necessary to make linden-flower tea, and get out the bottle of antispasm remedy.

When Doña Rafaela told him that she knew nothing of his child after she had kissed him in the Retiro at three o'clock, he fell into a swoon. He recovered from it, thanks to the care which they lavished on him. As soon as he recovered consciousness, he took his hat, and went out, accompanied by Doña Rafaela. They went to his house. Carlota had already returned, and with her her mother and sister, Don Pantaleón, and Timoteo. Rivera also arrived a few moments later. The house was a field of desolation; nothing was to be heard but sobs and lamentations. All seemed to have lost their reason, except Carlota. The unhappy mother, still white as a statue, did not give way to vain cries of grief; she busied herself in devising means to recover her son. At that moment she was talking to a police commissioner of the district. The latter was inclined to believe that it was a case where the child had been abducted for a ransom.

"You will see that not many hours will pass before you receive a letter demanding money for the child," he said.

"We will give all we possess, and if that is not enough, there are people who will lend to us."

"No matter. There is no necessity for that. If you will follow my instructions, I will undertake to ransom him and to lay my hand on the robbers."

"Why? My husband and I will gladly strip ourselves of everything, and work all our lives for our son."

In case the letter did not arrive, they agreed to follow the traces of the lame man who had been seen behind the child in the Retiro. The commissioner had already given the proper orders. Two detectives came to tell him that the lame man had gone to Arganda by the railway that same evening, entering the train at the station which lies behind the wall of the Retiro.

The commissioner and Mario immediately took a carriage and drove to that

station. The commissioner interrogated the station-master and the porters, and all agreed in stating that a lame man answering to their description had actually taken the train, but they also agreed in asserting that he had had no child with him. This news discouraged them. Mario was profoundly dejected, and dropped on a bench, while the commissioner telegraphed to the chiefs of the intermediate stations and to the mayor of Arganda, to detain the man on the chance.

But as he sat thus, with his head in his hands, he heard one porter say to another that he had seen no child, except one carried by a woman. The sculptor raised his head quickly.

"What is the description of the child?"

"I did not pay much attention. . . . He was of a white and rosy complexion."

"How old was he?"

"I cannot tell that either."

"But he was carried in arms?"

"Why, no sir; he could walk alone perfectly well. The woman was leading him by the hand."

"Was he four years old?"

"About that—about that."

Mario sprang up in agitation, and anxiously inquired:

"How was he dressed?"

"In a little blue suit, with short trousers, and his legs bare."

"And a light hat?"

"Yes, sir; a white hat."

"It is my son!" he shouted, and ran to the telegraph office, where he found the commissioner.

The latter on hearing his story, which he narrated trembling and in broken words, became thoughtful, called the porter, and questioned him afresh:

"It may very well be," he said at last, "that this lame man had a woman with him, and gave the child to her to throw us off the track. We will telegraph this fact to the mayor, and to-morrow we will go to Arganda by the first train."

Mario placed himself in front of him, with clasped hands, in an attitude of supplication.

"By all that you hold dear in this world, friend Garcia, I entreat you, let us go at once."

"But there is no train, Señor Costa!"

"Never mind, let us go by carriage."

The commissioner hesitated for a few

moments, made several objections; but at last, conquered by the prayers of the unhappy father, he decided to go. The carriage which had brought them to the station would not do, as it had but one horse. While Mario went to hire another, the commissioner telegraphed to the chiefs of the intermediate stations to make sure that neither the lame man nor the woman with the child had alighted at any of them. He sent a note to Carlota; clothing was brought to the commissioner, and they made the necessary preparations for the journey. When they left Madrid, the clock had already struck twelve.

It was clear and cold, as winter nights usually are in the capital of Spain. The disk of the moon shone resplendent over the arid plain which extends on both sides of the highway. The august serenity of the sky, sown with stars, did not mitigate the artist's tortures. On other occasions, the magnificent spectacle of Nature had been a precious anodyne for the wounds of his heart. But, alas! he felt that there was no place on earth for the present wound.

The dull noise of the wheels, and the bells on the horses, speedily lulled his companion to sleep. Mario gazed at him in wrath. His imagination, tormented by grief, revolved incessantly, presenting to him a thousand appalling pictures: his son stolen; his son maltreated; his son suffering from hunger and cold, in some

cavern; his son calling him, with bitter wailing, while brutal hands gagged his mouth. . . . Son of my soul!

He stifled his own cries with his hands, fearing that they would burst forth. A faint, incessant wail, like that of an animal in agony, escaped from his mouth. At times, he seized the front of the carriage, as though this effort of his could make it go faster. At times, he meditated leaping out, and running madly, in order to arrive the sooner. Hell could not have invented a torture more cruel.

The stars shone brilliantly. The trees which fringed the banks of the Jarama waved their black crests against the azure background of the night. The trot of the horses, and the tinkling of their bells, broke the silence of the sleeping landscape. The moon shed over it her soft light, wherein floated a few fragments of cloud. Garcia snored.

They reached Arganda after three o'clock. Mario was so overcome that he wished to knock at all the houses, and ask for the robber. The commissioner succeeded in calming him. They went to the house of the mayor, and the latter got out of bed, with solicitude, and lent them his assistance in all their searches. They summoned the chief of the railway station, and the porters, and immediately learned the name of the inn where the lame man had put up. They went to arrest him, with a writ from the municipal

judge. The man was so astonished that he could hardly speak. This lent force to the suspicions which rested on him. They were strengthened by the fact that he was a bird of passage in the town, as he stated that he was on his way to Colmenar, and had stopped over night here, in order to settle a certain matter with a merchant of the town, the next morning. They questioned this merchant, and he did, in fact, come, and declare that what the lame man said was true; that he had known him for some time past, and that he considered him a thor-



Drawn by J. Cabrinety.

MARIO AT DOÑA RAFAELA'S.

oughly honorable person. Mario, in spite of all this, longed to clutch him about the neck with his hands, and strangle him, until he should confess where his son was.

They searched for the stopping-place of the woman and child. No one knew it; no one had seen her. They worked assiduously. The town had been roused to a state of commotion, and many neighbors came out into the street to inquire about matters, although it was still night. When the day dawned, the streets were full of people, and all had turned themselves into detectives to discover the whereabouts of the stolen child. The matter interested the women in particular, and they were inexhaustible in their comments. So that, in less than an hour, three or four accounts were going the rounds of the town. The child was the son of a great lord, who would give ten millions for his ransom; he was a foundling, whom his mother, being unable to claim him, had caused to be stolen; he was an orphan, intrusted to the care of the gentleman who was there, and some of his relations wished to have him disappear; and so forth, and so forth. These rumors of a romantic character were greatly relished by the groups of gossips. But in one of them, near which stood Mario and the commissioner, a woman who had just come up remarked:

"I came from Madrid yesterday, with Don Ricardo's child, and I did not see that woman."

All faces turned towards her. The commissioner immediately asked:

"But did you come from Madrid yesterday, with a child?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you are the woman with the child."

"I, señor!" exclaimed the unhappy woman, thunderstruck. "Don't believe it! Don't believe it, for heaven's sake, señor!"

"Yes; you are the woman with the child—the child of Don Ricardo. Let us go, and see this Don Ricardo instantly." And, turning to Mario, he added:

"It seems to me, Señor Costa, that we have nothing to do here. We have followed a false scent. Let us go, and make sure of it, and immediately set out on the march again."

In fact, the mysterious abductress was

no other than the housekeeper of Don Ricardo Fanjul, a rich, widowed landowner. The child was his son, who had passed a few days in Madrid, in the house of a sister of his. The story was undone, in a moment. In view of this, Mario and the commissioner took the morning train for the capital, in order to travel more quickly. The lame man was detained, in case of need, and orders were given to have him sent to Madrid.

Mario, profoundly discouraged, maintained silence, while the train rapidly approached the capital. Tears flowed frequently down his pallid face, with dark rings under the eyes. García remained silent also. A deep wrinkle furrowed his brow, a sign of intense meditation. At last, when they were approaching the end of their journey, he asked, with affected indifference:

"Have you known that pawnbroker, named Doña Rafaela, long?"

"Yes, señor, we have been friends for several years," replied the artist, in a forced voice. And, suddenly, unable to control himself, he grasped the commissioner's wrist, saying: "Be frank, García. Are you beginning to cherish suspicions of that woman?"

"I have no reason for concealing anything from you," replied the other, coolly, looking out of the window. "The fact that she was the last person to speak with the boy has caused me a good deal of thought. Then, that visit to the prison . . ."

"Well," exclaimed Mario, with increasing agitation, "I confess that I, also, have been thinking of that for a long time. But, at the same time, it seems to me so absurd, so senseless, that I try to banish it from my mind, as a temptation. Doña Rafaela is an excellent friend, a very good woman."

The commissioner, without abandoning his meditative attitude, shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"Ps! That signifies nothing. All criminals have been good before they became bad. There are such mysterious things in the way of crime, that no one can explain them. Let the medical men do that. What I can tell you is, that after all I have seen in my career, nothing surprises me any more."

Mario returned to his seat, seized with



an intolerable anxiety. He wished that the train could fly. As soon as they arrived, he rushed to his house to learn whether they had any news, or had received any letter. They knew nothing. Many persons had, indeed, called to make inquiries, as the press had circulated the information, and the sculptor had many friends. But there was not a ray of light.

In the meanwhile, the commissioner went to report his investigations to the judge. Doña Rafaela was summoned to make her deposition on oath. When her deposition was ended, the judge said to her:

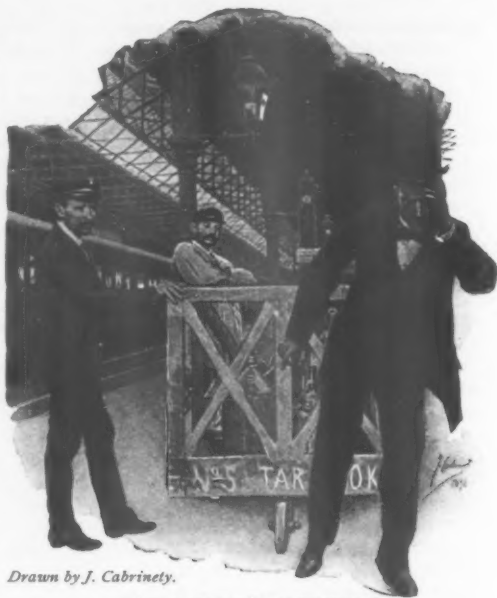
"Do not be alarmed, señora. I find myself obliged to detain you."

On hearing these words, the unhappy woman fell down in a swoon. Then she shed a torrent of tears, and protested her innocence with such heartfelt words, that she succeeded in touching all who witnessed the scene. She was taken to the women's prison.

All that day the authorities did not cease their labors. They took the depositions of all the persons who could have had any connection with the child during the days immediately preceding, of the nurses who had seen him in the Retiro, of the children and their parents, and so forth. Mario and Carlota, tearful and anxious, made the round of the houses of all their acquaintances, seeking news. When night came, nothing was known as yet. All their efforts to make Doña Rafaela change her statement, had proved ineffectual.

When they returned home, they met Don Dionisio Oliveros, who was coming out of their house. The poet had come to place himself at the disposition of his friends. He embraced Mario with emotion, and the latter had the satisfaction of listening to these winged words from his mouth:

"What a tremendous misfortune weighs upon your head, friend Costa! Life offers very grievous tragedies. I cherish the hope that in the end, after so many affecting changes of scene, the knot of this horrible intrigue will be untied; you will



*Drawn by J. Cabrinety.*

"'IT IS MY SON!' HE SHOUTED."

find your son alive and well. If this comes to pass, as I am confident that it will, I beg that you will keep in your memory and reserve for me all the incidents of this mysterious plot. When we accidentally come across an action of such palpitating interest as this, we consider it a godsend, and we must see to it that no one else takes advantage of it. Perhaps, after all has been happily brought to order, you will have the satisfaction of seeing the sentiments which now agitate your heart reproduced on the stage, and you will shed abundant tears. But the tears will be sweet, as those which art causes us to shed always are."

The bard of the ministry of foreign affairs said this in a hoarse voice. Carlota gazed at him with angry eyes; but Mario, overwhelmed with sorrow, embraced him, sobbing. "Thanks, Don Dionisio, thanks!"

"Doubt it not, friend Costa, sooner or later you will have that pleasure," replied the poet, with profound conviction.

And without uttering another word, this magnanimous man, instructed by the muses, went gravely away, happy in the consciousness of the lofty destiny to which Providence had assigned him.



What a terrible night it was for the unhappy parents! Although their friends compelled them to go to bed for a few hours, slumber did not close their eyes for an instant. At dawn they were on foot again, with haggard faces, sunken eyes surrounded by dark circles, bearing witness to their severe suffering.

And again they began that fateful way of the cross through the streets, visiting the police-stations, the posts of the guards, the houses of their acquaintances. They heard no news. Darkness which grew ever thicker continued to envelop this mysterious abduction. The judge appeared discouraged. Neither the deposition of Doña Rafaela nor that of the lame man of Arganda shed any light on the subject. No new clue presented itself.

Mario arrived at Rivera's house at eleven o'clock, exhausted in body and soul. No sooner had he set foot in the chamber of his old friend, than his strength deserted him completely. He dropped on a divan, and his sobs, long repressed, broke forth and threatened to burst his breast. Tears started to Rivera's eyes also, and seating himself beside his unhappy friend, he addressed to him timid words of comfort. He knew well that there is no comfort possible for sorrow. He dared not suggest to him vain hopes, fearing that the ensuing blow would be all the harsher. At last he allowed him to weep in silence for a long time. He remained abstracted and in intense meditation, with his eyes fixed on the floor. But that which was boiling in his brain was reflected in them, passing like sharp

gusts of wind. As time went on, these gusts became more and more vigorous. A strange thought shook his soul furiously, for after a while, not his eyes alone, but his whole body offered a singularly uneasy aspect. He glanced at his friend now and then, passed his hand over his brow, and scratched his head. At last, unable to conquer his agitation, he rose from his seat, and began to stride back and forth with hasty steps. Mario continued to weep, with his head buried in his hands.

More than once he halted before him, as though desirous of saying something, but changed his mind before opening his mouth, and continued his march. At last he made a gesture of resolution, and, approaching him and laying a hand on his shoulder, he said: "Listen, Mario. At these terrible times, it is proper to express all that comes to our minds, however nonsensical it may appear. All sorts of imaginable nonsense happens in this absurd world of ours. Have you not observed that your father-in-law has been exhibiting some very strange symptoms of late?—that he has said and done some very queer things,—in a word, that his mind offers signs of alienation?"

Mario raised his head abruptly; he opened his eyes unnaturally wide, staring at his friend with a vague expression of terror; he turned horribly pale, and, springing from the divan, rushed from the room, without uttering a word. Rivera remained motionless for a moment, with his face turned to the door; then he rushed forth, at full speed, in pursuit of him.

[Concluded in the August issue.]



## LETTERS OF AN ALTRURIAN TRAVELLER.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

### THE SELLING AND THE GIVING OF DINNERS.

#### IX.

New York, December 15, 1893.

My dear Cyril :

In answer to the inquiry in your last letter concerning the large shops here, I cannot say they are very attractive, and as I have told you, they are not so many as we have been led to suppose. There are, perhaps, fifty, at most, on Broadway and the different avenues. They are vast emporiums, sometimes occupying half a city-block, and multiplying their acreage of floor space by repeated stories, one above another, reached by elevators perpetually lifting and lowering the throngs of shoppers. But I do not find any principle of taste governing the arrangement of their multitudinous wares ; and they have always a huddled and confused effect. I miss the precious and human quality of individuality in them. I meet no one who seems to have a personal interest in the goods or the customers ; it is a dry and cold exchange of moneys and wares ; and the process is made the more tedious by the checks used to keep the salesmen and saleswomen from robbing their employers. They take your money, but it must be sent with their written account and your purchase to a central bureau, where the account is audited and returned with your purchase, after a vexatious delay. But in the system of things here, fully a fifth of the people seem employed in watching that the rest do not steal, and fully a fifth of the time is lost.

You have perhaps imagined these great stores like our Regionie bazaars, where we go with our government orders to supply our needs, or indulge our fancies. But they are not at all like these, except in their vastness and variety. I cannot say that there is no aim at beauty in their display, but the sordid motive of advertising running through it all destroys this. You are not pressed to buy, here, any more than with us, and the salespeo-

ple are not allowed to misrepresent the quality of the goods, for that would be bad business ; but the affair is a purely business transaction. That friendly hospitality which our bazaars show all comers, and that cordial endeavor to seek out and satisfy their desires are wholly unknown here. What you experience is the working of a vast, very intricate, and rather clumsy money-making machine, with yourself as a part of the mechanism.

For this reason I prefer the smaller shops where I can enter into some human relation with the merchant, if it is only for the moment. I have already tried to give you some notion of the multitude of these ; and I must say now that they add much in their infinite number and variety to such effect of gaiety as the city has. They are especially attractive at night, where, under favor of the prevailing dark, the shapeless monster is able to hide something of its deformity. Then the brilliant lamps, with the shadows they cast, unite to an effect of gaiety which the day will not allow.

The great stores contribute nothing to this, however, for they all close at six o'clock in the evening. On the other hand, they do not mar such poor beauty as the place has with the multitude of signs that the minor traffic renders itself so offensive with. One sign, rather simple and unostentatious, suffices for a large store ; a little store will want half a dozen, and will have them painted and hung all over its façade, and stood about in front of it as obtrusively as the police will permit. The effect is bizarre and grotesque beyond expression. If one thing in the business streets makes New York more hideous than another it is the signs, with their discordant colors, their infinite variety of tasteless shapes. If by chance there is any architectural beauty in a business edifice, it is spoiled, insulted, outraged by these huckstering appeals ; while the prevailing unsightliness is emphasized and

heightened by them. A vast, hulking, bare brick wall, rising six or seven stories above the neighboring buildings, you would think bad enough in all conscience: how, then, shall I give you any notion of the horror it becomes when its unlovely space is blocked out in a ground of white with a sign painted on it in black letters ten feet high?

But you could not imagine the least offensive of the signs that deface American cities, where they seem trying to shout and shriek each other down, wherever one turns; they cover the fronts and sides and tops of the edifices; they deface the rocks of the meadows and the cliffs of the rivers; they stretch on long extents of fencing in the vacant suburban lands, and cover the roofs and sides of the barns. The darkness does not shield you from them, and by night the very sky is starred with the electric bulbs that spell out, on the roofs of the lofty city edifices, the frantic announcement of this or that business enterprise.

The strangest part of all this is, no one finds it offensive, or at least no one says that it is offensive. It is, indeed, a necessary phase of the economic warfare in which this people live, for the most as unconsciously as people lived in feudal cities, while the nobles fought out their private quarrels in the midst of them. No one dares relax his vigilance or his activity in the commercial strife, and in the absence of any public opinion, or any public sentiment concerning them, it seems as if the signs might eventually hide the city. That would not be so bad if something could then be done to hide the signs.

Nothing seems so characteristic of this city, after its architectural shapelessness, as the eating and drinking constantly going on in it. I do not mean, now, the eating and drinking in society alone, though from the fact that some sort of repast is made the occasion of nearly every social meeting, you might well suppose that society was altogether devoted to eating and drinking, and that this phase of the feasting might altogether occupy one. But I was thinking of the restaurants and hotels, of every kind and quality, and the innumerable saloons and bars. There may not be really more of them in New York, in proportion to the population than in other

great plutocratic cities, but there are apparently more; for in this, as in all her other characteristics, New-York is very open; her virtues and her vices, her luxury and her misery, are in plain sight, so that no one can fail of them; and I fancy that a famishing man must suffer peculiarly here from the spectacle of people everywhere visible at sumptuous tables.

Many of the finest hotels, if not most of them, have their dining-rooms on the level of the street, and the windows, whether curtained or uncurtained, reveal the continual riot within. I confess that the effect upon some hungry passer is always so present to my imagination that I shun the places near the windows; but the Americans are so used to the perpetual encounter of famine and of surfeit in their civilization, that they do not seem to mind it; and one of them very logically made me observe when he conceived my reluctance, that I was not relieving anybody's want when I chose an uncomfortable place on the dark side of the room. It was, indeed, an instance of the unavailing self-denial so frequent here. Still, I prefer either the restaurants in the basements or on the second floor; and these are without number, too, though I do not think they are so many as the others; at least they do not make as much effect. But of every sort, as I say, there is an immense variety, because New York is so largely a city of strangers, whose pleasures or affairs call them here by whole populations. Every day the trains and boats fetch and carry hundreds of thousands of visitors, who must be somehow housed and fed, and who find shelter in the hotels, and food wherever they happen to be at the moment of lunch or dinner.

But the restaurants have to cater besides to the far vaster custom of the business men who live at such a distance from their shops and offices that they never take the midday meal with their families except on Sunday. So far they are like the workmen, whom you see seated on piles of rubbish in the street, with their dinner-pails between their knees; but I need not tell you that the business men are not so simple or so sparing in the satisfaction of their hunger. I am not sure that they are always much more comfortable; and in fine weather I

think I would rather sit out doors on a heap of brick or lumber than on a bracketed stool-top before a lunch-counter amidst a turmoil of crockery and cookery that I should in vain try to give you a sense of. These lunch-counters abound everywhere, and thousands throng them every day, snatching the meat and drink pushed across the counter to them by the waiters from the semi-circle within, and then making room for others. But of late, a new kind of lunch-room has come into fashion, which I wish you could see, both for the sake of the curious spectacle it affords, and the philosophy it involves. You would find yourself in a long room, if you came with me, where you would see rows of large chairs, each with one arm made wide enough to hold a cup and saucer, and a plate. At a convenient place in the room is a counter or table, with cups for tea and coffee set out on it, and plates of pie, sandwiches, and such viands as need not be cut with a knife, and may be gathered up in the fingers. Each comer goes up to the counter, and takes from it what he likes and carries it off to some chair, where he eats his lunch in peace, and then goes back to the counter and pays for it. His word is implicitly taken as to what he has had; he goes as he came, without question; and the host finds his account in the transaction; for even if he is now and then cheated, he saves the cost of a troop of waiters by letting his guests serve themselves, and he is able for the same reason to afford his provisions at half the price they must pay elsewhere. His experience is that he is almost never cheated, and the Altrurian theory of human nature, that if you will use men fairly and trust them courageously, they will not betray you, finds practical endorsement in it.

Most of the better class of clerks and small business men frequent the chop-houses, which affect the back rooms of old-fashioned dwellings, and the basement restaurants in the cellarways of business buildings, down town. Some of the lofty edifices which deform that quarter of the city have restaurants in them on a grand scale, as to prices and fare, and all the appointments of the table; these are for a still better sort of lunchers, or richer sort (you always say better when you mean richer, in America), and

these often have lunch clubs, of difficult membership, and with rooms luxuriously appointed, where, if they choose, people can linger over their claret and cigars as quietly as if they were in their own houses. Sometimes a whole house is fitted up with all the comforts of a club, which is frequented by its members, or the greater part of them, only for luncheon. Others, of the kind which form effectively the home of their members, are resorted to at midday by all who do business within easy reach of them; though the breakfasting and dining goes on there, too, day in and day out, as constantly as at private houses. In fact, the chief use of the clubs is through their excellent kitchens.

There are foreign restaurants in all parts of the town,—French, German, Italian, Spanish,—where you can have your lunch served in courses at a fixed sum for the whole. The Hebrews, who are so large and so prosperous an element of the commercial body of New York, have restaurants of this sort, where they incur no peril of pork, or meat of any kind that is not *kosher*. Signs in Hebrew give them warrant of the fact that nothing unclean, or that has been rendered unlawful by hanging from a nail, is served within; and the Christian, if he sits down at a table, is warned that he can have neither milk nor butter with his meat, since this is against their ancient and most wholesome law.

Far round on the East side, and in all the poorer quarters of the town, there are eating-houses and cook-shops of lower and lower grade, which are resorted to by those workmen who do not bring their dinners with them in pails, or who would rather take their drink and their food together. But these are seldom the older-fashioned laborers, of Irish or American descent; the frequenters of such places are Germans or Italians, or of the newer immigrations from eastern Europe, who find there some suggestions of their national dishes, and some touch of art in the cookery, no matter how common and vile the material. This, as you see it in the butcher-shops and the greengrocers of those parts, is often revolting and unwholesome enough—pieces of loathsome carnage, and bits of decaying vegetation. It is to be supposed that the poorer restaurants supply themselves

from the superfluity of the better sort and of the hotels, but this is not always the case. In many cases, the hotels cast this into the great heap of offal, which the garbage carts of the city dump into the vessels used to carry it out to sea, so that not even the swine may eat of it, much less the thousands of starving men and women and children, who never know what it is to have quite enough. But this is only one phase of the wilful waste that in manifold ways makes such woeful want in plutocratic conditions. Every comfortable family in this city throws away at every meal the sustenance of some other family; or, if not that then, so much at least as would keep it from starvation. The predatory instinct is very subtle, and people who live upon each other, instead of for each other, have shrewdly contrived profit within profit until it is hard to say whether many things you consume have any value in themselves at all. If they could be brought at once to the consumer they would cost infinitely little, almost nothing; but they reach him only after half a dozen sterile agencies have had their usury of them; and then they are most wonderfully, most wickedly wasted in the system of each household having its own black, noisy, unwholesome kitchen, with a cook in it chiefly skilled to spoil God's gifts.

From time to time, there is great talk in the newspapers of abolishing the middlemen, as the successive hucksters are called; but there is no way of doing this, short of abolishing the whole plutocratic system, for the middleman is the business man, and the business man is the cornerstone of this civilization; if, indeed, a civilization which seems poised in air by studying the trick of holding itself from the ground by the waistband, can be said to have any foundation whatever.

There is not so much hope of the middleman's going as there is of the individual kitchen's, which really seems threatened, at times, by the different new ways of living which Mrs. Makely, you remember, told me of. It is, in fact, a survival of the simpler time when the housewife prepared the food of her family herself; but that time is long past, with the well-to-do Americans, and what was once the focal center of the home, has no longer any

just place in it, and only forms the great rent through which half the husband's earnings escape. Yet, if I tell them of our coöperative housekeeping, they make the answer which they seem to think serves all occasions, and say that such a system will do very well for Altruria, but that it is contrary to human nature, and it can never be made to work in America. They much prefer to go on wasting into the kitchen, and wasting out of it; the housewife either absolutely neglects her duty, or else she maddens herself with the care of it, and harries the poor drudge who slaves her life away in its heat and glare, and fails, with all her toil, of results which we have for a tithe of the cost and suffering.

But whenever I touch one of the points of economic contrast with ourselves, I feel as if I were giving it undue importance, for I think at once of a hundred others which seem to prove as conclusively that, as yet, the life of the Americans, in what most nearly concerns them, is not reasoned. They are where they are because some one else had arrived there before them, and they do most of the things that they do because the English do something like them. In a wholly different climate, a climate which touches both arctic and tropic extremes, they go on living as their ancestors lived in the equable seasons of the British Isles. They have not yet philosophized their food, or dress, or shelter, for their blazing summers, and swelter through them with such means of comfort as the ignorant usage of the mother-country provides.

In fact, the Americans have completed their *reductio ad absurdum* in pleasure as well as in business. Eating and drinking no longer suffice to bring people together, and the ladies say that if you want any one to come now, you must have something special to entertain your guests. You must have somebody sing, or recite, or play; I believe it has not yet come to a demand for hired dancing, as it presently will, if it does in London. Only very primitive people would now think of giving an afternoon tea without some special feature, though the at-homes still flourish, as a means of paying off the debts ladies owe one another for visits. Luncheons and dinners are given with a frequency that would imply the greatest



financial prosperity, and the gayest social feeling as well as unlimited leisure, and unbounded hospitality. But these must always have some *raison d'être*, such as we do not dream of offering, who in our simplicity think it reason enough to ask our friends to join us at meat if we wish for their company. Here, apparently, no one wishes for your company personally, the individual is as completely lost in the social as he is in the economic scheme. You are invited as a factor in the problem which your hostess wishes to work out, and you are invited many days in advance, and sometimes several weeks; for every one is supposed to be in great request, and it is thought to be a sort of slight to bid a guest for any entertainment under a week, so that people excuse themselves for doing it.

Our fashion of offering hospitality on the impulse, would be as strange here as offering it without some special inducement for its acceptance. The inducement is, as often as can be, a celebrity or eccentricity of some sort, or some visiting foreigner; and I suppose that I have been a good deal used myself in one quality or the other. But when the thing has been done, fully and guardedly at all points, it does not seem to have been done for pleasure, either by the host or the guest. The dinner is given in payment of another dinner; or out of ambition by people who are striving to get forward in society; or by great social figures who give regularly a certain number of dinners every season. In either case it is eaten from motives at once as impersonal and as selfish. I do not mean to say that I have not been at many dinners where I felt nothing perfunctory either in host or guest, and where as sweet and gay a spirit ruled as at any of our own simple feasts. Still, I think your main impression of American hospitality would be that it was thoroughly infused with the plutocratic principle, and that it meant business.

I am speaking now of the hospitality of society people, who number, after all, but a few thousands out of the many millions of American people. These millions are so far from being in society, even when they are very comfortable, and on the way to great prosperity, if they are not already greatly prosperous, that if

they were suddenly confronted with the best society of the great eastern cities they would find it almost as strange as so many Altrurians. A great part of them have no conception of entertaining except upon an Altrurian scale of simplicity, and they know nothing and care less for the forms that society people value themselves upon. Where they begin in the ascent of the social scale to adopt forms, it is still to wear them lightly and with an individual freedom and indifference; it is long before anxiety concerning the social law renders them vulgar.

Yet from highest to lowest, from first to last, one invariable fact characterizes them all, and it may be laid down as an axiom that in a plutocracy the man who needs a dinner, is the man who is never asked to dine. I do not say that he is not given a dinner. He is very often given a dinner, and for the most part he is kept from starving to death; but he is not suffered to sit at meat with his host, if the person who gives him a meal can be called his host. His need of the meal stamps him with a hopeless inferiority, and relegates him morally to the company of the swine at their husks, and of Lazarus whose sores the dogs licked. Usually, of course, he is not physically of such a presence as to fit him for any place in good society short of Abraham's bosom; but even if he were entirely decent, or of an inoffensive shabbiness, it would not be possible for his benefactor, in any grade of society, to ask him to his table. He is sometimes fed in the kitchen; where the people of the house feed in the kitchen themselves, he is fed at the back door.

We were talking of this the other night at the house of that lady whom Mrs. Makely invited me specially to meet on Thanksgiving Day. It happened then, as it often happens here, that although I was asked to meet her, I saw very little of her. It was not so bad as it sometimes is, for I have been asked to meet people, very informally, and passed the whole evening with them, and yet not exchanged a word with them. Mrs. Makely really gave me a seat next Mrs. Strange at table, and we had some unimportant conversation; but there was a lively little creature vis-à-vis of me, who had a fancy of addressing me so much of her talk, that my acquaintance with Mrs. Strange rather



languished through the dinner, and she went away so soon after the men rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, that I did not speak to her there. I was rather surprised, then, to receive a note from her a few days later, asking me to dinner; and I finally went, I am ashamed to own, more from curiosity than from any other motive. I had been, in the meantime, thoroughly coached concerning her, by Mrs. Makely, whom I told of my invitation, and who said, quite frankly, that she wished Mrs. Strange had asked her, too. "But Eveleth Strange wouldn't do that," she explained, "because it would have the effect of paying me back. I'm so glad, on your account, that you're going, for I do want you to know at least one American woman that you can unreservedly approve of; I know you don't *begin* to approve of *me*; and I was so vexed that you really had no chance to talk with her that night you met her here; it seemed to me as if she ran away early, just to provoke me; and, to tell you the truth, I thought she had taken a dislike to you. I wish I could tell you just what sort of a person she is, but it would be perfectly hopeless, for you haven't got the documents, and you never could get them. I used to be at school with her, and even then she wasn't like any of the other girls. She was always so original, and did things from such a high motive, that afterwards, when we were all settled, I was perfectly thunderstruck at her marrying old Bellington Strange, who was twice her age, and had nothing but his money; he was not related to the New York Bellingtons at all, and nobody knows how he got the name; nobody ever heard of the Stranges. In fact, people said that he used to be plain Peter B. Strange, till he married Eveleth, and she made him drop the Peter, and blossom out in the Bellington, so that he could seem to have a social as well as a financial history. People who disliked her insisted that they were not in the least surprised at her marrying him; that the high-motive business was just her pose; and that she had simply got sick of being a teacher in a girls' school, and had jumped at the chance of getting him. But I always stuck up for her,—and I know that she did it for the sake of her family, who were all as poor as poor, and

were dependent on her after her father went to smash in his business. She was always as high-strung and as romantic as she could be, but I don't believe that even then she would have taken Mr. Strange, if there had been anybody else. I don't suppose any one else ever looked at her, for the young men are pretty sharp nowadays, and are not going to marry girls without a cent, when there are so many rich girls, just as charming every way: you can't expect them to. At any rate, whatever her motive was, she had her reward, for Mr. Strange died within a year of their marriage, and she got all his money. There was no attempt to break the will, for Mr. Strange seemed to be literally of no family; and she's lived quietly on in the house he bought her, ever since, except when she's in Europe, and that's about two-thirds of the time. She has her mother with her, and I suppose that her sisters, and her cousins, and her aunts, come in for outdoor aid. She's always helping somebody. They say that's her pose, now; but if it is, I don't think it's a bad one; and certainly if she wanted to get married again, there would be no trouble, with her three millions. I advise you to go to her dinner, by all means, Mr. Homos. It will be something worth while, in every way, and perhaps you'll convert her to Altrurianism; she's as hopeful a subject as I know."

I was one of the earliest of her guests, for I cannot yet believe that people do not want me to come exactly when they say they do. I perceived, however, that one other gentleman had come before me, and I was both surprised and delighted to find that this was my acquaintance, Mr. Bullion, the Boston banker. He professed as much pleasure at our meeting as I certainly felt; but after a few words he went on talking with Mrs. Strange, while I was left to her mother, an elderly woman of quiet and even timid bearing, who affected me at once as born and bred in a wholly different environment. In fact, every American of the former generation is almost as strange to it in tradition, though not in principle, as I am; and I found myself singularly at home with this sweet lady, who seemed glad of my interest in her. I was taken from her side to be introduced to a lady, on the opposite side of the room,

who said she had been promised my acquaintance by a friend of hers, whom I had met in the mountains,—Mr. Twelvemough; did I remember him? She gave a little cry while still speaking, and dramatically stretched her hand toward a gentleman who entered at the moment, and whom I saw to be no other than Mr. Twelvemough himself. As soon as he had greeted our hostess he hastened up to us, and barely giving himself time to press the still outstretched hand of my companion, shook mine warmly, and expressed the greatest joy at seeing me. He said that he had just got back to town, in a manner, and had not known I was here, till Mrs. Strange had asked him to meet me. There were not a great many other guests, when they all arrived, and we sat down, a party not much larger than at Mrs. Makely's.

I found that I was again to take out my hostess, but I was put next the lady with whom I had been talking; she had come without her husband, who was, apparently, of a different social taste from herself, and had an engagement of his own; there was an artist and his wife whose looks I liked; some others whom I need not specify, were there, I fancied, because they had heard of Altruria, and were curious to see me. As Mr. Twelvemough sat quite at the other end of the table, the lady on my right could easily ask me whether I liked his books. She said, tentatively, people liked them because they felt sure when they took up one of his novels they had not got hold of a tract on political economy in disguise.

It was this complimentary close of a remark which scarcely began with praise, that made itself heard across the table, and was echoed with a heartfelt sigh from the lips of another lady.

"Yes," she said, "that is what I find such a comfort in Mr. Twelvemough's books."

"We were *speaking* of Mr. Twelvemough's books," triumphed the first lady, and then several began to extol them for being fiction pure and simple, and not dealing with any question but the loves of young people.

Mr. Twelvemough sat looking as modest as he could under the praise, and one of the ladies said that in a novel she had lately read there was a description of a

surgical operation, that made her feel as if she had been present at a clinic. Then the author said that he had read that passage, too, and found it extremely well done. It was fascinating, but it was not art.

The painter asked, "Why was it not art?"

The author answered, "Well, if such a thing as that was art, then anything that a man chose to do in a work of imagination was art."

"Precisely," said the painter, "art is choice."

"On that ground," the banker interposed, "you could say that political economy was a fit subject for art, if an artist chose to treat it."

"It would have its difficulties," the painter admitted, "but there are certain phases of political economy, dramatic moments, human moments, which might be very fitly treated in art. For instance, who would object to Mr. Twelvemough's describing an eviction from an East side tenement-house on a cold winter night, with the mother and her children huddled about the fire the father had kindled with pieces of the household furniture?"

"I should object very much, for one," said the lady who had objected to the account of the surgical operation. "It would be too creepy. Art should give pleasure."

"Then you think a tragedy is not art?" asked the painter.

"I think that these harrowing subjects are brought in altogether too much," said the lady. "There are enough of them in real life, without filling all the novels with them. It's terrible the number of beggars you meet on the street, this winter. Do you want to meet them in Mr. Twelvemough's novels, too?"

"Well, it wouldn't cost me any money, there. I shouldn't have to give."

"You oughtn't to give money in real life," said the lady. "You ought to give charity tickets. If the beggars refuse them, it shows they are imposters."

"It's some comfort to know that the charities are so active," said the elderly young lady, "even if half the letters one gets *do* turn out to be appeals from them."

"It's very disappointing to have them do it, though," said the artist, lightly. "I thought there was a society to abolish poverty. That doesn't seem to be so ac-

tive as the charities this winter. Is it possible they've found it a failure?"

"Well," said Mr. Bullion, "perhaps they have suspended during the hard times."

They tossed the ball back and forth with a lightness the Americans have, and I could not have believed, if I had not known how hardened people become to such things here, that they were almost in the actual presence of hunger and cold. It was within five minutes' walk of their warmth and surfeit; and if they had lifted the window and called, "Who goes there?" the houselessness that prowls the night, could have answered them from the street below, "Despair!"

"I had an amusing experience," Mr. Twelvemough began, "when I was doing a little visiting for the charities in our ward, the other winter."

"For the sake of the literary material?" suggested the artist.

"Partly for the sake of the literary material; you know we have to look for our own everywhere. But we had a case of an old actor's son, who had got out of all the places he had filled, on account of rheumatism, and could not go to sea, or drive a truck, or even wrap gas-fixtures in paper any more."

"A checkered employ," the banker mused aloud.

"It was not of a simultaneous nature," the novelist explained. "So he came on the charities, and as I knew the theatrical profession a little, and how generous it was with all related to it, I said that I would undertake to look after his case. You know the theory is that we get work for our patients, or clients, or whatever they are, and I went to a manager whom I knew to be a good fellow, and I asked him for some sort of work. He said, Yes, send the man round, and he would give him a job copying parts for a new play he had written."

The novelist paused, and nobody laughed.

"It seems to me that your experience is instructive, rather than amusing," said the banker. "It shows that something can be done, if you try."

"Well," said Mr. Twelvemough, "I thought that was the moral, myself, till the fellow came afterwards to thank me. He said that he considered himself very lucky, for the manager had told him that there were six other men had wanted that job."

Everybody laughed, now, and I looked at my hostess in a little bewilderment. She murmured, "I suppose the joke is that he had befriended one man at the expense of six others."

"Oh," I returned, "is that a joke?"

No one answered, but the lady at my right asked: "How do you manage with poverty in Altruria?"

I saw the banker fix a laughing eye on me, but I answered, "In Altruria we have no poverty."

"Ah, I knew you would say that!" he cried out. "That's what he always does," he explained to the lady. "Bring up any one of our little difficulties, and ask how they get over it in Altruria, and he says they have nothing like it. It's very simple."

They all began to ask me questions, but with a courteous incredulity, which I could feel well enough, and some of my answers made them laugh, all but my hostess, who received them with a gravity that finally prevailed. But I was not disposed to go on talking of Altruria then, though they all protested a real interest, and murmured against the hardship of being cut off with so brief an account of our country as I had given them.

"Well," said the banker at last, "if there is no cure for our poverty, we might as well go on and enjoy ourselves."

"Yes," said our hostess, with a sad little smile, "we might as well enjoy ourselves."

A. HOMOS.

[To be concluded in the September issue.]



## THE DEN OF THE GREY WOLF

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

WE were dropping smoothly down the swift current of the Tobique river, late on a September afternoon. My paddle rested idly across the bow of the canoe. I lay back, in dreamy comfort, against an improvised cushion of sweet ferns, while my guide, an old hunter and trapper named Maxim, sitting erect in the stern, did no more work than was absolutely needful for the steering of our stealthy craft. Presently, we saw what had for years been a most unusual appearance on the Tobique. It was a red deer, which went bounding through the underbrush, and vanished in a thicket of yellowing birches.

"So the deer are coming back to New Brunswick!" I remarked.

As my guide was not one to fling away speech unnecessarily, he said nothing. From his silence I gathered that he did not regard my remark as one requiring contradiction.

Presently, without turning my head, which would have been a useless exertion, I murmured: "Is it true that the wolves are following the deer back, after an absence of nearly fifty years?"

"Fifty years!" exclaimed Maxim, in a tone of immense disdain.

As he said no more, I repeated, in some surprise: "Yes, fifty years! What of it?"

"How old would you take me for, now?" inquired Maxim.

Indolently, I shifted my position so that I could put my arm over the cross-

bar on which I was leaning. I turned my head and scrutinized my companion's leathern visage.

Maxim was a curious and interesting character. Of good, old Colonial stock, and equipped in youth with an excellent education, he had found himself, in early manhood, at odds with society and the requirements of civilized life. Perhaps, through some remote ancestor, there had crept into his veins a streak of Indian or other wandering blood. At any rate, the wilderness had drawn him with a spell that overcame all counter attractions. He drifted to the remotest backwoods, and there devoted himself to hunting and trapping. Never entering the settlements, except to purchase supplies, or sell his furs, he had spent the best years of his life in a solitude almost unbroken. Yet the few amateur hunters and fishermen who occasionally penetrated to his haunts, and sought his skilful services, found that seclusion had failed to make him morose. He was kindly, and not uncompanionable; and, though in appearance one of the roughest of his adopted class, he preserved, to a marked degree, the speech and accent of his early days.

"I should guess," I said, at length, "that you were somewhere between fifty and sixty."

Maxim gave two or three mighty surges on his paddle, which made the canoe dart forward like a trout, while I waited to learn the relevance of his question.

"Sixty next Easter!" said he. "And now, as for wolves. I had a little scrimmage with two of 'em, right hereabouts, and that since the grey began to show up in my hair. That's not fifty years ago, by a long chalk!"

At this point a murmurous roaring began to make itself heard on the still air, and, before I could ask any more questions about the wolves, Maxim exclaimed:

"We can't go through the 'Narrows' to-night. Not light enough, with this head of water. Better camp right here!"

"Agreed!" said I; and we slid gently up alongside of a projecting log. Presently we had the tent pitched on a bit of dry, soft sward, that sloped ever so little toward the waterside. Behind the tent was a thicket of spruce that sheltered us from the night-wind of autumn; and in front laughed softly the river, as it hurried along its shining trail beneath the full moon, to bury itself in the chasms of the dark hill-range which separated it from its sovereign stream, the wide St. John.

After supper, when the camp-fire was blazing cheerfully, Maxim told me about the wolves.

"Well," said he, in a reminiscent tone, "it was in those hills yonder, very nigh the Narrows, I struck the wolves. I knew there were a good many of them 'round, that winter, as I'd come across lots of their tracks. There was a bounty, then, of fifteen dollars on a wolf's snout,—that was twenty years ago,—and I was keeping my eyes pretty well peeled. My lookout was all in vain, however, till, along one afternoon, I caught sight of one of the skulking vermin dodging behind some bushes, not far from here, but on the other side of the river. It was only a snap shot I got at the beast; but I wounded it, and you'd better believe I lost no time following up the trail. By the way he bled, I could see that he was hard hit.

"He led me away up, nigh the top of the mountain, then took a sharp turn to the river; and pretty soon I came out onto a little, level place, a sort of high platform, in front of a big, bare slope of rock. In the foot of that rock there was a hole, just about big enough for a man to crawl into on his hands and knees, and into that hole led the trail of my wolf.

"Got him, fast enough!" said I to myself; 'but how to get at him,—there's the rub!' As I stood there, considering, another wolf slid by me, like a long, grey shadow, and sneaked into the den. Without putting the gun to my shoulder, I gave him a shot, which fetched him in the hindquarters, just as he disappeared. 'That's good for thirty dollars,' said I to myself, loading up again, and hoping some more would come along.

"They didn't come; so, pretty soon, I gave them up, and went and examined the hole. I could see that it narrowed down rapidly, and I hardly knew what to do. I wanted that thirty dollars; but I didn't want to crawl into that little, dark hole after it, with maybe a couple of yet lively wolves waiting at the other end to receive me."

"Why didn't you leave them there, and go back for them next day? By that time, if they were really hard-hit, you'd have found them dead enough!" was my comment.

"There wouldn't have been much of them left for me by the morrow," said Maxim. "I knew well enough the other wolves would scent the blood and come along, and help themselves to snouts and all in the night. So, by-and-by, I made up my mind to crawl in, and risk it. Standing my gun up against the rock, and taking my knife in my right hand, I started in!"

"Ugh!" said I, "it makes me shiver to think of it!"

"It *was* nasty," assented Maxim; "but then, I counted on one of the vermin, at least, being dead; and I didn't think there'd be much fight left in the other. But that hole narrowed down mighty sudden; and, the first thing I knew, I had to crawl flat on my stomach to get along at all. And presently I found it tight squeezing even that way. Of course I held my right hand, with the knife in it, well to the front, ready to protect my head and face.

"Just as the hole got so tight for me that I was about concluding to give up the job, I heard a terrific snarl right in my ear, and a wolf jumped onto me. His fangs got me right in the jaw,—you can see the scars here now,—and I thought I was about fixed. But I slashed out desperately with my big knife, and caught





Drawn by Hy. Sandham.

"I TURNED MY HEAD AND SCRUTINIZED MY COMPANION'S LEATHERN VISAGE."

my assailant somewhere with a deadly thrust. He yelped, and sprang out of the way.

"I felt the blood streaming over my face, and knew I was badly bitten. I'd had enough of that enterprise; but when I tried to back out the way I had come, I found I couldn't work it. When it dawned upon me that I was stuck in that trap, a cold sweat broke out all over me. I was stuck, and no mistake. Then I wriggled a little further in,—and, at this, the wolf was onto me again. This time my face escaped, and his fangs went into my shoulder; but the next moment my knife-edge found his throat, and down he came in a heap. Then I lay still a bit, to get my breath and consider the situation. The one thing clear was, that I had got myself into a tight place; and I began to wriggle for all I was worth, in order to get out of it.

"After twisting, and tugging, and straining, for perhaps ten solid minutes, I was forced to acknowledge to myself that I had not gained one inch. Then I made up my mind that my only hope lay in squeezing myself all the way in. Once inside the cave, I thought, it would be comparatively easy work to wriggle out

head first. In this direction I gained a few inches,—perhaps a foot, or more; and, by this time, I felt so exhausted that I wanted to lie still and take a sleep, which, I knew, of course, would be madness.

"Intending to rest but a moment, I must, nevertheless, have fallen into a doze. How long I lay thus, I don't know; but it must have been getting well along past sundown when I was awakened by a sound that brought my heart into my throat, and made every hair stand on end. It was the howl of a wolf outside!"

I interrupted the story at this point with an involuntary "Ah—h—h!"

"Yes," said Maxim, acknowledging my sympathy, "I could *face* any number of the vermin, and not lose hold of myself; but the idea of them coming along *behind*, and eating me gradually, feet first, was too much. I think that, for a minute or two, I must have been clean crazy. At any rate I found strength enough, in that minute or two, to force my way right on, and into the cave, without knowing how I did it. And I found afterwards that the struggle had peeled off, not only most of my clothes, but lots of the flesh on my hips and shoulders as well.



"As soon as I realized that I was inside the den, I felt round for the two dead wolves, and stuffed them, head first, into the hole I had just come through. They filled it pretty snugly; and then I seated myself on their hindlegs to hold them solid, and hunted for a match.

"In the rags of my clothes I had a pocket left, and, fortunately, there were some matches in it. Lighting one, I perceived, in the sudden flare, that I was in a little cave, about four feet high and maybe seven or eight feet square. The floor of it was dry sand, and there were bones lying about.

"Presently, in the tunnel behind me, sounded a snarl that seemed to come right against my backbone, and I jumped about a foot. Then I grabbed hold of the dead wolves, and hung onto them for all I was worth, for I could feel something dragging at one of them. You see, my experience in the hole had shaken my nerves pretty badly. If I'd been just myself, I should have cleared the way, and let my assailants in, killing them, one by one, with my knife, as they crawled through. As it was, however, I gave a yell that scared the brute in the tunnel, so that he backed out in a hurry, and then I heard two or three of them howling outside. But it encouraged me a good deal to see what an effect my voice produced.

"Pretty soon one of the wolves crept back, sniffing, sniffing, into the hole; and as soon as he discovered that it was only dead wolves that were stopping the way, he began to gnaw. It was a sickening sound he made, gnawing that way. After standing it as long as I could, I put my face down between the bodies, and gave another yell. How it echoed in that little place! And how quick that wolf backed out again! For all the misery and anxiety I was in, I couldn't help laughing to myself, there in the dark, wondering what the brute would think it was.

"I tried this game on half a dozen times, very successfully; but after that the wolves ceased to mind it. One would come, and gnaw for a while; then another would give him a nip in the rear, squeeze past, and take his place. I soon began to fear my unique barricade would be all eaten away before morning, and I cast about

in my mind for some other means of diverting the hungry animals' attention.

"At length a brilliant idea struck me. I lit a match, and thrust it into the hole, right under the cannibals' noses. That gave them a big surprise, I can tell you. They backed out in a great hurry, and sniffed about and howled a good deal, before they ventured in again. As long as those matches held out, I had no trouble; and the wolves just kept howling outside the hole, not daring to come in after their victuals while there were such mysterious goings-on within the cave.

"By-and-by, however, like all good things, the matches came to an end. Then presently in came the wolves, and soon they were gnawing away harder than ever. I was thinking that before long, I would have to fight it out with the crowd, after all. And then it occurred to me that I might as well begin right off. Lying flat down, I thrust my right hand, with the knife in it, blade up, as far as I could reach out into the hole, but underneath the dead wolves. Then I gave two or three tremendous sweeping slashes.

"One of the brutes must have caught it pretty stiff. He yelped and snarled hideously, and got outside for all he was worth. Then, for a minute or two, the whole lot howled and yelped in chorus. They must have been discussing the various mysteries of the cave, and concluded that these were too dangerous to be ex-



*Drawn by Hy. Sandham.*

IN THE WOLVES' DEN.

plored any further; for, presently, all was silent, and, by an occasional yelp in the distance, I knew that the animals had betaken themselves elsewhere. I know it was a crazy thing to do, but, just as soon as I'd made up my mind the wolves were gone, I dropped to sleep, right across the entrance of the den.

"When I awoke, I was so stiff, and my wounds pained so, that I could hardly move. But I knew I had to brace up, and get out of that before another night should come. I pulled away the bodies, and saw it was broad daylight. I took my knife and chipped away for a long while at the walls and roof of the tunnel,

finding the rock very soft and crumbly. Then I crawled out, but with pain and difficulty enough. I pointed straight for the settlements, and by the time I got there I was more dead than alive. But I managed to lug along with me what there was left of those wolf-snouts, together with the tails; and I got the thirty dollars, after all."

As Maxim finished his story, the roar of the Narrows, long unheeded, fell again upon my ear, with a distinctness almost startling, and a loon cried mockingly from a hidden lakelet. Maxim rose, and replenished the sinking fire. Then we rolled ourselves into our blankets.



*Drawn by Hy. Sandham.*

BY THE CAMP-FIRE.

## RUTH HERRICK'S ASSIGNMENT.

BY ELIZABETH G. JORDAN.

MISS Ruth Herrick, of the New York Searchlight, had been summoned into the presence of the managing editor. It was without special alacrity that she obeyed the call. Even as she dropped her pen and rose from her desk in the city room, she seemed to hear the slow drawl of the great man's voice, uttering the words which so often greeted her appearance in his office:

"Ah, Miss Herrick, I have a big story for you—a very big story."

Usually she felt herself responding to this with a pleasant thrill of expectancy. There was keen satisfaction to her in the working up of a "big story;" she enjoyed the journeys and experiences it frequently included, and the strange characters among whom it often led her. Neither the experiences nor the characters were always wholly agreeable, but she never complained. Even the managing editor acknowledged this. He had been heard to remark, in an expansive moment, that Ruth Herrick was a very superior woman, with no nerves or nonsense about her. The gracious opinion was promptly repeated to the girl, and the memory of it had cheered her during several assignments in which nerves and a woman were equally out of place.

But to-night she almost rebelled. Strangely enough, she was not ready for the work before her. Her thoughts flew from the bent heads and hurrying pens around her to a dining-room up town, even now alight and flower-trimmed for the little supper which had been planned to celebrate one of her greatest "beats." The Searchlight of that morning had contained her story; the chief and her fellow-reporters had complimented her; there were pleasant rumors that a more substantial evidence of appreciation would be forthcoming. All day she had idled, enjoying the relaxation from the strain of the past week, and looking forward to that dinner for various and personal reasons. The society editor, who had been invited, was just about to leave the office. She saw him wave the last page of his

copy triumphantly in the air, as he reached for his hat with the other hand. He was to make the speech of the evening, and he had promised his hostess that he would explain to the non-professional guests what a "beat" really means to the newspaper and reporter that secure it. Earlier in the day he had submitted his definition to Miss Herrick for her approval.

"A big beat," he had read solemnly, "is an important exclusive story. If it appears in your newspaper, it is the greatest journalistic feat of the year, implying the possession of superior skill, brains, and journalistic enterprise by the members of your staff. If it appears in the other fellow's newspaper, it means that some idiot has accidentally stumbled across a piece of news which doesn't amount to much anyway, and which he has garbled painfully in the telling. Your newspaper gives 'the correct facts' the second day, and calls attention to the fake story published by your rival. Then you privately censure your city editor and reporters for letting the other newspaper 'throw them down.' Meantime, the other fellow, who published the story first, is patting himself and his reporters on the back, 'jolly-ing' his city and managing editors, and crowing over his achievement on his editorial page. The reporter who brought in the story, or the 'tip,' gets some praise, and possibly a check. His position on the newspaper is secure—until he makes his next mistake. Tersely expressed, a beat is a story which only one newspaper gets, and which all the other newspapers wanted. A reporter with the right spirit will move heaven and earth to get it for the journal he represents."

"I've just prepared a graceful tribute to you," he called out as he caught her eye. "The chief says you're one of the most reliable members of the staff, can always be depended upon, and all that. They've been talking about you this afternoon in the editorial council."

Miss Herrick's face flushed a little as she returned his sunny smile. She was glad to have the compliment come to her

in just this way. She was still blushing slightly as she entered the managing editor's office.

That gentleman sat at his desk, barricaded by waste-paper baskets and bundles of proofs. Small and grimy boys trailed in at intervals adding to the interesting collection before him, telegrams and cards and notes. An habitual furrow between his eyes was deepened,—for the occasion, his visitor told herself in the bitterness of the moment,—but the effect was softened by a really charming smile. It was said that the Searchlight's presiding genius always wore that smile when he was giving a difficult assignment to one of his staff. It spoke of hope and confidence, and, incidentally, of the futility of excuse and objection. The young reporter had seen it before, and now found herself fixing a fascinated but hopeless gaze upon it. Her apprehensions were strengthened by the efforts of a young man with weak eyes and a corrugated brow, who sat in one corner diligently playing on a typewriter. He stopped long enough to recognize the young woman, and to run through a brief but expressive pantomime descriptive of the work before her. This habit had endeared him to the members of the reportorial staff.

The managing editor cleared a chair by an energetic sweep of one arm and, still smiling, looked keenly at the girl through his half-closed lids. Then he asked abruptly: "How much do you know about the Brandow case?"

Ruth Herrick's heart leaped suddenly. Was he going to give her that famous case after all? She had hinted last week that she wanted it, but he had sent Marlowe instead. Marlowe, she had noticed, had made an ignominious failure of it. She smiled inwardly as she recalled the column of vague conjecture and suggestions sent in the day before by that unhappy young man.

"I know that Helen Brandow is accused of having poisoned her husband," she replied quietly, "and that the evidence against her is purely circumstantial. I am familiar with all the theories that have been advanced, including those in the Searchlight this morning."

The young man at the typewriter looked up quickly at this, but the managing editor's face was impassive.

"She has refused to see reporters or friends," continued the girl. "So far as can be learned, she has not spoken a word since her arrest. Her trial will begin Monday, and she is awaiting it in the prison at Fairview. She is young and handsome, and her family is one of the best in the state. Public sympathy is wholly with her, and everybody says that she will be acquitted."

The managing editor's smile reappeared. "Good," he said briskly. "I want you to take the first train to Fairview and interview that woman to-morrow morning."

"I'm almost positive she won't talk," murmured Miss Herrick doubtfully, but even as she spoke the last spark of rebellion died out, and she was planning ways and means.

"It is your business to make her talk," was the encouraging response. "Interview her and write the best story you ever wrote in your life. Every one else has failed. If you are ambitious, here is your chance to distinguish yourself. I will have a boy at the station with letters which may help you. Good-night."

Eighteen hours later she sat in the Fairview prison. It was easy enough to get there. The warden unbent marvellously under the influence of a strong personal letter and Miss Herrick's face. The girl felt quite like a distinguished guest as the stern old fellow spoke of stories of her's which he had read, and newspaper cuts of her which he had seen, "which," he added kindly, "don't look much like you." Then he was led to speak of Mrs. Brandow, to whom he and his wife had become much attached during the long months of her imprisonment. She had been restless and sleepless of late, and hadn't eaten much. He mentioned this last circumstance with a feeling he had not shown before. Evidently the sufferings of one who could not eat came keenly home to him. When his wife entered the room, it was with the keys in her hand, and the gratifying announcement that Mrs. Brandow would receive the caller for a few moments. For this Miss Herrick mentally thanked the prisoner's lawyer, whose faith in the ability of his client to rebuff reporters had been artlessly displayed during her call on him two hours before.

When the newspaper woman passed



*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens.*

"THE FIRST TEARS SHE HAD SHED GUSHED FROM HER EYES."

through the door of the cell, her eyes, unaccustomed to the semi-gloom, saw but dimly the outline of a slender, black-robed figure, sitting at a small, plain table. The cell was larger than those in city prisons, and some effort had been made to render it habitable. There was a thick rug before the small iron bed, virginal in its white coverings. A heavy cashmere shawl opposite it concealed the whitewashed walls. The hand which put it there had sought to cover all trace of stone and iron by friendly draperies, but Mrs. Brandow would not have it so. A small dressing-table held a number of silver backed toilet articles, looking strangely out of place amid their grim surroundings. The light in the cell came through a small window and the barred door leading from the corridor, which was clean and damp, and glaringly white. The reporter hesitated an instant, and then went quickly forward.

The face which turned toward her was not the kind of face she had expected to see. Newspaper men had been gushing in their descriptions of the famous prisoner, possibly because their imaginations were stimulated by the fact that many of them had never seen her. Helen Brandow was not really beautiful; Miss Herrick was quick to recognize that as the other woman advanced to meet her. She made a hasty mental note of the healthily pale complexion, the dark, wavy hair, with its severely plain parting in the center, the heavy eyebrows, the too firmly closed lips, and the royal carriage of head and body. But it was the prisoner's eyes at which she looked longest, and into which she found herself looking again and again during the interview that followed. They were brown, a tawny brown with yellow lights, but wholly expressionless. They looked into Ruth Herrick's

now, coldly and with no reflection of the half-smile which rested on the prisoner's lips, as she motioned toward the chair she had just left, and seated herself on the bed. "I feel like an intruder, as I always do when I am making these unsolicited visits," said the reporter. "I wish I could tell you how I appreciate your kindness in receiving me at all." She was leaning back a little in her chair, and her strong, young face and fair hair were in relief against the rich background of the drapery on the wall. In one quick glance her gray eyes had taken in every detail of the prisoner's surroundings. She looked at the prisoner again, with something very frank and womanly in the look.

"I was not moved by a purely philanthropic spirit," responded Mrs. Brandow.

She contemplated her visitor with something akin to interest, but there was a suggestion of irony in her contralto voice. "Mr. Van Dyke assures me that you will not misrepresent me if I have anything to say," she continued; "but I have nothing to say. I asked you in to tell you so, and to thank you for the roses, and for your note, both of which pleased me. The letters of introduction you bring convince me that I am safe in doing this, and that you will not go away and picture me as tearing my hair and deluging my pillow with tears. You will observe that my hair is in good order, and that the pillow is quite dry."

"I cannot fancy you less than composed under any circumstances," said the visitor, who found her own composure returning to her, accompanied by a strong sense of surprise and interest in the personality of the woman before her. This was not the Helen Brandow of the press, but an infinitely more interesting character, who should be given to the public, through the Searchlight, in a pen-picture to be long remembered. Miss Herrick's spirits mounted high at the thought.

"I am glad you like the roses," she added. "I did not send them to win a welcome, but because a nice old woman in the village gave them to me as I was coming here this morning. She was working among them, and the sight was so pretty I couldn't help stopping. It made me think of my own home, down South. The roses are the common, or garden variety, you see, but they have

the delicious, spicy fragrance which seems to belong only to the roses in old-fashioned gardens. The owner of these succumbed to my youthful charms, and I brought away her best. I felt guilty, but not guilty enough to refuse them. It eased my conscience to leave them here for you."

Mrs. Brandow regarded her with a faint smile. "It had not occurred to me that the old women in this village spend their time in the peaceful pursuit of rose-growing," she remarked. "When I have been escorted back and forth they have been suspended over picket-fences watching me go by. I never saw any roses, or any redeeming traits in the inhabitants."

"Perhaps you were too preoccupied to notice them. Aren't you becoming a little morbid under this trouble?"

The newspaper woman was acutely conscious of her daring as she spoke, but the woman before her was plainly not to be approached by ordinary methods. She showed this still more clearly in her reply.

"Perhaps. I have had no desire for self-analysis of late. I used to tear myself up by the roots to watch my own growth, but the process was not pleasant. I am now trying to confine my attention to the things outside of me. It is less interesting; occasionally it wearies me. And I always abuse people and institutions when I am weary."

If there was a personal application in this, Miss Herrick passed it by with the smiling calmness of the trained reporter. "You are quite right," she said cheerfully. "But it would be infinitely more interesting to talk about you than about anything else. I should think you would be forced to turn your eyes inward occasionally, as a refreshing change from the things which weary you."

"The inner view is no longer pleasant."

Mrs. Brandow's smile, as she spoke, was not particularly pleasant, either. The reporter's thoughts flew suddenly to a certain Mary Bird, who had lost her reason under peculiarly depressing circumstances, which Miss Herrick had been unfortunate enough to witness. Mary had smiled on the newspaper woman once or twice, and the latter, although not imaginative, remembered the smiles too vividly for her own comfort. When



the prisoner spoke again, however, the resemblance, if there had been one, vanished.

"I have often felt that I should go mad in this place," she said, suddenly, and with a complete change of tone. There was almost an apology in her voice and manner. "But I am quite sane," she added, "and it is a pleasure to me to have you here, and to talk to you. I had not realized, until you came, how much I needed something to break in upon this hideous routine, and change the current of my thoughts. For one year my mind has fed upon itself. I have spoken at the rarest intervals, and then only to the warden and his wife. Now I suddenly find myself struggling with a desire to become garrulous, to pour out my soul to you, as it were. I could almost tell you the story of my life." All this would be an admirable illustration of the limitations of a woman's capacity for silence,—but it isn't amusing. It shows me that I am not quite myself; I am nervous, and not wholly under my own control."

"I wish you would talk to me," said the reporter, earnestly. "Use me as a safety-valve. Tell me the story of your life, as you say. It would interest me, and might help you. Or try to imagine that I am an old friend, who wants to know of your life here."

"If you were, I think you would be pained by the recital. And, besides, if you were, you would not be here. Even my wildest fancies never take the form of yearnings for old friends; their society would be too depressing, under the circumstances. No, I am glad you are a stranger, with a certain magnetism about you which interests me, and fills me with a silly desire to know what you think of me, and whether you fear me, or believe in me."

"I am sure I could not bear trouble with more philosophy than that you show," said the girl, evasively. She felt a strange reluctance to analyze her own impressions, but she watched the development of the other's peculiar mood with an odd mingling of womanly sympathy and professional interest.

"I am not as philosophic as I may seem. I have given myself up to the horror of this place, until, as I said, it has almost unnerved me. If I were myself, I

would not be sitting here, talking almost confidentially to you—a stranger. Why should the presence and sympathy of another human being affect me, after what I have suffered and endured?"

"You have never been a happy woman?"

The reporter looked thoughtfully at the rose she held in her hand as she spoke, and pulled off its petals, one by one.

"For five years I have been the most miserable woman on earth."

The expression of the prisoner's face had changed. The smile was gone; the brown eyes looked at the falling petals in the other's lap, with the dreaminess of retrospection in their glance.

"Five years ago I married," she went on, almost to herself. "Since then I have known the depths of human misery and degradation. Within a week of my marriage I knew exactly what I had done,—I had tied myself for life to the most consummate scoundrel in existence. He spent his time devising ways of persecuting and humiliating me, and his efforts were eminently successful. He made me what I am."

"You should have separated from him."

"Yes, but that was impossible. My mother, who is dependent on me, and whom I love as I never loved any one else, lived with us. He was sending my little sister to school. It pleased him to make a parade of what he was doing for my people. And his mother begged me to bear with him, to give him another chance, as he would go headlong to destruction if cast off entirely. I did bear with him,—I gave him every chance, and he—he—"

The woman's voice broke. The listener had felt her face flush as the other's words came to her, and now, on a sudden impulse, she took the prisoner's hand. The white fingers closed suddenly upon her own with such force that the stone in a ring she wore sank into the flesh. But the act was involuntary, for the hand was dropped again with no indication on Mrs. Brandow's face that it had been offered and accepted.

"He was like an insane man," continued the prisoner, her low voice gathering strength and force as she went on. "He brought persons to the house whom no respectable house should shelter. He forced me to receive them and humiliated me be-

fore them. I bear to-day the marks of his violence. I rose in the morning wondering what new and devilish torture awaited me, and I lay quaking in my bed at night knowing that I would soon hear him kicking at my door. I think I was hardly myself during that time, but I endured while it was I alone who had to suffer. But one night he raised his hand to my old mother, when she was trying to protect me from his brutality, and struck her down. That night I killed him."

For an instant Ruth Herrick's heart stopped beating, but she sat motionless, watching the woman opposite her. There was no change in her calm face. Mrs. Brandow raised her eyes to it for a moment and dropped them again.

"I killed him," she repeated dully. "I have said it over to myself a good many times during the awful days and nights I have spent in this place. I have even said it aloud to hear how it would sound, but it didn't relieve me as it does now. And you—you look as if I were talking about an insect. I felt that way at first. It didn't seem to me that he was a human being, and I killed him as I would have killed a poisonous thing that attacked me. I gave him poison which I had had for years and which was said to leave no trace. I had intended to take it myself if the worst came to the worst; I had never dreamed of giving it to him. But I did. It was all done in a minute and then—my God!" she broke out suddenly. "Can you realize what my life has been since? Can you imagine the horrors of my nights here, filled with thoughts of him mouldering in his grave, and put there by me? When I have fancied my reason leaving me I have almost hoped it would go. But I am sane yet, that I may realize what and where I am, and suffer as I had never dreamed a human creature could suffer and live. Can't you say something? Or have I gone mad at last, and am I sitting here gibbering to the walls? Is it so common a thing for you to have murderers—?"

"Does your mother know?" asked the reporter, quietly. They were the first words she had spoken, and she realized fully their possible effect.

The other woman's form relaxed. She fell on her knees, with her head buried in

the white covering of the little iron bed. The first tears she had shed gushed from her eyes. Her figure rocked as she sobbed and moaned.

"No, no!" she said brokenly. "She believes in me—she does not suspect."

The newspaper woman dropped her elbows on the table before her, buried her chin in her hands, and thought it over. How it had all come about, she could hardly realize. She glanced again at the crouching figure on the floor, and wondered vaguely why it had been given to her to watch the awful travail of this woman's soul. Something of the story the public understood. It had furnished the motive for the crime. It was whispered that the death of Jack Brandow had much improved that part of the country where he had lived and moved. He had goaded this woman to madness. The revolt, the temptation, and the opportunity had presented themselves simultaneously, and she had fallen as stronger women might have fallen, Miss Herrick thought, had they been so tempted. And then had come the awakening, the desolation, the despair.

Ruth Herrick was usually a cool, unemotional young person, but she was profoundly moved now. Many thoughts crowded into her mind. She recalled what she had read of Helen Brandow's past life,—the good she had done as a girl at school, her adoration of her mother, the hundreds of noble men and women who were her friends, and whose faith in her innocence was so steadfast. They were moving heaven and earth to save her now, and when their success had seemed assured, she had ruined all by this hour's talk which was just ended. Ruth Herrick almost groaned as the situation unrolled itself before her. It was something she had to face. She knew now that she had suspected almost from the first what the climax might be, and had resolutely put the thought from her. And now she had the "biggest beat" of the year. Already she could see the commotion in the managing editor's office when the news came in. He would be startled out of his usual calm. He had spoken of her chance to distinguish herself, but even he had asked but an interview. In his wildest imaginings he had not dreamed of a confession. She knew that. But she had it.

If anything but the life of a human being had been at stake, how proudly and gladly she would have gone to him, and how hard she would have tried to write the best story of her life, as he had ordered. But—this other woman at her feet. Something within the reporter asserted itself as counsel for her and spoke and would not down. Ruth Herrick's voice seemed to her to come from a long distance when she at last spoke.

"Do you realize what all this means to you? Had you forgotten that you were talking to a reporter?"

The woman on the floor sat up and raised her face to the speaker's. It was deathly pale, but calm, and the mouth was firm. "I know," she half-whispered. "I forgot. But it is just as well. I could not have endured it any longer. It was a great relief, and I am ready for—the end."

"But if you had not spoken you would probably have been acquitted. Do you know that?"

"It doesn't matter," repeated the other, wearily. "If I had not told you, I should probably have told the warden. My nerves were at the highest tension, and you were present when they snapped. That's all. I am quite willing to bear the consequences of what I have done."

For a moment there was silence in the cell. The reporter looked through the barred door, out into the whitewashed corridor where a narrow shaft of sunlight fell. To her excited imagination there was something prophetic in the sight. Far down at the end of the hall, a scrub-woman hummed a street air as she worked. The whole life of Helen Brandow, if, indeed, she were allowed to live at all, would be passed in some such place as this if the Searchlight published that story. If it did not—Ruth Herrick set her teeth, and stared unseeingly at the opposite wall. If it did not, it would be because she withheld the news, to which, by every claim of loyalty, her newspaper was entitled. She withhold it!—she, "one of the most reliable members of the staff!" Was it not only last night the chief had said so? Something hot and wet filled her eyes. She, the practical; she, the loyal;—she was going to allow her paper to be "thrown down" on the biggest story of the year! For, above

it all, a little refrain sang in her ears, and it was, "One-more-chance—one-more-chance—one-more-chance." The scrub-woman seemed to be singing it, too, and it kept time with the clang of an anvil in a shop near by. Ruth Herrick dashed the tears from her eyes, and swallowed a lump that rose in her throat. When she spoke again there was no trace in voice or manner of the mental struggle through which she had passed.

"I am going to forget this interview," she said. "I am going to let you have the chance which a fair trial will give you. You could not talk to a jury as you have talked to me, but it will not be necessary. You will probably be acquitted. Everybody says so, and a great many people believe in you. And then you will begin life again. No one shall know that I have talked to you, and you must promise me that you will talk to no one else. Do not see another reporter."

She smiled ironically at this stipulation of her own. "He might be more loyal than I," she thought.

"I will do just as you say," said the other woman. She did not understand the sacrifice, but she knew what the decision meant to her. She dipped a towel in water and bathed her face and eyes. Then she took the newspaper woman's hands in her own and kissed them almost shyly.

"Thank you," she said. "Thank you very much."

The key turned noisily in the lock, and the reporter passed out. She went back to whisper one more warning. "Do not let them put you on the stand."

She heard the door clang, and the key turn, as she walked toward the warden's office.

"That's good," she murmured in grim self-abasement. "In another moment I should probably have been helping her through the window."

"So Mrs. Brandow has been acquitted," said the managing editor of the Searchlight to an assistant, as the news came in two weeks later. "And the whole country is shedding tears of joy over her, and they're having bonfires to-night up in Fairview. I believe she's guilty; but a pretty woman who can hold her tongue will escape the consequences of almost

any crime. Strange how Miss Herrick failed on that case; she felt it, too. Has been working day and night ever since, and all that sort of thing. But, after all, you can't depend on a woman in this business." The managing editor was more nearly right than he knew.



*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens.*

"YOU WILL BEGIN LIFE AGAIN."

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## FIRST AND LAST.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

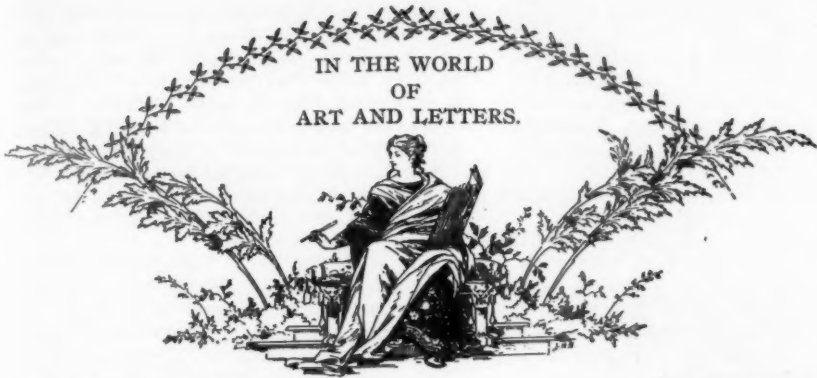
HOPE smiles a welcome, though none other smiles  
Upon our entrance to this world of pain;  
And on each purpose of our youth, again,  
With an inspiring sympathy, she smiles.

She leads us forth to battle, and beguiles  
Our anguish if the long fight proves in vain,  
Till, pierced with countless wounds, amongst the slain  
We leave her, while the victor-foe reviles.

But, even as we touch at ruin's verge,  
And hear the voices of despair, that urge  
The fatal plunge to chaos, Hope, alone,—

How healed and how ransomed none may guess,—  
Rising again, in pallid loveliness,  
Resumes her sway, a thousand times o'erthrown.

IN THE WORLD  
OF  
ART AND LETTERS.



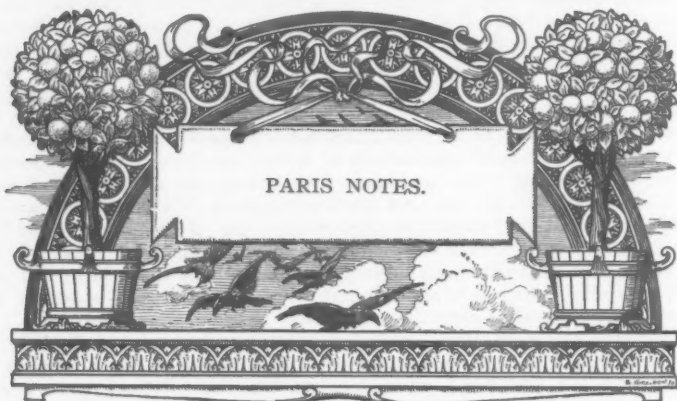
THE very newest thing in literature which aims at being light is "The Yellow Book" (Lane and Matthews). I do not pretend to understand the literary aims of "The Yellow Book," if it has any in particular. To some extent it is an advertisement, or manifesto, of several ingenious young men. The decorations are by Mr. Beardsley, so are some of the designs. What do they aim at? Clearly they desire épater le bourgeois: it is an ambition that may lead far, in the wrong direction. For the letter-press, Mr. Henry James contributes an amusing tale of a literary lion who died of luncheon parties; Mr. Saintsbury has a piece of humor, à son devis, on the historical and sentimental associations of wines; Mr. Gosse and Mr. Davidson contribute very agreeable verses; and some of the young men try desperately hard to be clever and startling. But we now know every move in the game of startling the steady citizen, and oh, I cannot say how weary I am of cheap literary audacities at second hand. Mr. Pennell's design of Puy en Velay has much pleasingly fantastic perspective; but Sir Frederick Leighton's little study in chalk is in odd company. The whole serial, which is to appear quarterly, is a kind of book of beauty, the other way about, and nobody knows the end thereof.

Would that one liked Miss Rhoda Broughton's new novel, "A Beginner," better than one does. However, beginners may find pleasure in the misfortunes of the heroine with her first novel: moreover, one can read "Belinda" over again. Mr. George Morris' "Esther Waters" is "the most artistic, the most complete, and the most inevitable work of fiction that has been written in England for at least two years." So A. T. Q. C. says in *The Speaker*. "Inevitable" as it may be I have successfully avoided it, and hope to persevere in that course. Of "Marcella" it is too late to offer an opinion, beyond saying that, of all Mrs. Ward's novels, it is most like a novel. As to "The Rubicon," again, by Mr. Benson, it is too early for me to say anything, as I have not read it. The newspaper critics abuse it so violently that they are likely to defeat their object. It is sure to be popular, because people are sure to think that it contains personal allusions. Though the book has not yet appeared, I can take time by the forelock with Lord Wolseley's "Life of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough" (Bentley). May it please other readers as much as myself, and its fortune is made. My ardent Jacobite opinions and love of religious toleration, separates me from Lord Wolseley's theory of James II., the first king who was tolerant, as you may read warmly stated by Cotton Mather. For Marlborough, his biographer makes perhaps as good excuses as can be made; but how meanly treasonable is the hero compared with the great Viscount Dundee! The military glories of Churchill are not yet reached, but he already, in these volumes, gives promise of his unsurpassed genius, in the Irish wars. Lord Wolseley's loyalty to his commander is sorely tried by his commander's lack of honesty; but then he had almost all other great qualities, and his manners were the noblest in the world, while, in person, "Handsome Jack Churchill" rivalled "Bonny Dundee."

Mr. Slater's book on "Early Editions" has annoyed the collectors of these objects. Mr. Slater himself, is not a collector; he does not believe much in "early editions," still less in the limited editions of little tiny minor poets. He is accused of errors in detail, but who, in such a mass of minutiae, could always be accurate? The truth is that book collecting has become a kind of small stock exchange, with its "corners" and speculations. Nothing can be less to the taste of a real lover of books. He buys books to read (at least some do), and to keep, not to sell at a premium. Ups and downs in this market do not affect him. He purchases what he likes, when he can afford to do so; his humble sentiment has in it nothing mercenary, and by Mr. Slater his withers are unwrung. A first edition of Keat's is dear to him: he would as lief read "Kidnapped" in its hundredth edition as in its earliest.

An odder tract than Mr. Canton's "Invisible Playmate" (Isbister) can hardly be encountered. Some of the rhymes on children are delightful, but the child-worship of the earlier part is heart-breaking (Mr. Canton seems only to be the editor of this part), and the term "weird" may, for once, be appropriately used about the incident on page 38. "It gars me a' grue," but the reason remains unconvinced as to the matter of fact.

ANDREW LANG.



A NEW fad has just appeared in Paris, and is all the rage now. I write about it, thinking that you may be interested in our amusements.

You have probably heard of the prodigious success obtained, in *cafés-concerts*, by certain female singers,—the most famous of whom are Mlles. Judic, Félicia Mallet, Yvette Guilbert. These three artistes have fairly turned Parisian heads. I presume that the one you know least about is Félicia Mallet, for the trumpet of fame,—read "puffing,"—which has proclaimed the praises of the other two throughout the world, has scarcely sounded for her. It is a pity, for she is really the most original of the three. But "the wind bloweth where it listeth," saith the Scripture.

It is not habitual for the better classes to attend *cafés-concerts*. Smoking is allowed, and manners are pretty free. Ladies seldom go there, and always reluctantly; and mothers never think of taking their daughters. But they burned with intensest desire to hear the singers of whom they heard so much, and whom they were not allowed to see.

It is true that very rich people hired one or the other of these artistes, and "served" them to their guests. But comparatively few ladies can afford to pay a thousand, or even five hundred, francs for such a treat.

The problem was, then, to find in Paris some neutral spot, where women of the better class might go, and hear those ladies sing, and as their songs were somewhat free, unfit for modest ears, they must be amended to suit the respectability of the place.



There is in the city a small theater, originally named *Théâtre d'Application*, but soon rechristened by the Parisians *La Bodinière*, from the name of its founder, M. Bodinier. It had been used, quite a while, as a practice-hall by the pupils of the *Conservatoire*; but these recitations did not draw crowds, and Mr. Bodinier conceived the ingenious idea of holding in it, every day, from four to six, lectures and readings for gentlemen and ladies.

His venture met with a certain measure of success; very moderate, however. The ladies of high-life bought season tickets, but seldom found time to spend an hour, or two, at an entertainment they held somewhat tame. The lecturers—I speak from experience—addressed, for a liberal fee, almost empty benches. But the courses were respectfully spoken of in good society. It was in fashion to have attended once, at least, and in the evening the report was: "Oh! my dear, X. was charming,—exquisite, my dear, perfectly exquisite!"

At this juncture, an inspiration of genius came to M. Bodinier's mind. "The lecture courses," he said to himself, "enjoy an excellent reputation among the upper class. It is true they take good care not to attend them, afraid, as they are, of being bored. But they hold the lectures in respect; they deem them a very select entertainment. Now, to make them attractive as well, especially to the ladies, all that is needed is to combine with them something they very much wish to hear, but which conventionalism has forced them to forego, from motives of discretion and modesty. Let us combine the lecturer with the artistes of the *café-chantant*. The former will answer as voucher for the latter. Ladies will have no hesitancy to go and listen to a lecture, and in addition we will treat them to the music they have so long burned to hear. The *chanson* may be somewhat free; but the lecturer, seated at a table, with his glass of sugared water before him, will bestow upon the whole such an air of solemnity that they will listen to the song as if it were a religious hymn."

I confess that, when the matter was broached to me, I was somewhat shocked. It seemed to me like the famous coupling of fish and rabbit at the *Neuilly fair*. I could not imagine myself, wand in hand, like a magic-lantern exhibitor, shouting to the public:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you shall see what you shall see! First comes Mlle. Judic, in 'Don't tickle me;'—come, Mlle. Judic, tune up!" and, when Mlle. Judic was through, resuming my lecture.

I refused to join in the scheme, for you have already guessed that I had been approached, first of all. I am a little exclusive, and then I knew I should have no chance on the platform against a pretty woman. Whether preceding or following Mlle. Judic, I was sure to be worsted,—which I do not like at all to be, even by an amiable artiste.

But young men are less scrupulous, or less timid. Some were found very ready to appear at *La Bodinière*, the lecturer's stand on the right, the singer and her piano on the left, alternating, like the shepherds in Virgil's eclogues; and the public attended with a rush.

Mlle. Yvette Guilbert opened the ball; Hugues Leroux was her lecturer. He is a charming writer, endowed by nature with one of the sweetest voices I know. Yvette . . . well, Yvette is herself. This tall girl, with her long arms, always covered with black gloves, and hanging down before her, singing, without a single gesture, without any motion save an occasional wink, in a bright voice whose affected monotony is full of significance, is at present the fad of the Parisians. Her *répertoire* is quite limited; but what matters that? The public always call for the same songs, and, indeed, are quite out of temper if she tries a new one.

After Yvette came Mlle. Amel, an actress of the *Comédie Française*, who sings, in a somewhat weak, but correct and penetrating voice, the old songs of long ago.

Then came an attempt, the success of which surpassed all expectation. From 1826 to 1840, there flourished in France a style of sentimental romances, the delight of our grandmothers. The names of Romagnèsi, Frédéric Bérat, Loïsa Puget, remain connected with them. The songs had been forgotten; but, just as fashion is now reproducing some of the garments of 1830, it seemed worth while to Mr. Cooper and Mlle.

Auguez, two musicians, to search among that forgotten répertoire, and exhume some of its most typical morceaux. They secured as lecturer one of our most agreeable writers, M. Maurice Lefèvre, who explained, with a touch of exaggeration, what the romance of that epoch had been. Then followed selections, some of which were delicious.

The effect was wonderful. The music harmonized so perfectly with the dress of that old time—the leg-of-mutton sleeve, and the plain, narrow skirt!

At last came Judic, with the same lecturer, Maurice Lefèvre.

As you have heard her, I will not attempt to describe her. She filled, twice a week, Bodinière Hall.

Now it is a frenzy! All the female singers in Paris secure all the available lecturers. How long this will last, who can tell? I think we are in for it for at least one year more. Then something else will have to be devised. Was it not Bilboquet, the illustrious mountebank, who said, "Change is the indispensable source of variety?"

FRANÇOIS SARCEY.

\* \* \*

#### NOTE DE PARIS.

C'EST une nouvelle mode qui fait son apparition à Paris, et comme toutes les modes elle fait fureur pour le moment. Combien durera-t-elle? C'est une autre affaire. Mais il est curieux de la saisir en passage, et peut-être ne serez-vous pas fâchés en Amérique de vous initier à nos amusements.

Vous avez peut-être ouï parler du prodigieux succès qu'avaient obtenu dans les cafés-concerts certaines chanteuses, dont les plus célèbres ont été Mlles. Judic, Félicia Mallet, et Yvette Guilbert. Ces trois artistes ont, chacune dans son genre, tourné la tête des Parisiens. Il est bien probable que celle des trois que vous connaissez le moins, c'est Félicia Mallet, car les trompettes de la réclame qui ont sonné par tout l'univers la gloire des deux autres, n'ont pas fait grand bruit autour de Félicia Mallet. C'est elle pourtant qui était vraiment originale. Mais l'esprit souffle où il veut, dit l'Ecriture.

La bonne compagnie chez nous ne va que malaisément au café-concert. On y fume et les hommes s'y tiennent mal. C'en est assez pour que les femmes ne s'y rendent qu'à leur corps défendant, et elles n'y mènent point leurs filles. Il y avait donc toute une partie de la population parisienne qui se mourait d'envie d'entendre les divettes dont on leur parlait sans cesse, et qui était forcée de s'abstenir.

Les personnes très riches faisaient bien venir chez elles en soirée l'une ou l'autre d'entre elles et la servaient à leurs invités. Mais les maîtresses de maison qui peuvent payer à un artiste en représentation chez elles un cachet de mille francs ou même de cinq cents, sont encore assez rares.

Il fallait trouver à Paris un endroit neutre où il fût permis aux femmes comme il faut d'aller pour écouter les chansons de ces dames, et comme ces chansons pour la plupart sont très égrillardes, il fallait que ce qu'elles avaient de trop hasardeux pour les oreilles chastes, ou tout au moins obligées de le paraître, fût corrigé par la sévérité du lieu.

Il y a à Paris une petite salle de spectacle qui s'est fondée sous le nom austère de Théâtre d'Application, mais que les Parisiens n'ont pas tardé à nommer familièrement: la Bodinière, du nom de son fondateur, M. Bodinier. Elle avait longtemps servi de scène d'exercice aux élèves du Conservatoire; mais comme les réceptions d'écoliers ne suffisaient pas à attirer la foule, M. Bodinier avait eu l'ingénieuse idée d'y établir dans le jour, de quatre à six, des conférences ou des lectures à l'usage des gens du monde.

L'innovation avait eu un certain succès; petit succès et languissant. Les femmes du high life avaient pris des abonnements; mais il était rare qu'elles trouvassent le temps de dépenser une heure ou deux à ce spectacle, qui leur paraissait peu divertissant. Le conférencier (j'en sais quelque chose) parlait devant une recette fort honorable et une salle presque vide. Mais on en parlait dans le bon monde, et avec estime. Il était convenu qu'on devait y avoir fait acte de présence, et l'on se disait le soir: "Ah! ma chère, il a été charmant—exquis, ma chère, tout à fait exquis."

C'est alors qu'il poussa dans la cervelle de Bodinier une idée géniale:

"Les conférences, se dit-il, jouissent dans le monde chic d'une excellente réputation; ce monde-là se garde bien d'y assister, parce qu'il craint par-dessus tout l'ennui. Mais il en a le respect; c'est pour lui un régal qui lui paraît très select, quoiqu'il s'en prive et pour cause. Il n'y aurait, pour y attirer les dames qu'à les joindre à quelque chose dont elles auraient grande envie, et que la convention mondaine les force à se retrancher par discrétion et par pudeur."

"Accoupons un conférencier et une chanteuse de café-concert. Ces dames n'hésiteront pas à venir entendre une conférence, et par surcroît on leur servira ces chansons de café-concert qu'elles frétille de connaître. La chanson pourra être scabreuse; mais le conférencier assis à la table devant son verre d'eau sucrée donnera à la fête un tel air de solennité qu'on écouterait le refrain comme si c'était un cantique de piété."

J'avoue que lorsqu'on vint me parler de cet arrangement, il m'accueillit avec un haut de corps. Il me semblait que c'était là le fameux accouplement de la carpe et du lapin, dont il est toujours question à la foire de Neuilly. Je ne me voyais pas trop, une baguette à la main, comme un moniteur de lanterne magique, criant au public:

"Mesdames et messieurs, vous allez voir ce que vous allez voir; et d'abord, voici Mlle. Judic dans 'N' me chatoilliez pas'; approchez, Mlle. Judic, allez-y de votre chanson!"

Et reprenant la parole après que Mlle. Judic aurait eu fini.

Je refusai, car vous pensez bien que c'était à moi qu'on s'était adressé tout d'abord. Je suis un peu exclusif, et puis je ne me sens pas de force à lutter sur la scène avec une jolie femme. Il est trop clair que parlant avant ou après Mlle. Judic, je serais toujours battu, et je suis trop vieux pour aimer à l'être, même par une aimable artiste.

Mais les jeunes gens n'ont pas les mêmes scrupules ou les mêmes timidités. Il s'en est trouvé qui n'ont pas mieux demandé que de paraître à la Bodinière, la table du conférencier à droite, le piano et la chanteuse à gauche, alternant comme les bergers des élogues de Virgile, et le public est accouru avec un empressement dont vous n'avez pas idée.

C'est par Mlle. Yvette Guilbert que la danse a commencé; elle avait pour conférencier Hugues Leroux. Hugues Leroux est un écrivain charmant, que la nature a doué d'une des plus jolies voix que je connaisse.

Yvette . . . que voulez-vous? c'est Yvette. Cette grande fille, aux longs bras, toujours gantée de noir, qu'elle laisse tomber sur son estomac, et qui chante sans un geste, sans autre mouvement qu'un clin d'œil, d'une voix spirituelle en sa monotonie affectée, est la coqueluche des Parisiens. Elle a un répertoire assez restreint, mais qu'importe! on lui redemande toujours les mêmes chansons, et il y a plus: le public fait la moue quand elle en hasarde une nouvelle.

Après Yvette ce fut le tour de Mlle. Amel, une actrice de la Comédie Française, qui a le goût des vieilles chansons du temps passé, qui les dit à ravir d'une voix faible, mais pénétrante et juste.

Puis vint un essai dont la vogue passe tout ce qu'on peut s'imaginer. De 1826 à 1840, il a fleuri en France un genre de romances sentimentales, qui était la joie de nos grand'mères; les noms de Romagnési, Frédéric Bérat, Loïsa Puget y sont restés attachés. Ce genre avait disparu; mais comme la mode en ce moment ramène dans la toilette quelques-unes des modes de 1830, il parut curieux à deux artistes, M. Cooper et Mlle. Auguez, de pratiquer des fouilles dans ce répertoire oublié, et d'en exhumar quelques-uns des morceaux les plus typiques. Ils prirent pour conférencier un de nos plus aimables confrères, M. Maurice Lefebvre, qui explique, en la blaguant un peu, ce qu'était la romance de cette époque. Puis viennent les morceaux choisis, dont quelques-uns étaient délicieux.

La tentative, qui était hardie, réussit au-delà de toute expression. On fut enchanté d'entendre ces vieux airs qui se mariaient si agréablement aux manches à gigot et aux robes en fourreau de parapluie.

Judic vint enfin, secondée du même Maurice Lefebvre.

Je n'ai pas à vous parler de Judic que vous avez entendue dans les États Unis. Elle emplit deux fois par semaine la Bodinière.

Et maintenant c'est une fureur, c'est une folie! toutes les chanteuses de Paris mettent en réquisition tous les conférenciers disponibles. Combien de temps cette mode durera-t-elle? Je n'en sais rien, mais je crois tout de même que nous en avons encore pour une bonne année. Après quoi, il faudra trouver autre chose. N'est-ce pas Bilboquet, l'illustre saltimbanque, qui disait: le changement est l'indispensable source de la variété . . . !

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.



IT is no exaggeration to say that "Marcella" is the greatest English novel that has been published since George Eliot's "Middlemarch." It deals with vital things. It rings true from beginning to end. It spreads out upon a large canvas a most impressive picture of British life, not only in drawing-rooms and boudoirs, but in court, street, and Parliament. What lends significance and charm to Thackeray's novels is, aside from the author's art, the projection of the story against a background of the vast, complex, metropolitan life which we feel, like the muffled roar of the street, even in the most intimate scenes. Mrs. Ward has continued this wholesome tradition; and she has presented us with a novel which in point of comprehensiveness, force, and veracity is scarcely to be surpassed. What particularly delights me in "Marcella" is its modernness. It is taken, live and quivering, out of the heart of reality, and is, therefore, apart from its literary value, a sociological document which the future historian of Great Britain in the nineteenth century cannot afford to ignore.

The hotly contested electoral campaign which extends through the first half of the book, and the hero's parliamentary career which occupies a due proportion of space in the second half, connect the individual fortunes with the national life and lend dignity to the story by filling it with the resonance of high and significant action. No novel can, in my opinion, fulfil what I regard as the noblest office of fiction, without this taking into account of the larger environment and the inclusion of the individual fates in the wider national existence. Besides Thackeray (and in a lesser degree Trollope), Balzac and Daudet have succeeded most completely in this realization of the historic background of contemporary society; and Mrs. Ward is not unworthy to be mentioned in the company of these masters.

I do not mean to insinuate, of course, that "Marcella" is primarily a political document. No, it is a love-story, and a most entrancing one. I cannot, for the moment, recall a lover in modern fiction, who is more charming both to men and to women, than Aldous Raeburn. Though he is by no means an unusual character (and if he were, I should distrust him), and departs in no wise from the conventional type of British hero, he is yet individualized with such delicate art, that he attains from the very start a hold upon the reader's affection and faith which never fails to the very end. His speech and his acts have the unmistakable accent of truth. Even

in his limitations,—his pride of race, his stubborn reserve, and scorn,—he is typically and delightfully English.

Marcella herself is a study of spiritual and intellectual evolution. She belongs to that good kind of heroines whose claim upon our sympathy rests not so much upon their virtues as upon their imperfections. She is from the beginning, in all her crudity, never uninteresting. You may disapprove of her, but you are never indifferent to her or her fortunes. Her story teems with unexpressed morals which are all sane and wholesome, and will not escape the thoughtful reader. In all her chaotic aspiration and bewildered endeavor to realize her ideal of living, she remains most delightfully feminine and modern. And here, I think, Mrs. Ward shows her superiority to other writers of her sex (such as the author of "The Heavenly Twins"), who in their passionate desire for what they regard as justice, violate reality, representing their women as victims of man's depravity (as no doubt they sometimes are), and endow them with a catalogue of charms and perfections which would make the archangel Gabriel pale before them. Marcella is infinitely more convincing in her headstrong and ignorant girlhood, and more admirable, too, than Evadne (in "The Heavenly Twins"), with all her unwomanly rigidities and self-righteous demands. Life is a far more intricate affair than these sincere but shallow-brained reformers are capable of imagining.

It only remains to find an adequate expression of praise for Mrs. Ward's style. Primarily, it is the beautiful sanity and self-restraint which impress me in her language. There is what the French call *justesse* in her phrases. They are not hysterically exaggerated or distorted; but render her thought with an exquisite transparency and fitness which remind one of her kinsman, Matthew Arnold.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



FROM among the pale, tinkling, chattering crew of minor poets and minim novelists, who foregather in the smoking-rooms of literary clubs, the figure of John Davidson stands out, strong, sturdy, and Scotch, bringing a suggestion of sea and mountain into an atmosphere sickly with sonnets in praise of nature. You would never guess that this was the major poet among them all, this dark, medium-sized man with the prosaic frock-coat and the double eye-glass, smoking a full-flavored pipe. And yet it is so. For John Davidson has sounded a new note in English literature; it is his to sing of the

"Years of the modern, years of the unperformed."

This is his mission, though he seems but recently aware of it, and has diversified a stormy youth of schoolmastering and starvation by fantastic blank-verse plays, only too full of Shakespearean beauties. Unlike William Watson, the only other new poet with first-class pretensions, whose work has more classic restraint than inspiration, John Davidson is a prodigal of every divine gift, pouring out untold treasure from his celestial cornucopia. Fancy and imagination, wit and humor, fun and epigram, characterization and creation and observation, insight and philosophy, passion and emotion and sincerity—all are his. Nothing is lacking from that long catalogue by which Imlac convinced Rasselas that it was impossible to be a poet. He

will turn you a metaphor as deftly as any Elizabethan dramatist, and wields as rich a vocabulary. Nature he loves, and, next to nature, man, if one may adapt Landor. And all these glorious gifts have found vent in the most diverse artistic or inartistic shapes,—novels, dramas, eclogues, ballads, *Reisebilder*,—some written for the market, but the bulk in defiance of it. Of these products of a somewhat riotous genius, only a few have the hall-mark of perfection,—some pieces about music-halls, a sheaf of ballads, a bundle of songs, a set of eclogues,—but they are already quite enough baggage to go down to posterity with. And it is significant that all Mr. Davidson's chief successes are won when he surrenders himself to the inspiration of the modern, when he translates into glowing verse his sensations in a music-hall, in a newspaper office, in a train, on a hill with a view of London, or puts down in picturesque prose his impressions of the suburbs. This is the work that we need,—we have plenty of singers of the rococo, plenty of poets and prophets of the past; but to-day is, after all, the truest concern of mankind. Eternity is but a succession of to-days, and it is absurd to put back the poetry of life to the day-before-yesterday, or to see it always looming ahead the day-after-to-morrow. There is as much poetry and romance in life to-day as there ever was, or ever will be, and we want seers and singers to see and to sing it, while we are here to feel it. The artist of the brush reveals the beauty that lies about us,—not only in summer woods and wine-dark seas, but in mean streets and every-day figures,—teaching us to see through his eyes; and so the poet of the modern may enrich and hallow our lives, by teaching us to see through the often sordid surfaces of things some inner loveliness, some sweep of a great principle, that purifies and atones. Thus the modern becomes the classic: for it is the immemorial fallacy of convention to make classic art the imitation of old masterpieces, instead of the perfect expression of the same creative energy which wrought in the old masters' souls. Let all who wish to see how the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, may body forth, not the shapes of things unknown, but, what is much more taxing, the shapes of things known and disesteemed, betake themselves in haste to "*Fleet Street Eclogues*," "*In a Music-Hall*," "*A Random Itinerary*," and the rest of Mr. Davidson's books, and acknowledge the sovereignty of the laureate of London.

I. ZANGWILL.



**D**IALOGUES have come back into fashion and favor. Editors of magazines look on them kindly, and readers of magazines accept them as philosophically as they accept any other form of instruction or entertainment which is provided in their monthly bills of fare. Perhaps Mr. Oscar Wilde is in some measure responsible for the revival; perhaps it may be traced more directly to the serious and stimulating author of "*Baldwin*," whose discussions are sufficiently subtle and relentless to gratify the keenest discontent. The restless reader who embarks on Vernon Lee's portly volume of conversations half wishes he knew people who could discourse in that fashion, and is half grateful that he doesn't. To converse for hours on "*Doubts and Pessimism*," or "*The Value of the Ideal*," is no trivial test of endurance, especially when one person does three-fourths of the talking. We hardly know which to admire most; Baldwin, who elucidates a text—and that text, evolution—for six pages at a breath, or Michael, who listens and "smiles." Even the occasional intermissions, when "*Baldwin shook his head*," or "*they took a turn in silence*," or "*Carlo's voice trembled*," or "*Dorothy pointed to the moors*," do little to relieve the general tension. It is no more possible to support conversation on this high and serious



level than it is possible to nourish it on Mr. Wilde's brilliant and merciless epigrams. Those sparkling dialogues in which Cyril might be Vivian, and Vivian, Cyril; or Gilbert might be Ernest, and Ernest, Gilbert; because all alike are Mr. Wilde, and speak with his voice alone, dazzle us only to betray. They are admirable pieces of literary workmanship; they are more charming and witty than any contemporaneous essays. But if we will place by their side those few and simple pages in which Landor permits Montaigne and Joseph Scaliger to gossip together for a brief half hour at breakfast time, we will better understand the value of an element which Mr. Wilde excludes,—humanity, with all its priceless sympathies and foibles.

Nevertheless, it is not Landor's influence, by any means, which is felt in the random dialogues of to-day. He is an author more praised than loved, more talked about than read, and his unapproachable delicacy and distinction are far removed from all efforts of facile imitation. Our modern "imaginary conversations," whether openly satiric, or gravely instructive, are fashioned on other models. They have a faint flavor of Lucian, a subdued and decent reflection of the "Noctes;" but they never approach the classic incisiveness and simplicity of Landor. There is a delightfully witty dialogue of Mr. Barrie's, called "Brought Back from Elysium," in which the ghosts of Scott, Fielding, Smollett, Dickens, and Thackeray are interviewed by five living novelists, who kindly undertake to point out to them the superiority of modern fiction. In this admirable little satire, every stroke tells, every phantom and every novelist speaks in character, and the author, with dexterous art, fits his shafts of ridicule into the easy play of a possible conversation. Nothing can be finer than the way in which Scott's native modesty, of which not even Elysium and the Grove of Bay-trees have robbed him, struggles with his humorous perception of the situation. Fielding is disposed to be angry, Thackeray severe, and Dickens infinitely amused. But Sir Walter, dragged against his will into this unloved and alien atmosphere, is anxious only to give every man his due. "How busy you must have been since my day," he observes with wistful politeness, when informed that the stories have all been told, and that intellectual men and women no longer care to prance with him after a band of archers, or follow the rude and barbarous fortunes of a tournament.

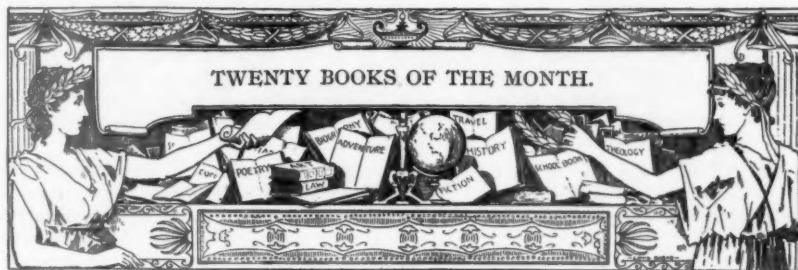
For such brief bits of satire the dialogue affords an admirable medium, if it can be handled with ease and force. For imparting opinions upon abstract subjects it is sure to be welcomed by coward souls who think that information broken up into little bits is somewhat easier of digestion. I am myself one of those weak-minded people, and the beguiling aspect of a conversation, which generally opens with a deceptive air of sprightliness, has lured me many times beyond my mental depths. Nor have I ever been able to understand why Mr. Ruskin's publishers should have entreated him, after the appearance of "Ethics of the Dust," to "write no more in dialogues." To my mind, that charming book owes its quality of readableness to the form in which it is cast, to the breathing-spells afforded by the innocent questions and comments of the children.

Mr. W. W. Story deals more gently with us than any other imaginary conversationalist. From the moment that "He and She" meet unexpectedly on the first page of "A Poet's Portfolio," until they say good-night upon the last, they talk comprehensively and winningly upon topics in which it is easy to feel a healthy human interest. They drop into poetry and climb back into prose with astonishing facility and grace. They gossip about dogs and spoiled children; they say clever and true things about modern criticism; they converse seriously, but not solemnly, about life and love and literature. They do not resolutely discuss a given subject, as do the Squire and Foster in Sir Edward Strachey's "Talk in a Country House;" but sway from text to text after the frivolous fashion of flesh and blood; a fashion with which Mr. Story has made us all familiar in his earlier volumes of conversations. He is a veteran artist, and master of his field; yet, nevertheless, the Squire and Foster are pleasant companions for a winter night. I like to feel how thoroughly I disagree with both, and how I long to make a discordant element in their friendly talk; and this is precisely the charm of dialogues as a medium for opinions and ideas. Whether the same form can be successfully applied to fiction, is at least a matter of doubt.



Laurence Alma Tadema has essayed to use it in "An Undivined Tragedy," and the result is hardly encouraging. The mother tells the tale in a simple and touching manner; and the daughter's ejaculations and comments are of no use save to disturb the narrative. It is hard enough to put a story into letters, where the relator suffers no ill-timed interruptions; but to embody it in a dialogue—which is at the same time no play—is to provide a needless element of confusion, and to derange the boundary line which separates fiction from the drama.

AGNES REPPLIER.



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**MISCELLANEOUS.**—PORTRAITS IN PLASTER, FROM THE COLLECTION OF LAWRENCE HUTTON. Harper & Bros.



REFERENCE was made in these notes some months since to the diamonds which occur in the meteoric iron of Cañon Diablo. Since then a paper by Messrs. Kunz and Huntington has appeared, describing the tests applied to these diamonds. The great importance of the occurrence in its bearing on the constitution of planetary masses, justifies a mention of these tests. The diamonds are no larger than grains of fine sand. Some are black, like bort, but others are transparent, and when magnified, are seen to possess a brilliant luster. They also resist the action of aqua regia and strong hydrofluoric acid. The density of the grains was shown by M. C. Friedel to exceed 3.3 that of water. The density of diamond is about 3.5. The same chemist burned some of the residue left after the action of acids on the iron, and obtained carbonic acid. This is, however, not a conclusive test, since ordinary carbon is present to some extent. The grains readily cut not only glass, but oriental topaz and sapphire. Now there is a new, artificially prepared carbide of silicon, which will also cut ruby, sapphire, and oriental topaz, the hardest gems excepting the diamond; but this material will not scratch or polish diamond. Messrs. Kunz and Huntington therefore undertook to ascertain whether the powder from the meteorite would do so. A clean wheel was duly tested, to ascertain that it had not by any accident become charged with diamond dust, and then the meteoric powder mixed with oil was spread on its surface. It was found that the wheel so prepared, cut and polished readily even the natural faces of diamond crystals, which are always exceedingly hard. Thus there seems to be no doubt that the grains are really diamond, as they have always been believed to be. It is strange to think how large a mass of diamond the interior of the earth may contain, if, as seems probable enough, it is very largely composed of nickel iron like the metallic meteorites.

GEORGE F. BECKER.

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#### LANGLEY'S MAP OF THE INFRA-RED PORTION OF THE SOLAR SPECTRUM.

THE visible part of the solar spectrum is only a fragment of the whole; both above and below it are long ranges of rays that differ from "light,"—i.e., from the visible rays—only by their wave-length and their corresponding rate of vibration. The high-pitched rays which constitute the ultra-violet spectrum act upon our ordinary photographic plates, and so can be mapped and studied by the camera. But the longer waves, that lie beyond the opposite limit of our visual perceptions, and constitute the so-called infra-red spectrum, cannot be reached in that way to any considerable extent: for their study we have thus far to depend mainly upon thermometric observations of the most delicate nature, and it is only very recently that anything fairly to be called a map of this region of the spectrum has become possible. And yet, from many points of view, it is the most important region, the most extensive in its range of wave-lengths, the seat of fully three-quarters of all the energy brought by the

sunbeams to the earth, and it probably contains in its structure the key to many atmospheric secrets upon the unfolding of which is to depend the progress of meteorology.

For many years Professor Langley has been at work upon the subject, having devised for the purpose the "bolometer," by far the most sensitive of all our heat-measurers, and constructed unique spectroscopes with huge lenses and prisms of rock-salt, the only substance which can be used to transmit these rays. What he had accomplished some years ago, was regarded as wonderful; but recently he has greatly improved his methods and apparatus, and at the April meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, he presented a new map of this infra-red spectrum, fairly competing in detail with Kirchhoff's classical map of the visible spectrum.

In his earlier work, the readings of the galvanometer, through which the bolometer manifests its perceptions, were made by the observer himself, and the work was intolerably tedious. In the new apparatus, a photographic plate, moved slowly by the same clock-work which also moves the prism of the spectroscope, records the motions of the little spot of light which indicates the impression made upon what may be called the "nerve" of the bolometer,—a nerve so exquisitely sensitive that the rise or fall of a single millionth of a degree of temperature is clearly felt and indicated. In less than two hours the whole of the invisible lower spectrum (fully ten times as extensive as the visible) can be made to pass in review, and the photographic plate automatically records its minutest characteristics; what used to be the work of months is now better done in a single afternoon. By a further ingenious process, also automatic, the photographic curve, upon the contour of which the dark (i.e., *cold*) lines and bands are represented by depressions, is transformed into a photographic map, precisely resembling in its general appearance that of the visible spectrum.

In our astronomical note for May the Lowell observatory in Arizona was spoken of as a sort of branch of the Harvard college observatory. This new observatory is Mr. Lowell's private contribution to science, and is now under his own direction, and not connected with any other institution whatever.

C. A. YOUNG.

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#### THE CAUSE OF OUR TREELESS PLAINS.

**B**ETWEEN the highlands of the Appalachians on the east, of the Rocky mountains on the west, and south of the line of the lakes, lies the great lowland basin of the United States. A large portion of this area is devoid of trees. The treeless region includes both the prairies and plains, the former lying mainly east of the Missouri and the latter west of this stream. The former are usually very fertile, the latter generally more or less arid. The absence of trees is one of the most striking, impressive, and strangest features of these lands. In the prairie region there are occasional forest areas of considerable extent, but on the great plains there is no growing timber save the straggling cottonwoods that closely border the streams.

Various theories have been proposed to explain the absence of forests from such large areas. Professor Lesquereux suggested that it might be owing to the unfit chemical quality of the soil, due to the lacustrine nature of the sediments from which it came. Professor Whitney attributed the lack of forest vegetation to the physical texture, fineness of the soil, and asserted that such vegetation in the United States, except the coast belt, is nearly coincident with the glacial gravel. The most commonly advanced and the most popularly accepted view is that the great fires, which at intervals sweep over the regions, have destroyed and kept down the tree-growth.

The fact that trees grow and flourish both on the plains and prairies, when planted and protected, renders the first two theories unsatisfactory, and it would seem that if forest or other fires destroyed and then prevented forest growths that they would also obliterate the grass. Then, too, it is known that such fires do not kill the roots of trees, but only the growth above ground.

Mr. J. W. Redway has recently, in the *London Geographical Journal*, offered a new explanation for the absence of trees. He thinks that the carrying and distribution

of forest seeds has been mainly done through the agency of water, and that the spread of forest growths without this natural or some artificial aid would be very slow. He thinks that our treeless areas have never been overflowed by running streams since they became dry land, and, consequently, they have never been sown with a forest seed. Wherever the water of running streams has spread, seeds have been carried and forests have appeared. According to this view, these regions have always been treeless, and the author holds that the nature of the soil and fires have been secondary, and not the principal agents in causing the condition.

The explanation proposed seems to have a substantial basis, and is deserving a place among those which have preceded it.

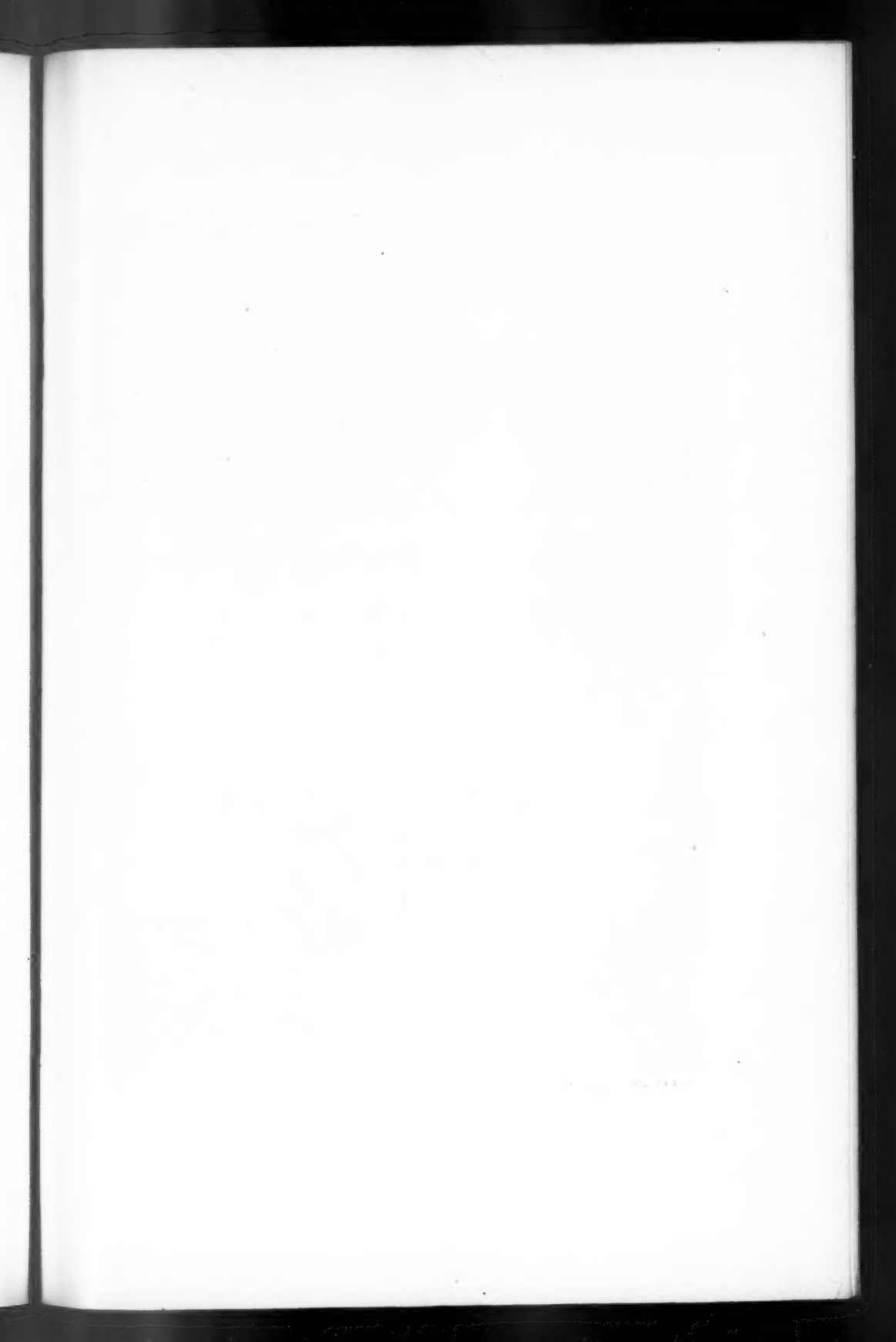
S. E. TILLMAN, PROF. U.S.M.A.



THE glass plate electrical machines, so long used in schools for experimental purposes was invented by Ramsden, in 1775. It had amalgamated rubbers that pressed on the revolving plate, and the electricity was generated by friction. It gave electricity of exceedingly high tension, and the phenomena exhibited by it were so different in character from those shown by such electricity as was generated by galvanic batteries, that it came to be known as static electricity, while the other was called dynamic, terms which still survive, although the old signification is no longer recognized, for it is now understood that the only distinction between the two is one of degree of tension or voltage, which for a battery cell is only one or two volts, while the other may rise to fifty thousand or more volts. When the induction coil was perfected about forty years ago, it was at once widely adopted as a substitute for the static machine for experimental purposes; but it had the disadvantage of giving only interrupted or alternating currents, and could not be used for some kinds of work. On the other hand, it was more portable and independent of weather conditions, while the Ramsden machine was unwieldy, and in damp weather was useless. In spite of these defects, it survived for a hundred years. No changes of importance were made in it until about 1864, when Holtz, of Berlin, reduced the size, and substituted induction for friction as the source of the electricity. It required special apparatus for starting, and was very capricious. Töpler, in 1880, made it self-exciting, so no electrification at the outset was needful. A new machine would automatically charge itself on turning the crank, and it was much less dependent upon weather conditions than its predecessors. In 1881 a still more simple and efficient induction machine was devised by Wimshurst, of England. It consisted of two glass disks, each with a number of metallic sectors fastened to them, which were made to rotate in opposite directions, on the same shaft, as close together as feasible. It was self-exciting, too, and was almost entirely independent of dampness in the air. The current produced by one began to be comparable with a galvanic cell. The voltage may be not less than a hundred thousand, and the internal resistance of the machine diminishes with the rapidity of rotation. Lately, M. Bonnetti has still further improved upon the Wimshurst, by removing the metallic sectors and increasing the number of brushes, which changes have nearly quadrupled the efficiency. As gaseous conductivity increases with decrease of density, it is not unlikely that if such machines were driven in a partial vacuum, they would be still more efficient.

The mechanical simplicity of structure, which enables one to obtain electricity of any degree of tension, without friction, or magnetism, or wire, invites further research, and the decided improvements which have been made, encourage one to think such machines may yet become of commercial value.

A. E. DOLBEAR.





*From the painting by Vigée Lebrun.*

MARIE ANTOINETTE.